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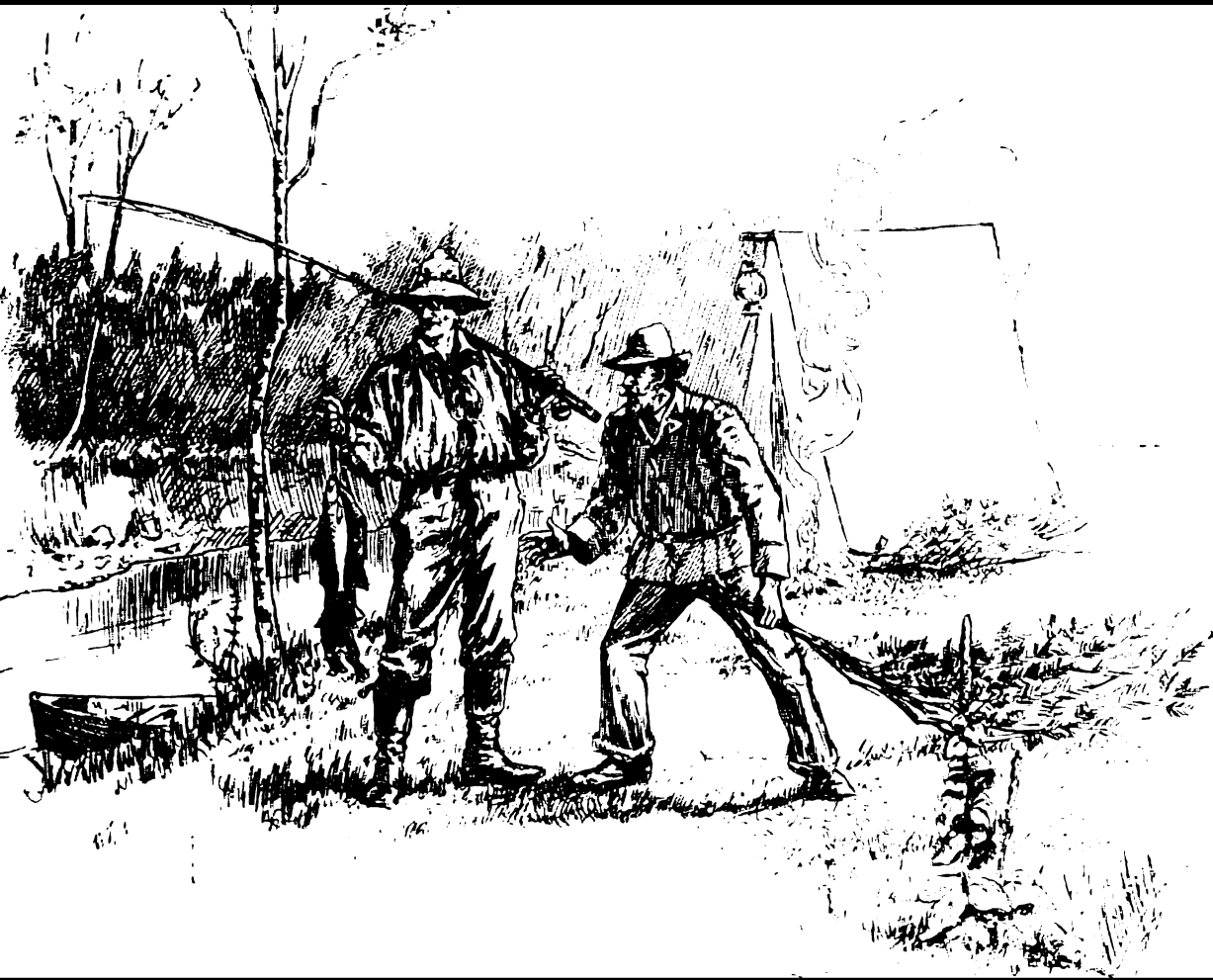
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The American Angler

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AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS ~ Editor.

Fishing on the Bermuda Islands

Random Casts in the Land of Lakes

Camping and Hay Fever



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AMERICAN ANGLER.

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WILLIAM C. HARRIS, Editor.

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WAITING FOR A BITE.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

VOL. 29.

JANUARY, 1899.

No. 1.

RANDOM CASTS IN THE LAND OF LAKES.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.



THE State of Minnesota is so emphatically the land of lakes that this designation should become peculiarly its own. No other region of the globe can compare with it in this respect. In its central portion the greater area is water. The known number of lakes is seven thousand, and an estimate of its unnamed and unexplored lakes adds half as many more at least! I remember to have sent you a year ago or more an enumeration of the larger number, given by counties.

As Commissioner of the Department of Lakes and Summer Resorts, represented at the New Orleans Exposition, it came within my province to visit no less than fifty-eight of the counties in this State, and this duty has made me familiar with their physical features. In the "Park Region," now easily accessible by the St. Paul and Manitoba Railroad, where the lakes are most numerous, I have been interested in noting the many *pairs* of lakes—considerable bodies of water separated by narrow strips of land which are often a mile or more in length. Some of these are mere causeways, like a railroad embankment,

wide enough for two carriages to pass abreast, while others are studded with oak trees of many years' growth, contributing much to the sylvan beauty of the landscape. These causeways invariably unite what were originally projecting points of land in an individual lake. It is a peculiarity of nearly all the larger lakes that, wherever there is a point, a bar makes out, dropping down at the end into deep water. These bars are sometimes wholly of sand, but the submerged portions are usually made up of round boulders. In the deep water are the best fishing places for black bass in mid-summer. I suppose these bars are formed mainly in early spring by shoves of ice, assisted at various times by wave-action. I notice that the shores of many lakes are encircled by a narrow embankment or ridge some three feet higher than the land behind it and these are being continually enlarged by storms and movements of ice. I have found many of these ridges bordering meadows and on high ground in the midst of growing timber, indicating shore lines of ancient lakes, which existed at a time when a larger portion of the country was submerged than now. Geological inference easily accounts for such formations, but they are often puzzling to the uninformed.

The distribution of fish throughout these lakes is very interesting. The pickerel everywhere prevail. Bass are found within a large but circumscribed area, of which the greater part lies east of the Mississippi River. In the north-eastern lakes, east and north of the St. Louis River, lake trout are found, notably, and I don't know but exclusively, in the three extensive counties which border Lake Superior. The great northern pike and the mascalonge are found in many of the lakes in company with the black bass. Wall eyed pike are even more widely distributed than the black bass, but far less so than the pickerel. In Cook County Mr. John M. Miller, the county auditor, informed me that there is a variety of white bass *speckled blue*, but I have not seen it myself. It is caught in a lake in Range 5, west.

Within the past five years the Brule River, near Bayfield, Wisconsin, has come into prominent notice as a trout stream, and since the railroads have extended their lines almost to the river's brink, making the journey easy and short, anglers are flocking to it by scores. I think the river is one hundred and fifteen miles long. It is a marvelous river and I know of no water in the world which is so abundantly stocked with trout. It fairly teems with them. Where it debouches into Lake Superior its mouth is broad and in June the big four-pound trout come cruising along the rocky shore from far and wide and are caught without stint. Tens of thousands of very large trout are taken from the Brule along the entire stream every year, and I can not imagine how it is kept from depletion except by annual accessions from the great lake. It was no uncommon thing for a couple of anglers to report one thousand trout as the result of three or four days' fishing. Now,

what is the use? Couldn't they be content with enough to eat and a *quantum suff* to bring away? What becomes of the first day's catch? "Ask of the winds," etc. Only the take of the last day will be fresh enough to fetch home.

But I can tell you of something worse than this! of men who seine the lakes of fish and feed the product to their hogs! Why can not men learn to be provident of good gifts and considerate of other people to come after them?

During the month past nearly all the lakes have been "in bloom." When they are in this condition the fishing is slack. The bloom is the suspended seed of aquatic plants, which are disseminated everywhere and finally become water soaked and sink to take root and reproduce. There are different kinds of seed, and, like the seeds of land plants, they do not all bloom at once, so that some lakes are clear at the time when others are "working." My impression is that the fish eat large quantities of them, and, becoming surfeited thereby, decline to bite the anglers' bait. I doubt if the seed has any deleterious effect upon their gills. It is in a sense a protection to them at a period when many kinds of fish are recuperating after spawning. It is a protection also to the young fry. The water is thick and partially hides them from their predatory enemies. There is nothing noxious about the water when it is in bloom, though it has been stated that cattle have been made ill by drinking it. A strong microscope will assist the student in his investigation of this phenomenon.

There is a fish quite common in the lakes of Minnesota and Wisconsin, called the sheepshead (*Haploidenotus grunniens*), which is now generally recognized and is often caught. In some waters I have found it quite palatable, and in

others it is quite the reverse. They are not usually esteemed for food in waters east of the Mississippi, but I find the Minnesota article make an excellent boiled dish or chowder. The sheepshead are the only submarine musicians we have in the West, and in some localities are vulgarly yclept "grunts" by those who call themselves good judges of music.

Slab fishing is a pastime not widely known, but in the logging streams and water-ways of Minnesota it is a very lu-

crative employment. In the Mississippi River, below the Falls of St. Anthony, a score of men can be seen any day stationed on long piers built out into the mid-current, gathering with boat hooks the pieces of slabs and sidings which come drifting down the sawmills. Sometimes long wing-booms are tailed out at a proper angle, which catch great quantities of drift. The mill wood sells as high as three dollars per cord in winter, and slab fishermen have been known to capture ten cords a day.



SURPRISING LUCK.



DEAD BEAT.



IN SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI.

BY CLIMAX.



OR many years, Florida has been made the center of attraction to persons in search of a rare climate and still rarer sporting advantages, while the section designated in the caption of this article has been utterly ignored. I have been both in Florida and all along the coast of Lake Borgne, from Mobile Bay to the Regalottes (a narrow body of water which connects it with Lake Ponchartrain); and I am free to say, as a sporting ground, I prefer Southern Mississippi. Not that game and fish are more abundant, or that the climate is more salubrious, but because game and fish are plentiful enough and the climate is far better suited to field sports.

During the winter months there is an excess of rainfall and the temperature is low enough to make violent exercise not only possible but pleasant. Back

from the lake there is an endless pine forest growing upon a rolling, sandy soil, and practically filled with deer, turkeys, quail and squirrels, while along the water courses which pass through it snipe and woodcock are found in great numbers.

As for fish (this may not suit the scientific angler) there never was seen the like. Lake Ponchartrain is literally overstocked with red fish, trout and croakers; and at certain seasons immense runs of Spanish mackerel and red snapper. The only objection even the scientific disciple could urge is (one seldom complained of) too many fish. As an instance of what I mean, I will tell you what I have done time and again at Pass Christian.

Fishing with any kind of bait, from an oyster to a piece of red and white rag, I have caught croakers as fast as the bait was offered to them; the only precaution necessary being to anchor your boat in water from three to ten feet deep, and directly over an oyster bed. The croakers are gamy little fellows,

averaging a quarter pound in weight; taken with a hand line (the usual method) there is but little skill required, though by using a light rod and tackle the case would be different.

Tiring of this sport I would either row or sail to one of the hundreds of "Coquilles" (shell banks) about the time the tide began to run in, be prepared with very heavy lines; large hooks on brass snoods, bait the latter with half a mullet, and cast out among the one or more schools of fish, which were certain to appear at such times to feed upon the mussels, and small fish which would rush to the shallow waters for safety. If there was not sport enough in taking a five or six pound redfish, or an equally heavy blass bass, then (I thought these were usually as much as I wanted), I would use my rod and reel, and I will guarantee none but an expert could land one of the fish.

Early in the Spring the mackerel came in, and they would take the troll as readily as their kinsmen up North do; everybody who has had any experience in angling knows how fine that class of sport is.

At night, by placing a burning pine knot in the bow of the boat, millions of mullets would be attracted by the light and begin a series of cavorting interesting to witness and profitable as well, as many in jumping from the water would land in the boat. When the cool weather of the Fall months came then the striped bass would begin to bite, but as they are rather scarce so far south I sought the perch and black bass bob-fishing in the bayous and streams back from the lakes. I had never enjoyed such exciting angling as this (if done as the natives do it). A canoe was necessary (and a shaky craft it is); in one end was the paddler, and in the other your humble servant sat. A long, stout rod, upon which was

a line not more than three or four feet long, at the end of which a fly or bug (imitation) was placed as bait, and "bobbing" was in order. Paddling noiselessly along, the fly was kept in motion on the surface of the water until a strike; this was like an electrical shock, though as delicious to my nervous system as toddy to a toper. A three-pound bass would make you think it weighed forty, and a perch not longer than your hand would be found rather a hard customer to bring into the unsteady boat. In Pearl River, which empties into the lake, striped bass, perch and croakers are often caught and afford first-rate sport.

All sorts of salt water fish, including crabs, crayfish, shrimp and oysters, were there in inexhaustible abundance, coming as they did from a source of supply which makes exhaustion an impossibility. As a boy I have rowed out five hundred yards from the shore and caught croakers and trout until fagged out. The croaker is perhaps the most delicious pan-fish in this country; but as the cooks out there understand the science of cookery they make all the fish taste well. Once in a while a shark was caught around the Pass, and porpoises sometimes came in from the Gulf, but neither were dangerous to bathers, though their presence did affect the fish biting.

Another favorite amusement of mine was spearing flounders. This was done at night with the aid of a pan light and a spear or harpoon. The fish would bury itself in the sand, and as I would wade along, find the small raised beds of the hidden creatures, and drive the steel point of the weapon through it. It was hardly angling, yet it was a means of procuring an excellent variety of fish which can only be taken that way.

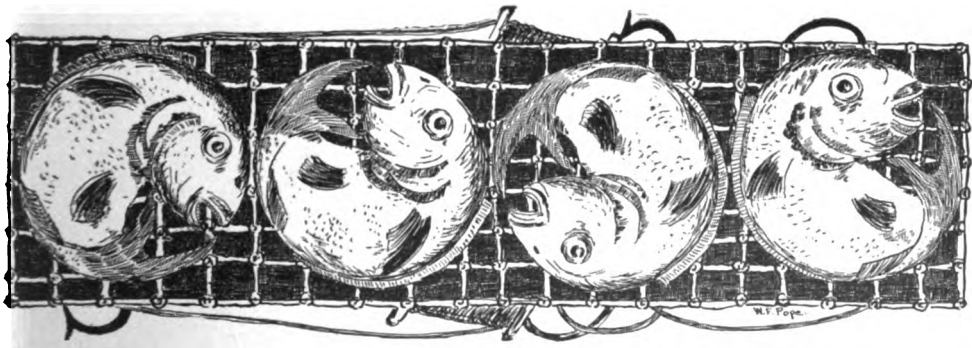
Oh, how I wish THE ANGLER took in a

little hunting, for on that, in this favored region, I could extend myself. Just fancy deer and fox chases, turkey stalking and the delicious pastime of working a high-bred setter after full coveys of active, strong "Bob Whites," or testing his skill with a small Remington on squirrel heads, fifty to one hundred feet above the ground, in one of the myriads of stately pines. The "chases" were the finest I ever enjoyed anywhere. There are no undergrowth (of consequence), morasses, dangerous gullies, ravines and waterways to interfere, so the horseman has but to follow the incomparable melodies as they roll forth from long-eared songsters, when animated and giving full voice on a hot trail. Who then cares for the risk of tumbling while flying over fallen timber, or a ducking when swimming a lagoon or river?

The country is sparsely settled, though hunters are welcome at every manor or cot in the "pinery," so there is but small chance of getting lost, besides everybody carries a pocket compass or rides a horse with sense enough to go

back home when the run is over. So plentiful were the deer in this region during the civil war that in one chase I took part in from Holmesville, our pack comprised D. Quinn's, Lewis Bingham's, Major Stockdale's and Karl Traube's dogs, in all some thirty couples. They divided up in four corps and ran their game independently; this broke up the huntsmen's plans, so that they divided up and some followed each one of the corps, resulting in a separation which lasted two days. Traube and myself followed one gang and killed our deer at sunset, down on the Tangpahos River near Osyka, after a run of nearly forty miles. Lewis Bingham and Major Stockdale followed another portion of the pack and secured the game on Pearl River, also distant upwards of thirty miles from the starting point.

Being near the village of Osyka we fared first class, but the other two had to lay out without food or shelter until next day. Those, however, were exceptional long runs, though such things are likely to occur in those beautiful but monotonous hunting and fishing grounds.





AFTER THE DAY'S SPORT.

CAMPING AND HAY FEVER.

BY ARTHUR HOLBROOK.



THE AMERICAN ANGLER has been a regular and welcome visitor for many years, and having personally profited by its contents, a desire has naturally arisen to make some return, or at least to offer something beside the regular price of subscription. But being neither a professional writer nor a skilled angler, the inclination is hampered with many misgivings.

For more than twenty years the writer has been an unfortunate sufferer from annually recurring attacks of hay fever or autumnal catarrh. His annual pilgrimages to places of refuge have taken him to many noted and some unnoted resorts in various parts of the country, the great object being to find a locality which was not only exempt from disturbing influences or sources of his bodily sufferings, but also which would offer pleasant surroundings and agreeable attractions. Being office-confined and business bound, with limited opportunities for outdoor exercise, but having an inherent fondness and longing for the air and freedom of the woods and waters, and having tried the "popular resort" plan until it was a dreadful monotony, a course was chosen which offered the greatest liberty, the most beneficial results and the most healthful pleasure, at a moderate outlay. As boarding-houses, hotels and modern conveniences could not be moved about at will, a very complete camping outfit was procured

some ten years ago, and from that time the problem of vacation jaunts has been an easy and a pleasurable one to solve. Thus to the writer an opportunity was offered and embraced for physical improvement and for gratifying and cultivating a natural taste for angling, and while skill and other essentials may in a large degree be wanting, yet the recreation is followed with true reverence and delight and with an ever increasing desire to improve. If failures or shortcomings follow the result may be charged wholly to the hand and not in any respect to the heart.

The writer recognizes the indisputable fact that all men can not become expert anglers. It is possible a few are born so, but to be a master of this delightful art requires a rare and peculiar combination of forces, materials and attainments, which the average man, student or amateur, must not only distinctly and separately recognize, but must also be willing to make many sacrifices for and to work long to obtain. It is to be feared the gentle art is but lightly comprehended by very many who boast of their individual methods and personal abilities to catch fish. There ought certainly to be no ostentation or display of vanity among good anglers and no humiliation felt in being classed among earnest, conscientious students of the noble art. To prevent misapprehension the writer distinctly declares himself but a student in angling and sincerely disclaims all intention of giving any other impression, although it is now nearly fifty years since his first lessons in angling were taken, away up in the wilds and along the streams of Northern

New York, with his father for instructor and companion. The remembrance of those early days will remain with him while life and memory last.

There was an interval, however, after boyhood, until after the war, when we were deprived of all gratification of angling pleasures, and all desires even were suppressed with the cares and duties of life. But after we became a victim to hay fever, and the good old doctor who had faithfully attended and prescribed during many years of misery finally informed us it was useless to take medicine or to expect relief from any treatment while remaining at home or within range of the causes of our trouble during the seasons of attack, then, and not until then, could we be induced to leave home and business for an extended vacation. And right here, for the benefit of fellow sufferers, or any who may have friends who are sufferers from this terrible malady, the writer desires to give them the results of twenty years personal experience, study and observation.

Of course thousands of remedies have been offered and tried, but the time and money spent in the trial has generally been wasted, for a partial relief, if any, could only be obtained and the causes yet remained. Therefore, in place of remedies, surgical operations and heroic sufferings, the only course for a subject of hay fever to pursue, if relief is desired, is to flee from the infected atmosphere and deleterious influences to regions where the air and surroundings are free from the sources of his trouble. There are plenty of places within easy reach from all parts of the country which are practically, if not totally, exempt. The United States Hay Fever Association meets annually, and was organized some years ago for the express purpose of investigating and publishing

facts about hay fever for the benefit of sufferers everywhere. Their annual pamphlets give all the latest information concerning this trouble and a list of places exempt.

Of the places named in the society's list as exempt none are more confidently endorsed than the northern portions of Wisconsin and Michigan and the whole of the Lake Superior region. Therefore to all persons west of Buffalo there is an easy escape, and, indeed, many residents of the Middle and New England States are availing themselves of these attractive places for their usual sojourn. Each visitor or tourist, however, has individual ideas, methods and forms of enjoyment which he alone can determine suitably and agreeably, and the only purpose of this paper is to give a general or desultory account of why, how, when or where we go for our vacations and freedom from hay fever.

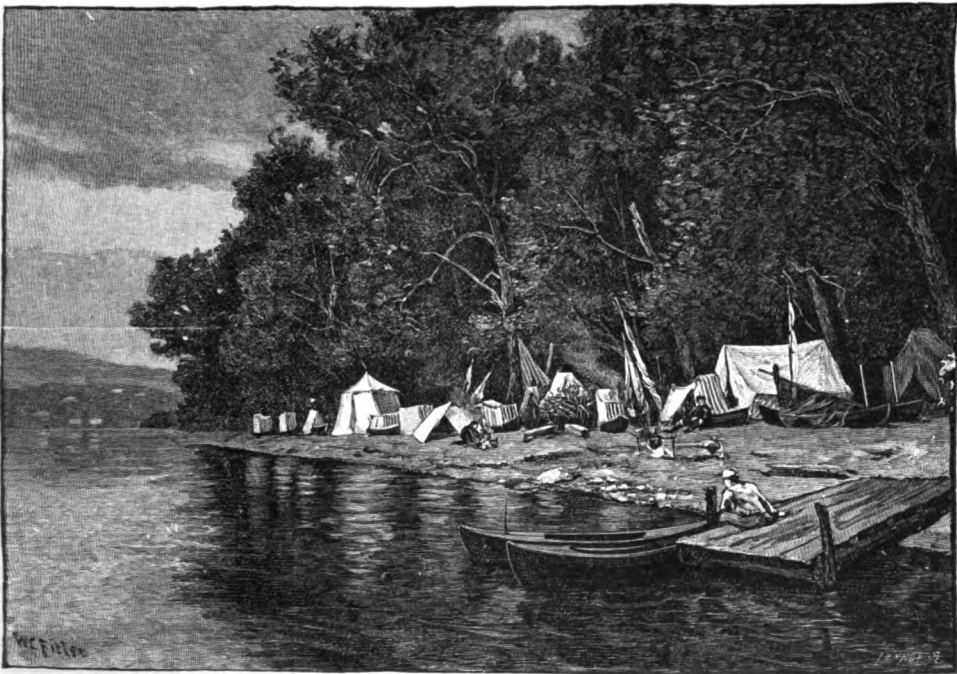
The varied attractions, especially of Northern Wisconsin, for invalids, tourists and sportsmen have been repeatedly described and are quite generally known. Yet it is probable a large class of readers who have not visited that country in person, and, indeed, it may be remarked for that matter, that many who have made repeated visits there, have formed very imperfect conclusions, or have very imperfect conceptions regarding it. The active and practical man of business, and for that matter many habitual and time-taking tourists, frequently consume very little time or take very little forethought concerning the details of their vacation or summer jaunt, and the consequence is much valuable time is lost in making preparations after their vacation is under way or is already partially consumed. Therefore it is no wonder many persons return from their trips disappointed and indifferent, for they have been unable for lack of proper pre-

cautions to make it profitable or enjoyable.

When people start upon a tour abroad the details of their trip are previously arranged with mathematical precision; the characteristics of the country are carefully studied, and maps, guide books and personal descriptions are sought for to learn everything of interest or of possible service. For time is valuable, and

man fully understands the importance of preparation, and he is everywhere distinguished from the tourist or casual visitor by that simple attainment.

The regular hay fever season commences from the 10th to the 20th of August and lasts into October. This is a season when the woods are in their loveliest dress and camping can be enjoyed without the least fear of exposure



A CAMP ON THE LAKE.

it is necessary to proceed in a well ordered and methodical manner. This course ought to hold equally valuable for a trip to any place where the object is to make the most of one's time, and the extensiveness and the endless variety of the attractions of Northern Wisconsin are certainly sufficient to give much time and thought in preparing for a visit there. The genuine sports-

or the least dread of mosquitoes and insects. The best rooms and the best service of the summer hotels are then at one's command, for the crowds are gone and those remaining have similar desires, or are there for a purpose in common. Upon the whole this season is the most favorable of all for real enjoyment, and the visitors who departed when the popular season closed have very little

idea of the beauty and pleasure of these later days.

The trouting season, by a special legislative enactment, is open in the Lake Superior counties of Wisconsin until the 15th of September, so usually our first break is for a trout stream, to remain there until the last day of grace, then to some inland lake for the remainder of our vacation. Game is also abundant at this season and the table is bountifully supplied, as one may desire, with venison, duck or partridge, and occasionally with bear. Berries and fresh vegetables are plentiful or easily procured.

For ten years past we have deliberately and unhesitatingly selected Ashland for our temporary home and headquarters during the hay fever season and from these have radiated in all directions for pleasure, game or simple diversion. The prime considerations in selecting this place above all others are:

1. Ease, economy and quickness of access.
2. Relief and exemption from hay fever.
3. Postal, telegraph, express, railroad and steamboat facilities and conveniences.
4. A purchasing place for camp outfits.
5. A hotel with home comforts where one can rest and prepare for fresh excursions or to meet friends.

6. The adaptability of the surroundings to meet the various or varying moods of invalids, tourists or sportsmen.

For some years Ashland was a small unimportant town on Lake Superior, distinguished chiefly for its situation, salubrious air, the abundance of game and fish, and for being the terminus of a great railroad. Now, however, it is a large and thriving city, with four or five railroads, electric lights, gas and water, and busy with the traffic of industries.

The receipts and shipments of iron ore at this port are probably unparalleled in the history of iron mining, exceeding all previous calculations and promising to increase and to make this the largest iron mining port of the country. Thus the attention of the business world has been called to this place, that heretofore held greatest attractions for the invalid, tourist or sportsman.

The commercial aspect of Ashland, however, has little to do with our purpose, and is alluded to here simply to correct any false impressions that may possibly arise regarding the effect this change may have upon the place as a present or future health and pleasure resort. Of course the increase of business and population has made many changes, but at no time since its settlement have there been greater inducements for visitors than there are now and will continue to be for many years to come. For now, with the steam cars and boats one can easily and quickly reach points that heretofore were accessible only with considerable labor. The old attractions remain and new ones are being opened and added every season. The visitor with only limited time will be able to return home well repaid.

The falls of Bad River, the great bridges at White River and Silver Creek, the Indian reservation and missions at Odanah and at Red Cliff, the iron mines, the great mills and docks, the Apostle Islands, the beautiful "Village of Fountains," Bayfield and observatory overlooking the bay and islands, the mission established by Father Marquette in 1669 at Lapointe, the stone quarries of Bass Island or Pikes Bay, the great falls at the mouth of Montreal River, the beautiful panoramas of shore scenery and a score of other interesting places, are all adjacent and within easy distance of the city by rail or steamer, or if a little more

time can be spared, a trip across the lake will take one to old Fort William, near Prince Arthur's Landing, in the British territory, a point made historic by Irving, to the great Kakabaka Falls, to Thunder Bay with its mystic entrance and wonderful echo, to Silver Isle, Isle Royal and to countless other places of interest.

The tourist depending upon the cars or steamer, however, will return with only a limited idea of the beauty and magnificence of the country, for many of the choicest gems are to be seen only from other and more toilsome means of access. The steamers about the bay and along the coast have usually a set course, and are changed only by charter or special arrangement, but parties are readily organized to make trips to unusual or more distant parts. A rowboat, or perchance a short walk from the railroad between trains, with an intelligent guide, will disclose places the less painstaking tourist will have no conception of. The restful, peaceful pleasure to be found, while the eye and heart are enjoying the beautiful scenes spread out before one while sitting on the broad veranda of the hotel is alone frequently sufficient to repay for a journey there. Yet rich and varied as these countless attractions are for sight seer and tourist they are incomparable and insignificant to those offered the angler, sportsman and roving pleasure seeker—they are but side shows and give very limited ideas of the allurements beyond. To the east, west and south stretches a vast forest hundreds of miles in extent, filled with game and abounding with lakes, rivers and streams. To the north is the great lake—the largest body of fresh water on the globe—with its grand scenery, islands and fisheries.

This section is certainly a paradise for any in search of recreation and en-

joyment. Yet it is well to remind those who have not visited it and who start there with limited information and great expectations, or any who may be venturing upon untried or unaccustomed pleasures and have been beguiled into ambitious resolves from guide books and published reports, that real success and true pleasure in angling mean something else than simply catching fish. The expectations of visitors are frequently dampened immediately upon arriving there, for the only requisites for success often supposed necessary are tickets and tackle. To use the language of the genial but practical manager of the hotel at which we stopped: "Why, bless me, the first thing some people do after registering is to go to their rooms, put on dressing gown and slippers, light a cigar, joint a rod and drop a line out of a bedroom window in the expectation of hauling in a big fish and in about fifteen minutes by the clock they come back to the office in a rage, declaring they have been humbugged and they don't believe there is a trout within fifty miles of the town."

Yet a little inquiry and a little effort will convince even these uninformed and misguided enthusiasts that there is unexcelled opportunity within easy reach for the simple taking. Indeed, there was a time, and not many years since, when, within sight of the hotel, one could shoot deer and other wild game and fifteen minutes' walk or row would take one to most excellent trouting waters. This is done now occasionally, but the industries of a busy city have made it necessary for the sportsman to go a little farther. There are yet, and will be for many years to come, plenty of places for angling or gaming within walking or rowing distance of the hotel, or where the cars or steamers can drop him, so he can go and return daily. It may be ob-

served disposition and desire have very much to do with one's pleasure, and if the mood is not right the surroundings, however favorable, are of little account.

So far as Northern Wisconsin is concerned, its reputation has been firmly established by frequent and repeated visits from true and devoted sportsmen who have no favors to ask and who testify to its unsurpassed and almost unequalled resources. If failure, then, has followed an honest and faithful attempt to find real enjoyment or recreation something outside the surroundings must be the cause. Individual requirements and peculiarities are varied and shifting, and it would be surprising if there could be found any single place on the globe that would fully satisfy the moods, dispositions and tempers of all classes of people. The stranger, and often the habitual visitor, may require assistance in learning the best places there, but the places, nevertheless, are there and with a little effort one can very quickly find them. Like all other resorts, there are plenty of persons around to give advice and to offer their services, but to most readers it may be superfluous to add that advisers and guides must be selected with great caution, for one's enjoyment will largely depend upon a right start.

It would be difficult to name or describe the many places of Southern Wisconsin offering inducements to visitors, or to give a directory of guides and stopping places. The central point, however, where one can get all necessary information and from where he can radiate in all directions, or if necessary remain, in the city of Ashland. Those desiring trout fishing while at Ashland can walk or take a row boat or the railroad for Fish Creek, Vandeventer's or along the rocks of the opposite shore. The railroads take you to the Marengo

River, Brunsweiler Creek, Trout Brook, Silver Creek, Fish Creek, Sioux River, Pike's Creek, Bayfield and also to points south. The points west and north can be readily reached by steamer. Other railroads will carry you to Presque Isle, Ontonagon River, Gogebic, Watersmeet and to the upper waters of Fish Creek and Iron River and to the world-renowned Brule. The steamers or sail boats will take you to the rocks beyond Bayfield, to Raspberry and Cranberry Rivers, Bark Point, Sand River and a hundred other streams emptying into the great lake, and, if time is no object, to Isle Royal.

For bass fishing there are numerous inland lakes and streams on or near railroads. Among those most celebrated are English and the Flambeau lakes and Mana-to-wish waters, and a large lake was reported last season, but four miles from Jacob's Station, abounding with bass, all on the Wisconsin Central. Pike Lake, on the Northern Pacific; Eagle Waters and the Gogebic on the Lake Shore Railroad.

For perch, pike, pickerel and masca-longe the Kakagan River near Ashland, Pike Lake, Butternut, Dryden's and the Chippewa and Flambeau waters at Glidden, Butternut, Phillips and Long Lake on the Omaha, etc. For game—everywhere. Besides, there are scores of beautiful camping grounds for pleasure. Bayfield, the Apostle Islands, Houghton Point, Montreal River, Bark Bay, Sand River and other points on the large lake, Chequamegon Point, the immense Indian River, fields on the Kakagan River, the upper waters of White River, the Falls of Bad River, Eagle Lake, etc., etc., each offer special and interesting attractions.

To the canoeist and sportsman there are various trips which may be extended for many weeks. Among these none

are more inviting than to start in on the Flambeau River near Butternut, and follow it for seventy miles to its headwaters, and thence through the lake region of the Indian Reservation with short and easy portages to the upper waters of the Wisconsin, thence down that stream to Stevens Point, or further on to the world-renowned Dells at Kilbourn City.

Another one is to start from Brule Station, thence down the Brule River to the great lake and along the shore to Bayfield.

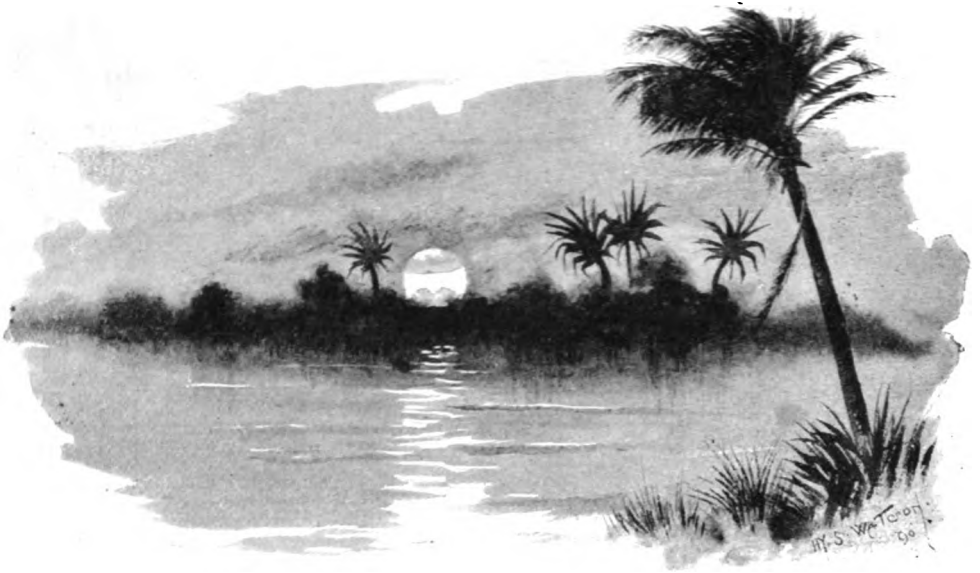
And another and shorter one is to start from the upper or middle waters, thence down under the great bridge of the railroad past the Indian village of Odanah to the lake or to Montreal Falls, and thence along the shore or through the Kakagan to Ashland.

In fact, this whole region is filled with allurements for the health and pleasure seeker, many of them as yet scarcely known. To be master of the situation in Northern Wisconsin and to receive the greatest benefit, the visitor should go fully prepared and equipped to camp

out, especially if he has the time and disposition. There is something about camp life in the wilderness that gives nature a better chance to help one physically, morally and religiously, and many things can be learned about nature and one's own interior life that in the ordinary course of living would never be ascertained.

It is well, perhaps, occasionally to turn from our engrossing occupations, our comfortable homes and the modern forms of civilization to the more primitive modes of life. To do something new and different from the ordinary daily habit at home, to live for a time away from the atmosphere of business, fashion and society, and to quietly and contentedly breathe the pure, wholesome and inspiring air of nature and solitude. The very thought of one's liberty and the sublimity of one's surroundings will of themselves give new life and strength to the body and soul. The great wonder to us is how so many can be content to live without this pleasurable, invigorating and wonderfully beneficent recreation.





FISHING ON THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.

BY JOHN DAVIDSON.



MARCH found us in Bermuda. We left cold, dreary, frozen New York in February. We found Bermuda all that it had been pictured to us. Delightful climate, even temperature, trees and plants in bloom, splendid roads, blue sky and blue sea, houses of coral, white as snow, and a population as kind as heart could wish. The beautiful blue of the Bermuda waters is something phenomenal and once seen can never be forgotten. Bermuda is surrounded by coral reefs; over these the blue waters dash into spray; others simply show their heads above water, while others are from

a foot to twenty and thirty feet deep. What delightful hours we spent in an open boat on the shallow reefs, peering with a water glass through the water and seeing the shellfish, marine vegetation and several varieties of the finny tribe in all their natural beauty and freedom. We were provided with long tongs called "nippers." These were brought into use to bring up from the bottom any specimen we desired. It was with the same "nippers" that we picked up from the bottom the clams, mussels and oysters, which we used for bait in our outer reef fishing. We found the shells of the mussels and oysters encrusted with most beautiful and delicate traceries of coral in white, light pink and green. Our good friend, William J. Frith, Esq., of Spithead, Warwick, a member

of the Colonial Parliament and a most thorough and devoted fisherman, soon found out there was a mystic bond between us, that we were fishermen. His cordial invitation to accompany him in his yacht to the outer reefs for a days' fishing needed no urging. It was accepted, with profound thanks, instantaneously. We asked him what we should bring along in the way of hooks, lines, bait, refreshments, etc. His answer was: "Bring nothing but yourselves. I'll see to the rest." The day was named, and, the wind being in the right quarter, we went down to the wharf. A lively breeze was tossing the blue waters into little white caps. We noticed a small yacht heading for the wharf. She was leaning well over, one of her rails under water and the spray flying from her bows, a colored man at the helm, while a colored boy attended to the jib. When near enough to hail us Captain Jeffrey Dashiels shouted:

"Is that Mr. Davidson?"

"Yes," we answered.

"Well, Uncle Billy Frith sent me for you."

In a few minutes we were on board. The boat was of a peculiar model, deep at the stern and light at the bows, something like the famous Scotch yacht *Thistle*. A good-sized well was in the middle with four feet depth of water. Openings were in the bottom so that the water could freely flow in and out. This well is used for the purpose of keeping the fish alive. As soon as a fish is caught the hook is disengaged with care and the fish put at once in the well.

But where was our host, Uncle Billy? Ah, he was at his home at Spithead, preparing lines and luncheon. We ran up to his wharf and there he was with baskets, bundles and buckets. Spithead is on the water's edge. In rough

weather the spray goes clear over the house. It is a fine place and especially for a man who loves the water. Among other things put on board we noticed a pailful of mussel shells, from which the mussels had been taken. On inquiry, we found that these shells are thrown all about the reef just before commencing to fish, for the purpose of attracting the fish to the lines. All on board, we put off from Spithead and had a delightful run to the reefs beyond Ireland Island. At times we sailed so close to the reefs, with their frowning heads above water, that by leaning over they could be touched with the hand. We made the closest and cleanest run by rocks and reefs, enough to startle a novice, but Jeffrey was at the helm and Uncle Billy on board and we gave our fears to the wind. There was a good swell on and it required all our prowess to obtain an injunction against Neptune's demand for a settlement of accounts. Uncle Billy seems to have had experience, for just at the right time he gave us some of Gosling's Old Shrub. It went right to the spot and in a minute Neptune and his imperious demands were totally disregarded.

After a pleasant sail of two hours we came to anchor in a narrow channel between two reefs. The channel was about twenty-five feet deep, the water running about six knots an hour through the submerged coral reef. We could plainly see the reef, as it was only about three feet below the surface.

The fish are in these rapid channels and work around the base of the reefs for mussels and small fish.

While Jeffrey got out the lines and baited the hooks—the hooks were from four to five inches in length—Uncle Billy threw out handfuls of the mussel shells to draw the attention of the fish. We asked:

"What kind of fish do you expect to catch here?"

Uncle Billy replied:

"Anything that comes along; but if it's a good day you'll see."

"It's a hogfish," says Uncle Billy.

"He's chewing the bait. Wait until he starts to go off with it and then give him a yank, like as you were going to pull his head off, and when you once



A MIDWINTER'S NIGHT'S DREAM.

All lines were down, each one intently waiting for the expected bite.

"We feel something just touching the line—not pulling, just touching it."

commence to pull up never let him have an inch of slack line; if you do he will make for a hole in the reef and the sharp coral will cut your line like a knife."

The words had hardly been spoken when the moment for striking came. With a tremendous jerk of the hand, arm and whole body we meant to send that hook home. He had just let go, or the hook did not hold, for instead of hooking a hogfish we lay sprawling on our back on the bottom of the boat. For sympathy we got roars of laughter, but a little Shrub soon restored us.

Meanwhile Captain Frith declared he felt a fellow at his line. The next minute his arm flew back the whole length as he struck, while these words greeted our ears: I've got him! I've got him! Come along! don't stay there! Ah! you want to fight? You won't come. He's a fine fish, I can tell by the way he pulls! Lock out for your lines there or you'll foul." All this time Captain Billy was pulling with might and main on his line. When the fish fought hard he braced his feet against the bulwarks and would not give an inch. After an exciting fight Uncle Billy landed a most beautifully marked, large hogfish weighing about twenty pounds. He took the hook carefully from the mouth—they have teeth as large and as hard as a dog's—then he was put into the well. Captain Billy wiped the perspiration from his forehead and we all took Shrub. This large and beautiful fish is certainly worthy of a better name than hogfish. It is given because the head is flattened sideways, and is long. These fish are beautifully marked, some with brown, pink and black splashings on a white skin. They are also armed with spines and adorned with membranous lobes or filaments. The best known species abound in the Mediterranean Sea and are of a red color.

More mussel shells were now thrown overboard, and a newly baited hook and line followed. In a few minutes we felt the gentle touch of a fish at the bait, evidently a sly fellow. The fact was

reported to Captain Frith; the reply was:

"Keep still, John; let him chew; he'll soon swallow the bait, and when he moves off give him a quick and mighty pull. There, now, I see the line move. John, give it to him!"

No sooner said than done. This time the hook struck; away went the line through our fingers, but we soon stopped that and gathered up more than we lost. He put for the coral reef, and we held him off; then he struck out for the rapid running water between the reefs; as we could not pull in the line, we determined that he should not pull it out. So we braced up for a hard pull, trusting to the strength of the line and hook; he shook the line vigorously, as if he was mad that he had been interfered with; he now turned and went under the boat, but fighting against tide and line was too much for him, and as he turned to come down we hauled in as rapidly as possible, and got him so far toward the surface that we could see him, and he no doubt had seen us, for he turned again, going for the bottom; putting our feet against the bulwark and gritting our teeth we held on; as he could not get to the bottom, he began swimming from side to side, with occasional lurches for the bottom of the reef. At length his strength and ferocity had worn themselves out, and putting on more strength at Uncle Billy's command, we hauled him on board. He was a large and handsome hogfish. We did not attempt to disengage the hook. Jeffrey did that by prying open the mouth with a piece of iron and cutting out the hook. He was then put into the well.

Luncheon was now the order of the hour, and in this Captain Billy shone with conspicuous splendor. As we are writing about fishing, and not about eating

we will omit a description of that lunch by stating that it was one worthy of remembrance. The balmy air; sky and water, the bluest of the blue; the Bermudas in their beauty lying beyond us, with the darkest of green foliage, enlivened by the whitest of coral; the novelty of the sport, the whetted appetite and the fragrant Shrub—all added in making the lunch on the Bermuda Reefs one of the hours not to be forgotten.

After taking several other fish we moved to another reef. The anchor out, the mussel shells thrown around and our lines down, we lighted our cigars and waited. Not long did we wait, for Jeffrey announced that something was moving around his line. Then Uncle Billy, with a wink in his eye, but without saying a word, let us know that he had a big one at his bait. We also "felt the touch." Silence reigned, and not a word spoken; puff, puff, puff went the cigar smoke from the lips; eyes intently fixed on the line where it strikes the water; nerves strung and ready for an instantaneous strike the moment the message had been received from the line. Who should be first to break the silence, and with a shout of triumph announce that he had him?

In an instant we saw Captain Billy's arm swing out and back, while he shouted: "John, he's there—he's a big one! Pull up your line, Jeffrey; get out of the way. He's a porgy; it isn't a hogfish. I can tell the way he pulls and fights—it's a big porgy." None of us had seen the fish. True, we saw Captain Frith working and fighting with a fish of some kind, and heard what he said about a big porgy, but what was our surprise, after a short but skillful handling, to see him land a porgy that weighed fifteen pounds.

It was now our turn to pull up a fish. We wished it, but all wishing is in vain. We soon ascertained the reason, when Jeffrey announced that if we wanted to catch fish on the Bermuda Reefs, we must drink the health of every fish caught; and with that suggestion he passed a small glass of Gosling's Old Shrub. The suggestion of Jeffrey did not work for us; but he pulled up a nine pounder, and we landed one that weighed six pounds. We caught a beautifully marked fish, a Heine, weighing almost four pounds; it was of a yellow color, with small but brilliant splatterings of vermilion over the shoulders and back. We also landed a fine table fish, a Hamlet; weight about nine pounds. Before the day was over we had a fine lot of fish swimming about in the well. The run over the deep reefs and the running between the shallow ones on our homeward trip was an experience not to go unmentioned. It was only such pilots as Jeffrey Deshiels who could by moonlight safely guide his craft from beyond Ireland Island to Hamilton Harbor.

We stopped at Spithead; the largest hogfish was taken from the well and by Captain Frith given to the cook with orders to prepare us a fish supper. While waiting supper Captain Billy told us the early history of Bermuda and of the many interesting historic spots and incidents of the island. The supper was one of the best; the cooking of the fish par excellence; the hours were too short. At midnight Uncle Billy drove us over the smooth coral roads from Spithead to Hamilton. We got out at Hamilton Hotel, and with a warm shake and tight grasp of the hand we thanked our genial, kindhearted friend for one of the most enjoyable days spent in the Bermudas.



AFIELD WITHOUT ROD OR GUN.

I go-a-gunning, but take no gun;
I fish without a pole;
And I bag good game and catch such fish
As suits a sportsman's soul;
For the choicest game that the forest holds,
And the best fish of the brook,
Are never brought down by a rifle shot
And are never caught with a hook.

I bob for fish by the forest brook,
I hunt for game in trees;
For bigger birds than wing the air
Or fish that swim the seas.
A rodless Walton of the brooks,
A bloodless sportsman I —
I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods,
And dreams that haunt the sky.

The woods are made for the hunter of dreams,
The brooks for the fishers of song;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game
The streams and the woods belong.
There are thoughts that moan from the soul of
the pines,
And thoughts in a flower bell curled;
And the thoughts that are blown with the
scent of the fern,
Are as new and as old as the world.



NOTES AND QUERIES.

Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture, will be answered.]

The Shad—How Taken on Rod and Line.

Our correspondent, "George Klenden," asks us for information about the methods used in capturing the shad on rod and line. Some years ago fishing for this fish was much in vogue, but owing to the few known waters where it could be followed successfully the interest in the pastime gradually died out, unfortunately so we think. There are many localities where shad can be taken on rod and line, if care and patience in experiment are qualities possessed by the angler. Persistent angling for them in any water visited by shad with the artificial fly or other lures will doubtless be successful, the proper conditions being a large, quiet pool at the foot of a turbulent rapid. Frank Forester wrote many years ago:

"The fly-fisher will find much sport in fishing for shad during their upward run in the Spring;" and Thad. Norris in the fifties also stated:

"I was once fortunate enough to hook three shad in succession, when fishing for perch with a bright little minnow at Fairmount Dam in Philadelphia."

We have had many additional reports from widely separated waters wherefrom the shad has taken with various lures; with the artificial fly from the Hackensack River, N. J., from the Savannah river, Ga., by Mr. Charles Hallock; from the Raritan River, N. J., by Mr. Wm. L. Force; on the old Back Bay waters of Boston, by Mr. Walter M. Brackett and from the Delaware River by several anglers.

The shad has also been caught with the worm, shrimp, live and artificial minnow and crab baits; with worm and shrimp in the Schuylkill river; with crab near Raleigh, N. C.; with worms in the Housatonic River, Conn.; with minnows in the Delaware river and also in the York and James rivers of Virginia.

In the Lower Bay of New York Harbor a simple specimen was caught by trolling a small artificial white miller, and Mr. Frank Fuller

has taken them from the Upper Hudson on a yellow fly. These are isolated cases that have come to our knowledge, which, doubtless, could be many times duplicated if the records had been kept. But it is to Mr. Thomas Chalmers, of Holyoke, to whom credit should be given for placing fishing for shad in the *repertoire*. In 1884 he wrote to the AMERICAN ANGLER as follows:

"The season for shad fishing is at hand, and as they take a liberal supply of food in fresh water (science to the contrary notwithstanding) I do not see why they can not be taken in other waters which they frequent for the purpose of spawning. I can only account for it on the supposition that the proverbial patience has been wanting.

"To any of your readers who wish to give it another trial in their home waters, I would say select a few flies as near as possible to the natural fly found on your own waters. The white miller is a universal fly and much sought after by species of the finny tribes. The red fly—well, to say it as Sir Boyle Roach would say it—is an imitation of nothing, pretty hard to see, gentle reader, at least I have found it so, for I have often closed my eyes for a sight of it and failed, with eyes open I have not seen, in or out of the water, anything that has a resemblance to the red fly, yet the shad take it greedily. Another fly is of a peacock hue body, red or brown hackle for legs and woodcock feathers for wings. A winding of silver tinsel is very attractive.

"With the water in good condition (every angler should know that condition), I would not advise a large fly, not larger than No. 6 Limerick hook, or better still a No. 7, as the fish rise more freely to a small fly. With a No. 3 or No. 4 hook, we can persuade more fish into the boat, when the fish rise to them, as they take a better hold.

"When you have made your selection of day and flies, take any rapid as far as conven-

sent above tide water; anchor your boat at the foot of the rapids in a current running into deep water and let your flies float down the edge of the current some thirty to fifty feet to deep water. The shad always congregate and lie in these pools before ascending the rapids. If your first attempt is a failure, it may be an off-day; so try again and keep trying. Should you succeed, and I have no doubt you will, you will bless your lucky stars. Does the black bass study astronomy and like the eagle go skyward? So do the shad. Does the black bass try all the dodges known to the scaly tribe to free himself from the hook? So does the shad, and when that caudel come thwack across your line you will be inclined to think there is something desperate going on below, down in the depths. Take the two fish, pound for pound, the same conditions every way, and by the time you get three five-pound bass into your boat, your five-pound shad is still on your hook and in the water with plenty of fight still in him. A light trout rod makes tedious work, although it gives a great amount of sport."

The Rod and Line in Florida.

Several species of fish abound in the streams; those that empty into the Gulf of Mexico affording the most sport for sheephead, channel bass, sea-trout, skipjack, drum, cavilli, etc. I once caught twenty sheephead in forty-eight minutes with rod and reel, using one hook only. I played each fish as short a time as practicable, and thought that catch could not be much excelled.

It is stated that an angler once caught sixty sheephead in one hour at Punta Rassa. I suspect he used a hand line and several hooks, with an assistant to help put on bait and take off fish. The limited time, one minute to each fish, would not admit of much play of each, after deducting the time consumed for baiting the hook and taking off the fish. The sheephead in these waters live principally on vegetable food. I have seldom found anything in their stomachs except a species of confervae, containing an abundance of diatoms. To this cause I attribute their deficiency in flavor, when compared with the carnivorous fish of the same species found in the North.

As regards the fly fishing in Florida waters, I do not consider either the color or form of fly of much consequence. A piece of red flannel, or a single feather, tied to the hook, does well.

either for casting or trolling. Black bass and sea-trout take the fly most eagerly, the latter making the most lively and obstinate play. Many more and larger fish can be caught with fish bait than with a fly.

My favorite bait is a piece of fish one-half inch long, half inch wide and eighth inch thick. I hook into one end of this with a small hook, the leader being five or six feet long, and cast it with a fly rod, as if it were a fly. I often use the fin of a fish in the same manner. But when I want to catch the largest fish in the stream I use live minnows and a cork, or a trolling spoon. I seldom resort to the latter, except when I am camping out and in haste to catch a fish for the frying pan. I look upon the trolling spoon as an unsportsmanlike weapon only admissible in a case like the last mentioned, or when fishing for market.

Though large fish do not often take the fly in Florida, there is no occasion for breaking a light fly rod in such cases. When the line is nearly all run from the reel by a large fish the leader only would be broken if the tip of the rod is pointed towards the fish.

My friends occasionally ask me what kind of rod is best for use in Florida. I tell them any rod will answer the purpose there. If any of them prefer a special kind of rod, I say to them, take it along. If a person wishes to catch large channel bass, which nobody eats, he should have a strong, stiff rod, with a multiplying reel. I usually take three rods to Florida, viz., a nine-ounce fly rod, a bait rod, and a stiff sheephead rod; a click reel for the former, and multiplying reels for the others.

Do not imagine that sheephead can not be caught with a fly rod. Some of the best sport I ever had was experienced when catching sheephead with my fly rod. Soon after the middle of March the sheephead in Florida become heavy with spawn, and then retire from the fresh water into the sea. The immature fish, however, remain in considerable abundance. I concluded to try these small fish with my fly rod, using a single leader, with perch hook and crab bait. The fish were not much larger than my hand, but they were very full of game, and made much sport with the light rod. Finally I hooked a fish of good size, also a sheephead, which rushed around a long time before I introduced it into the landing net. A sheephead of two or three pounds hooked to a fly rod will afford any reasonable man all the play he may desire for ten or fifteen minutes.

A black bass of the same size is not comparable to it in strength, activity and endurance.

As to the tarpon, I want none of them, at least, on my hook. They always break the line and go about their business. I had one fast to the line of my fly rod once. It took a sea trout in its mouth that I was playing, and then made a little play of its own. My line would soon have been broken had not the sea trout escaped from the jaws of the tarpon. I saw two of these fish last winter that were caught with the spear tied to a small rope. They jumped out of the water many times and each towed the boat around nearly a half hour before it was captured. They were each about six feet long.

There is one disadvantage connected with Florida fishing. Good fishing is not often found near large hotels, and where the best fishing is there are few persons to consume the "spoils of the rod." There is little encouragement to catch fish that are not wanted for food. The sight of many thousand pounds of spoiled fish, spoiled for want of use, has taken away much of my former enthusiasm for fishing. M.

How Fish Swim.

This excellent illustration of how fish swim is given by a recent writer: Every one who has been to the seaside must have noticed fishing boats propelled not by a pair of oars, but by a single one, projecting from the stern. The way it acts is thus: The oar is placed immediately over the keel. The blade is then placed in such a way that it shall pass edgewise through the water as the handle is moved toward the side of the boat. Then, when the oar has taken a sufficient sweep, it is turned so that the blade shall pass through the water, as in ordinary rowing, while the oar is brought back to its original position. It is then made to pass edgewise through the water, on the other side of the boat, and so on. Now those strokes which are made as the handle moves from the middle to the sides tend to give a backward motion of the boat, when the other gives it a forward. But as the oar meets with much more resistance in the latter case than in the former, the motion is progressive. All this is exactly what takes place in the swimming of a fish. The spines of a fish tail are movable, and are capable of being brought into such a position that the fin shall meet with less resistance from the water while the tail is being bent than when it is being straightened,

and it is when the tail is being straightened that the fish is being propelled.

Protection in New Jersey.—The Killing of Secundo Canova.

Mr. Chas. A. Shriner, Fish and Game Protector of New Jersey, in his quarterly report to the Fish Commissioners, refers to the killing of Secundo Canova by Warden Tooker:

"On the 15th of November last Wardens James L. Tooker, Jr., and Benjamin H. Brown were detailed to put a stop to the shooting of song and insectivorous birds on Preakness mountain. A number of complaints had been made to me regarding the violations of the law in that vicinity, these violations embracing the killing of domestic fowl as well as the destruction of wild birds. The two wardens mentioned proceeded to the scene of the alleged violations of the law; what transpired has become a matter of notoriety. Warden Tooker killed Secundo Canova, who he claims had a gun directly aimed at him. His account of the occurrence agrees with that of Warden Brown, both insisting that the shooting was done in self-defense. The prompt suspension from their office of both wardens pending judicial investigation will not necessitate any formal charges being preferred by me. I have followed the instructions received from your Honorable Board and shall do all in my power to secure a fair trial for Warden Tooker, without making any endeavor to screen him should it appear that he was guilty of any infraction of the law. That the cause of the prosecution will be well taken care of is guaranteed not only by the ability of the Prosecutor of the Pleas of Passaic County but also by the employment of several lawyers in behalf of the prosecution by the Paterson branch of the Italian Society of the United States."

A large number of trout have been successfully planted in the streams, and vigorous measures of protecting fish and game in the State have been taken, and many law-breakers have been fined and otherwise punished.

"J. J. W." asks the reason why fish are classed as "cold blooded animals." Reply: The internal structure of a fish is very simple in comparison to that of warm blooded animals. Thus the heart, which is provided with but one auricle and ventricle, requires but one action to send the blood to the extremities, and is consequently cold, the temperature being about two degrees above that of the water inhabited by the fish.

Where do Anglers Hibernates?

When the balmy air of spring returns to gladden the heart of the angler who has been forced so long to remain inactive; when he busies himself looking over tackle of all kinds, weeding out useless or disabled articles and adding to his stock many things in the way of new ideas, which, although he may have everything he will possibly need for years, he feels he can not, on any consideration, do without, then it is that we hear from him through the columns of *THE ANGLER*.

The shootist during the winter months discusses the mysteries of choke-bore, centre or rim fire, hammerless, etc.; the yachtsman writes up the question of displacement, deep keel, outside or inside ballast, the cut of his jib, or the best method of splicing his main brace; the dog-men worries you with short-hairs, long-hairs and no-hairs, setters, pointers or cockers—but the angler, after the season's work is over, seems to wrap the drapery of his rod around him and be satisfied with dreaming of pleasures past. It is not until the spring that he thaws out, so to speak, and puts on his working clothes and prepares himself for business. It is then we occasionally hear from him through *THE ANGLER* as having made some wonderful score or been the hero of some hair-breadth escape by flood or field.

This is not as it should be. There is a time to fish and a time to write about it, and although the current reports from some wanderer are very acceptable as reports, it seems to me that notes might be taken that would make an acceptable article to cheer the drooping spirits of other anglers during the long months of inaction.

The door of *THE ANGLER* is open ever; in fact, it has no "close" season. As its editor one time, speaking of the office of *THE ANGLER*, told me:

"The latch-string is always on the outside, for the boys like to drop in and talk fish."

This, brother anglers, is a great privilege and should not be held lightly. We owe allegiance to *THE ANGLER* for the many courtesies it extends to us and the interest it inspires in our favorite pastime, and if we have anything that we think will interest, amuse or instruct any of its readers or any of the craft far or near, we ought to feel in duty bound to communicate it, no matter whether it be in season or out of season. If we have had particular good fortune in any favored locality we don't want to be mean

about it and keep it to ourselves, but give the boys a chance. Let them know the when, the where, the how, and the bread cast upon the waters of *THE ANGLER* will return with a very strong smell of fish.

At the same time let all friends of *THE ANGLER* seek to extend its circulation, that its influence may be known and felt everywhere, and an abundant harvest will be their reward, when the people have been educated up to a point where they can see that it is a good thing to obey the law and read *THE ANGLER*.

SAM SUM.

New York, Nov. 2.

Mascalonge and Black Bass in Chatauqua Lake.

One of the best fishing seasons on Chatauqua Lake is nearing its close, and never in the history of the lake has there been as many large numbers of mascalonge taken as has been since the season opened, June 15, 1898. The summer hotels along the lake have had nearly all they could use, and since they closed the Jamestown markets have had an abundant supply of these fish. Not as many large ones have been taken as last year, but a great many more medium-sized ones have been caught. I never saw as many that run in weight from two to six and eight pounds. This is no doubt the effects of the hatchery as a large amount of fry has been planted every year for the past six years; if it was not for the hatchery, the lake would soon be depleted.

The cost of running the hatchery is small, and it is money well spent as it brings ten fold returns. Thousands of dollars worth of mascalonge have been caught and sold, where only a few hundred dollars have been spent in running the hatchery. I think I am safe in making the statement that no where in the United States or Canada is there as many mascalonge caught out of any one lake in a year as there is out of Chatauqua.

The season for fishing opens June 15th and closes Dec. 1st, with the exception of ten days, during which spearing is allowed in February, which is wrong, no spearing should be prohibited, yet on the other hand, since the ten days' spearing was permitted the general law has been lived up to more closely than before. Two days in the week is allowed for spearing (Tuesday and Thursday), between six in the morning and six at night, and then every coop has to be moved from the ice. Last winter on the first day there were nearly eight

hundred coops on the ice. 'This law was made to accommodate the farmers living along the lake who can not see that spearing is detrimental, and unless the Commission plant two million fry every year, the fishing will not hold out. Not much damage was done last winter as the water was roily nearly all through February.

One reason I have for believing that the fish caught are the product of the hatchery is the uniform size. One afternoon in September I caught in three hours, on live bait, eight mascalonge that weighed thirty-five pounds; none went under four pounds and none over five. Another day during the same month one of the fishermen caught twelve that only weighed forty-eight pounds, and one day in October I caught six that weighed thirty-six pounds, and there was not two ounces difference in any of their weights. There is occasionally a sprinkling of large ones. There has been at least two hundred caught this season that would tip the beams between twenty-five and forty pounds. Most of the large ones have been caught after dark on live bait.

A week ago to-day I was up near Lake Wood, and caught four that weighed twenty pounds, and lost two more and only fished three hours. I was up again this afternoon and when it was so dark I could not see the float, I received an alarm from my reel that a 'lunge' was at the bait. I stopped and waited about five minutes for him to gorge the bait, then I struck and hooked what proved to be a ten pound 'lunge'; he made a gallant fight, but come out after fifteen minutes second best.

The bass fishing has been poor this season, not many were caught during the early part of it as it was warm and they had left the gravel burs and gone back to deep water. The bass fishing has also been poor this Fall; they usually bite good in October, but for some reason they failed to show up on their usual feeding grounds, but the small fry that hatched last Spring were seen in great abundance, and if half of them reach maturity the bass fishing will be good in a few years.

It takes a bass longer to mature than it does a mascalonge and if the latter have what they want to eat (they do in Chautauqua Lake), they

will weigh from four to six pounds in three years. I write "from four to six pounds" because the females grow the fastest, and in all my experience with these fish I never saw a male fish that would weigh twenty-five pounds while I have seen thousands of females that would weigh between twenty-five and forty-eight pounds. Mascalonge are queer feeders, for sometimes they bite all day and sometimes only for an hour or two, but the best time I find in the Fall when they take live bait, is just at sun down and for an hour or two after. But you must first get where they are feeding, and in this lake you will find them feeding on sandy or gravel bottom right where you find the bass in June. The mascalonge seem to trade places with the bass when cold weather comes. Another condition exists in the Fall—a cold stormy day for mascalonge and a bright, warm day for bass.

Jamestown, N. Y.

F. W. CHENEY.

Fishing in the Gulf of California.

Can you give me some information about the fishing in the Gulf of California. I propose visiting that section at an early day and want to know if it will pay me to take my fishing tackle along.

RODGER.

New York City.

We have but one report from the Gulf of California. It is sent by our correspondent from Guaymas, who writes:

"Guaymas is situated on the Gulf of California. In the bay rock cod, bluefish, perch and Spanish mackerel are plentiful; rock cod and mackerel being most numerous. We use shrimp and small perch for bait, and our best fishing season is from September to March, the floodtide being the best water. Hotel charges are \$2 per day, and guides, boats and bait are plentiful and cheap. The Spanish mackerel are the most game, and they appear in Guaymas harbor in the latter part of July and swarm from August to February. They weigh from three to four pounds. There is a large fish here called the 'Cabrillo,' which weighs from twenty to fifty pounds and is a great game fighter. There are numerous other fish in abundance which afford good sport to all who go a-fishing."



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.

This Department of THE AMERICAN ANGLER is opened in connection with our "Bureau of Information for Sportsmen," and will be devoted to meeting the needs of the sportsman tourist—where, when and how to spend an enjoyable outing, either for fishing or shooting. If you do not see what you want, ask for it. Your query will be promptly and cheerfully answered.

Tarpon Springs, Florida.

In reply to a querist, "South Pole," of Ilion, N. Y., we state that we have no correspondent at Tarpon Springs, Fla. A few years ago, however, we received the annexed letter from an angling visitor to the Springs, and as conditions are generally permanent in Florida, so far as fishing is affected, we do not doubt that the information will be of value to "South Pole."

"My first fishing was up the Aukelate River, being towed up by the little steam launch. We went up about twelve miles of this very crooked river, being then only six miles from the house; used spoon and fish bait. Considering the speed we were going we did well enough in taking one ravallia (snook), $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and seven black bass, largest 5 lbs.

"The following day we walked to Lake Butler, one and one-half miles from the house, and fished with small spoon and live bait; result: two wall-eyed perch of $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. apiece and nine bass of medium size. We would have done better if the lake had not been 'blooming.' There was a great deal of green stuff in the water, which perhaps were the spurs or pollen of water plants.

"The best fishing I had with the fly was very near the house, not more than 400 yards. First day out I landed in one and one-half hours five sea-trout (*Cynoscion carolinensis*) and one mangrove snapper; largest sea-trout $3\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. The next day I fished with Dr. Trowbridge, and we landed in an hour and a quarter ten sea-trout and five skipjacks; some of the first weighing over 3 lbs.

"The sheepshead fishing is also pretty good, but the average weight is not more than $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.; largest we took was 4 lbs. 6 ozs. I took one redbass (channel bass) of the same weight. I only go out in the morning and bring home ten to twelve sheepshead, and when using the fly as many sea-trout and skipjacks. I consider the fishing here good, but not equal to Homo-

sassa. There is no better or as good fishing place in all Florida as our old Homosassa.

"The house is filling up now, and I am glad to see here a good many brothers of the angle. Everybody is anxious to hear of the arrival of the tarpons, which I think will not make their appearance before the latter part of February. One hardly ever saw them in the Homosassa River before the middle of March.

"If anybody likes a good fishing ground, a comfortable house, good table and a jolly company, let him come here. Sail and rowboats, with or without men to row, can be had here. There will be company hunts made up to shoot deer and turkey. The duck shooting is poor here this season on account of the mild winter north. I will conclude this letter with the assurance that I am better pleased with the fishing, especially with the fly, than I at first expected."

Aransas Pass, Texas.

We hear that the tarpon fishing at Aransas Pass was unusually good this season, and for the first time during the many years that the Pass has been noted for this sport, a lady, Mrs. Mary Hetfield, has essayed and captured the silver king. She killed on her first outing four tarpon on five "strikes," which measured respectively, $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft., 6 ft. and $5\frac{1}{2}$ ft., and the time consumed in killing either fish was not more than ten minutes. She captured the four fish in about two hours. It must be remembered, however, that Mrs. Hetfield has a grand physique and is able to handle the heaviest savanilla with the greatest ease. Subsequently, another lady, Miss Mable Harlow, was also very successful among the tarpon. The Pass will soon boast of a fine club house which is now building under the supervision of Mr. E. H. R. Green, who has been the main factor in forming the club, the members of which will have fish and wild fowl at their door during the winter, and the grandest climate in the world at all seasons.

Illegal Fishing in Cayuga Lake.

We are informed that set lines are being placed in Cayuga Lake between the New York Central Railroad bridge and the "Mud Lock," and that many fish are taken in this illegal manner. The people there are complaining of the inattention of the local game "constable," and our correspondent writes us :

"No one wishes to make a complaint for fear of seeing their camp in ashes. I do not think any difficulty would occur in getting all the evidence wanted to convict, if the State warden would pay us a visit."

Orland, California.

Our correspondent at Orland, California, writes us :

"The fishing and shooting here are both first-class. Trout, bear and deer are to be had, although the best fishing and shooting is thirty-five miles distant; Grindstone Creek for trout and Thom's Creek for hunting. The livery charges are \$3.00 per day for single teams, and \$5.00 for double, and the hotels are \$1.00 per day. It is a very rough country, but there is splendid fishing in the mountain streams and deer are quite numerous, with sufficient bear to justify the roughness of traveling to their haunts."

At Midlothian, Va., the sportsman tourist will find good deer shooting, from September 1st to February 1st. Some of the land is posted, but most of the property owners allow hunting over their lands.

Our correspondent writes us from Lynchburg, Va., that the fishing is fair about quarter mile from town. Black bass are fairly numerous, but the fishing is best in April, May and September. Boats and guides can be had reasonably.

Thomasville, N. C.

Our correspondent writes us from Thomasville, N. C.: "There is no fishing of any account here, but the shooting for partridges (quail) is excellent. The Thomasville Shooting Club, composed mainly of New York sportsmen, and the Philadelphia Shooting Club control most of the hunting grounds for a distance of five to ten miles. Outside their limits the shooting is unusually good. The season is from October 15th to last of February, and all charges, hotels, guides and for trained dogs are reasonable; those for livery vary from \$2.00 to

\$4.00, according to team used. The country is open, hilly and dry, and the clubs named above pay 50c. to \$1.00 per acre for their leased lands.

Dent's Run, Pa.

"Fly-rod" will kindly pardon, we hope, the tardiness of our reply to his query of September 13 last, as to the fishing at Dent's Run, Pa. At the date of his letter we had no data by which we could satisfactorily reply, and were compelled to ask for a special report from a new correspondent, who now writes us :

"Fishing Hicks Run and Dent's Run connect with Bennet's Branch very close to the railroad station, and the hunting is fair on all. Dent's Run is best for fishing and it is planted with trout every year, and these fish are thick in both runs. There are a fair number of black bass in Bennet's Branch. There is excellent squirrel and pheasant shooting, with an occasional bear and deer. The charges are all reasonable and the guides have dogs for the use of which they make no extra charge. The country is mostly wooded and hilly and generally dry."

Around Mountindale, N. Y.

I expect to spend some weeks at Mountindale, N. Y., and would like to get some information about the shooting in that section. Kindly oblige

New York City.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

In the immediate vicinity of Mountindale is found, our reports state, very good shooting for partridge, woodcock, squirrel and rabbits. The best months are October, November and December. You will also find good guides who have trained field dogs, also for coon, which nocturnal animal is said to be in fair numbers. North of Mountindale (3½ miles), is Centreville, where the same conditions exist; also at Fallsburg still further North (four miles), and at Farmdale, eight miles to the North of Fallsburg. At Lincoln, seventeen miles North of Mountindale, there is said to be excellent shooting for partridge and woodcock, the former being most abundant. In all of this section the farmers, as a rule, do not object to shooting over their property. South of Mountindale, the country around Ellenville (distant about seven miles), affords fair shooting for the game named above, and at Wurtsboro, two miles from Mountindale, the shooting reported "very fair" on the Shawangunk Mountains and in the Mamakiting Valley. August, September and October being the best months for woodcock, and September and October for partridge.

Deer in the Province of Ontario.

Reports that reach us frequently all agree as to the great number of deer in the Province of Ontario. These animals are said to be increasing in numbers each year, a gratifying fact which is, without doubt, owing to the shortness of the open season (from Nov. 1st to Nov. 15th), and the alertness of the game wardens and inspectors in protecting the deer during the close season. The legal days of shooting being so few, the deer naturally are not wild, being unmolested during the long, close season, hence the assurance of success to even the inexperienced hunter. In this connection and to give an idea of the vast number of deer in the Northern section of the Province we append an extract from the "Toronto Evening News" of Nov. 2d:

Fully six thousand sportsmen are now ranging the northern hunting grounds in chase of deer. This is the estimate of Chief Game Warden Tinsley, based upon the number of licenses issued this season, to hunters and settlers. This official further calculates that each of these 6,000 sportsmen kills at least one deer on an average.

"At that rate," said the reporter, "the deer ought to be decreasing; ought they not?"

"On the contrary," replied the game warden, "they are increasing. The clearing of large timber tracts and their replacement in the course of nature by thick undergrowth is one of the prime factors in this increase, for it not only affords protection to the deer in places impenetrable by hunters, but also gives them a better supply of food. Nobody can gauge the vast number of deer in the north, as they are scattered over such a wide district."

As an additional "mouth-waterer," we append notes on Deer Shooting in the Province, as published in the "Review" of Peterboro, Ont.:

Friday, Nov. 18.

Messrs. R. Kingan and J. D. Collins returned to town last night after pulling up stakes at the camp at Baptiste Lake. Most of the other members of this party came down last Saturday. They had not very good luck, but secured six deer, about one per man. They found the ground pretty well shot over.

Lindsay Post:—"A few minutes after the Haliburton and Coboconk trains pulled in this morning the station platform presented a sight calculated to arouse astonishment in the ordinary spectator, and to harrow the feelings of the man who had intended to go hunting but didn't. The carcasses of over one hundred fine deer were unloaded from the baggage vans, bearing testimony to the skill and prowess of the shaggy-looking hunters who had just returned from a two weeks' stay in northern

wilds, and who put one in mind of western frontiersmen as they stood guard, weapon in hand, over the game scattered about the platform while their partners or friends were hunting up a carter."

The Sadler-Sinclair party, numbering ten persons, had phenomenal luck, securing twenty deer, despite having to shift camp. They located first some miles from Baptiste Lake, but finding game scarce they retraced their steps after a few days to their old camping ground in Anson township.

The Walters-McConnell party, who hunted on Hawk and Keneses Lakes, secured fourteen fine deer—two per man—and enjoyed a grand outing.

The Boyd party, comprising Messrs. J. A. Paddon, Dr. Simpson and J. G. Edwards, had grand sport in the Kocklong Lake country. Dr. Simpson and Mr. Paddon secured fine bucks, and Mr. Edwards a buck and a large doe. Mr. Boyd and several other legal members of the party killed the legal number.

The Needier-Reesor party hunted in Cavedish township, near the mouth of Gull River, and struck a lucky spot, as deer frequently ran past the camp when chased by the dogs. They spent considerable time fishing to avoid the temptation of piling up too much venison.

The Casement-Crowe party, who were camped at Big Jack's Lake, secured ten deer, two for each one in the party.

The Balsden-Richardson-Macfarlane party, who pitched their tents on the shore of Turtle Lake, had poor luck this year, having only secured eleven deer.

The Lennox-Webster party at Deer Bay Creek got four deer.

The party from Norwood and Hastings, who were camped at Gull Lake, succeeded in bringing down fourteen deer.

The party camped at Rock Lake, consisting of S. Miller, W. Miller, D. Miller, R. Miller, Alex. Watts and Geo. Moore, Warsaw; W. J. Charlton and S. Charlton, Lakefield; and S. Armstrong, Otonabee, had exceptionally good luck, killing their limit of deer, and in one day bringing down five. Mr. W. J. Charlton made a fine shot one day, bringing down two fine bucks with one shot, the bullet going through the body of one of them and entering the neck of the other.

Cantonment, Florida.

"Rex" is informed that Cantonment, Fla., is a station on the line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad and excellent fishing is said to exist in waters adjacent, particularly for large-mouthed black bass, pike, perch, calico bass and channel bass. The black bass reach seven pounds in weight and the other fish are relatively of large size. The shooting is also good, as deer and wild turkeys are reported to exist in numbers.

English Lookout, Louisiana.

There are a number of clubs at English Lookout, composed mainly of anglers residing in the city of New Orleans. The principal ones are: The "Lookout," Pearl River Club and the "Ballejo." The members of these clubs hold out an open hand to visiting sportsmen who are duly accredited, and it would be well for those who purpose visiting New Orleans to avail themselves of the genial hospitality of the sportsmen of the South. The fishing at English Lookout is exceptionally good, particularly for the spotted sea trout, channel bass and sheepshead. It has a delightful climate with a constant south wind blowing all day.

Fishing and Shooting in Western Texas.

Sitting at the door of my tent, this calm Sunday afternoon, looking out upon the wide valley before me, my heart goes out to my fellow creatures who are doomed to live in towns and cities, or in a fenced-in country. Half a mile of the richest green stretches down to the river, and two miles of the same bright color rise upon the other side to meet the fringe of grey rock that crests the opposite hills. To the left—eastward—for miles the course of the stream can be traced by the line of heavier timber on its banks, while here and there some wider pool, rippled by the wind, flashes back the bright sun's rays. To the right—westward—a terrible black cloud hangs over the horizon, and across its inky face the forked lightning darts. We can enjoy this grand display without danger from the bolts; the cloud is forty miles away, pouring out grateful rain upon some bleak, sandy stretch of the Llano Estacado.

It seldom happens that duty calls one to spend a summer in such a perfect spot as the valley of the North Concho River of Texas—such is my happy lot at present. High above the sea level, rich, clean air, excellent spring water, plenty of game, both on land and in the water, and plenty of room. No fences to crawl over, no grain fields to avoid, no placards staring at one, forbidding him to shoot on "these premises." All is free. And there are no Indians to make one uneasy. Many years ago it was different in this respect, but the watchfulness of the United States troops, the constant scouting over the dreary waste of the Staked Plain, has broken up all Indian raiding this side of the Rio Pecos.

But I intended to tell you of the fish of this part of Texas.

First come the black bass. I took a number from the river lately on a small brown hackle. We use live bait chiefly, frogs, minnows, grasshoppers—there are no helgramites here. Another excellent fish is the blue cat, which grows quite large and gives good sport. Then there are perch and sunfish of the largest kind; they take a fly eagerly and make an excellent pan fish. The great bother in fishing is from the gar. He will catch the hook between his long jaws and dart off with it, and after squeezing all the life out of the bait he lets loose. Their mouths are so bony a hook seldom takes hold. They grow here three or four feet long. My bass fishing began thirty odd years ago, and I have never tired of it, but always manage to have a light rod and strong tackle on hand wherever I go.

The North Concho River is not a large stream at all, but there are some long and wide pools in its course that are full of fish, and the beaver dams occurring frequently give a succession of falls where bass are sure to be found. There is little chance to play a fish; the banks are heavily timbered and the trees overhang, and I have found very considerable trouble in safely landing a large fish without breaking some part of my tackle.

If you were not an angler I could tell you of the numbers of quail, both blue and bob-white, that are growing up about here. Cunning, woolly little fellows, running around their proud parents, who are on the alert to huddle them under a bush on the approach of any danger. I could tell you of the young wild turkeys, of the young antelope and deer, of how all nature has put on a bright, busy look, and man stands by and bides his time. When the dog days have come and gone; when the winds begin to blow cool from the north; when the game is grown and fat and fully ripe, then man will put forth his hand and reap a plentiful harvest.

SENEX.

Instructive Literature Gratis.

Application by mail or a personal call at the office of the "Bureau of Information for Sportsmen," 239 Fifth Avenue, New York, will secure, free of charge to sportsmen, a copy of any of the publications named below. They give valuable information to the sportsman tourist. Send stamps if wished by mail; a two-cent stamp for each pamphlet.

Fishing on the Picturesque Erie, issued by the Erie Railroad.

Rural Summer Home, issued by the Erie Railroad.
Summer Homes, issued by the N. Y., Ont. and W. Ry.
Shasta and the Crags, issued by the Southern Pacific
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California, '97, issued by the Southern Pacific Railway.
Coast Country of Texas, issued by the Southern Pacific
Railway.
Camping Around Mt. Shasta, issued by the Southern
Pacific Railway.
California, Why You Should Go There, issued by the
Southern Pacific Railway.
Through Story Land to Sunset Sea, issued by the
Southern Pacific Railway.
California, for Health, Pleasure and Profit, issued by
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Sportsman at Del Monte, issued by Southern Pacific
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Vamos á Mexico, issued by Southern Pacific Co.
The Land of Evangeline, issued by the Dominion At-
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Gateways of Tourist Travel, issued by the Grand
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Fishing and Shooting Resorts, issued by the Grand
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Wonderland, issued by the Northern Pacific Railway.
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Quebec and Lake St. John, issued by the Quebec and
St. John Railway.
Romantic Route to the Sunny South, issued by the St.
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A Colorado Summer, issued by the Santa Fe Route.

Ideal Winter Resorts of Texas, issued by the Int. and
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Chenango Forks.—Chenango River at station; black bass, perch and pickerel.

Homer.—Lakes containing black bass, and numerous trout streams within a radius of ten miles.

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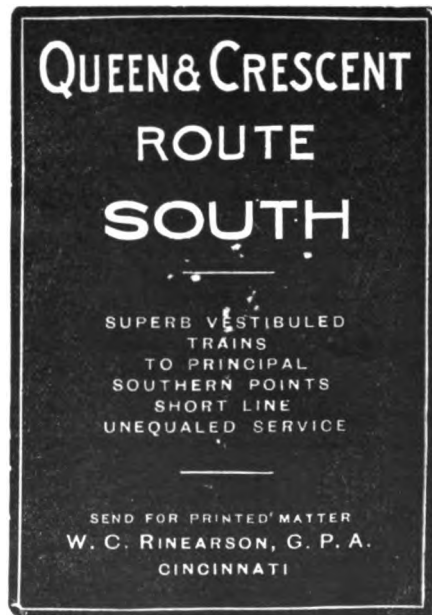
Montrose Village.—There are about thirty lakes in this vicinity that contain trout, black bass, pickerel and perch.

Cresco.—Excellent trout fishing.

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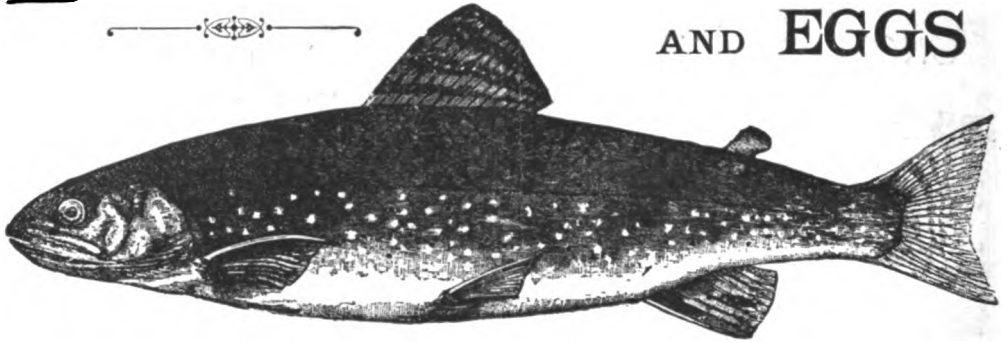
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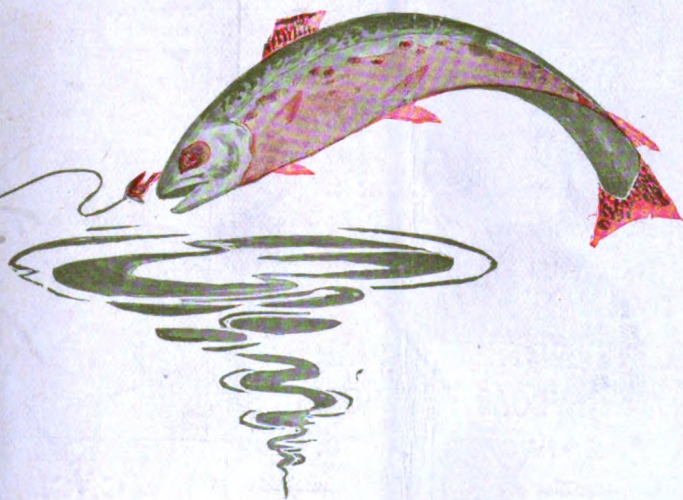
AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS ~ Editor.

The Trouts of American Waters

Artificial Flies

Where Trout can be Caught



Outing Publishing Company

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AMERICAN ANGLER.

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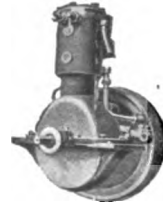
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GOOD' LUCK TO ALL HONEST' SPORTSMEN.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

VOL. 29.

APRIL, 1899.

NO. 4.

ARTIFICIAL FLIES.

BY D. COCHLIN.



FLY MAKING and casting are not of recent origin. Both were practiced by Izaak Walton. His flies, though, would seem crude affairs beside the high-grade flies of to-day, for there has been progress in the construction of the fly as well as in its use. From a homely bunch of feathers it has become a work of art. A few nameless kinds have increased to more than two hundred, each with a name and no two alike.

To make a perfect fly requires taste, skill and practice, and to attempt to make one is a most vexing experience to the amateur beginner. To wrap the body, wind the hackle, set the wings, and have the result a thing of beauty are the accomplishment of an artist. "I confess," says Walton, "no direction can be given to make a man of dull capacity able to make a fly well. If the ingenious angler hit to make his fly right, and have the luck also to hit where there is store of trouts, a dark day and a right wind, he will catch such stores of them as will encourage him to grow more and more in love with the art of fly-making."

The best way to appreciate a fly is to

make it. To one who can do so there is a charm in tying some of your favorites. Anticipation of rises is heightened by putting the feathers together and seeing the little work of art perfected in your own hands.

The natural flies along English streams made favorite bait for Walton. He and others of his day sought to imitate nature in constructing the artificial fly. Now there is little endeavor to reproduce the natural fly in feathers. The angler fancies a certain combination of colors would prove alluring, and so produces his fly without consulting nature to any extent. He has found his combination quite as taking as nature's own, and many of our best flies bear not the names of insects, but of notable anglers. I like to employ the flies that preserve the names of distinguished disciples of the angling art. To tie a few flies on a winter's day affords a foretaste of coming pleasure. One can only afford to tie them for the satisfaction obtained; for, unless he has much leisure and patience, he can buy his flies at less cost than he can make them.

There will always be diversity of taste in the choice of flies. Some want a large assortment, others are satisfied

with a light fly for a cloudy day and a dark one for a clear day, but experience teaches that there is a practical mean.

must be sufficient, but not so numerous as to be perplexing. Many anglers hold to a favorite dozen, unconscious,



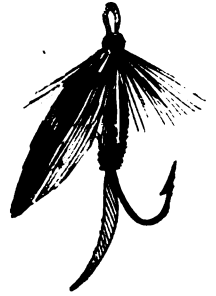
ROYAL COACHMAN—Wings white; hackles brown; body white tipped with red.



PARMACHEENE BELLE—Wings and tail red and white; hackles red; body silver with yellow wrappings.



FLUTTERING FLY.



GOV. ALVORD—Wings dark brown; hackles light brown; body green; tail red.

Once I did not feel well equipped without some forty varieties. Now I am persuaded that so many kinds are a vexation and constant temptation to change. One comes to depend too much upon the kind of fly and give too little credit to skillful casting and knowledge of the stream and fish.

Some assortment is necessary, for

perhaps, that they are following so illustrious an example as Walton.

"You are to note," he says, "that there are twelve kinds of artificial made flies to angle with on top of the water. Thus you have a jury of flies likely to betray and condemn all the trout in the river." Walton's dozen could hardly be classified or named at the present.



SILVER DOCTOR—Wings yellow, mottled brown, blue, red and orange, tipped with black; hackles blue, flecked with black; body silver; tail red, blue and yellow.



LAKE GEORGE—Wings white and red; hackles white; body red with yellow wrappings; tail red and white.



YELLOW SALLY—All yellow.



SETH GREEN—Wings dark green; hackles brown; body green with yellow wrappings; tail black.

fish, weather and seasons differ, and the angler must be prepared for the varying conditions. The assortment

Some of the fastidious are on the lookout for the mention of a new fly, but most practical fly-casters will re-

main content with the tested and approved kinds, and do not feel it sportsmanlike to desert the old friends for



REUBEN WOOD—Wings and tail mottled brown; hackles yellow; body, white tipped with red.



PROFESSOR—Wings mottled brown; hackles brown; body yellow with silver wrappings; tail red.



ABBEY—Wings mottled brown; hackles brown; body red with gold wrappings; tail yellow and black.

every newcomer. I venture to name a dozen which will prove assortment enough for all waters and seasons. Some standard kinds must be omitted. You will observe in these ample variety in color and form of body, hackle and wings: Parmacheene belle, Reuben Wood, professor, royal coachman, grizzly king, yellow Sally, Abbey, ibis, alder, Seth Green, silver doctor and Gov. Alvord.

The favorite team of Seth Green was composed of Seth Green, Lake George, Gov. Alvord and coachman. But a team which possesses advantages over this, and which will prove even more

successful, is the Parmacheene belle, Reuben Wood, Seth Green and Gov. Alvord. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon these four famous flies. I have used them with gratifying results for grayling, and speckled and rainbow trout. It is a poor day or poor casting when fish—and big ones, too—will not rise to one of these flies.



O'SHAUGHNESSY
HOOK

Three of these preserve the names of three of America's worthiest anglers

—Reuben Wood, Seth Green and Gov. Alvord—names which should endure as long as a fly is cast, while every one who handles a rod must feel indebted to the genius who invented the Parmacheene belle. Who can tell who was the inventor of this fly? I have heard that its combination of red, white and yellow was suggested by the fin of the brook trout. It was one of the happiest additions ever made to the fly-book.

The life of a fly depends much upon the snell, which usually frays before the fly is damaged. It should be of the best quality of silkworm gut, smooth, round and mist color. I want it light, and four and a half inches long from the head of the fly. If the silk wrapping thread be given a few turns around the tapered end of the hook it will protect the snell from rusting off at that point, a difficulty many have met with. The japanned hook is less liable to rust than the bronzed. The Pennel eyed hook is of fine quality and easily resnelled, but very liable to rust the snell and prove treacherous at the critical moment. A good fly deserves to be dressed on the best hook. The Sproat



SPROAT
HOOK.



ALDER—Wings mottled brown; hackles brown; body dark green.



SCARLET IBIS—All scarlet.



GRIZZLY KING—Wings mottled brown; hackles brown; body gr'n with gold wrappings; tail red.

hook is in most common use, and when of best quality deserves its popularity. My preference, however, for number

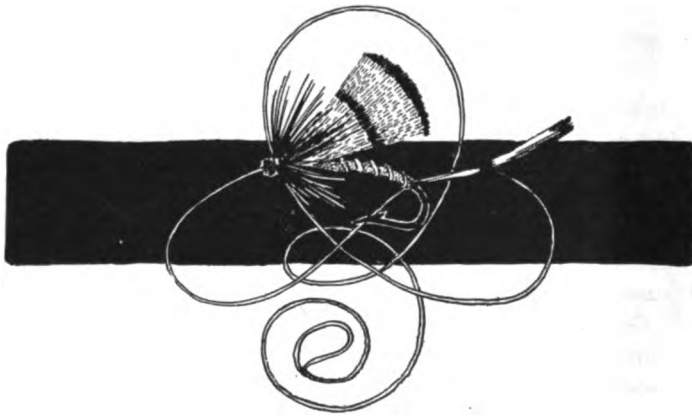
8 or larger size, is the hand-forged O'Shaughnessy. It is a little more expensive, but is the best of all. It is a shapely hook, and holds the fish. I have taken three-pound rainbows on a number 8 O'Shaughnessy, though for the big fellows number 6 is my size.

The fluttering fly, with head toward the point of the hook, has never come into general use. It is outclassed by the regular style. Many high grade flies are made with the "reversed" wing. The point made in their favor is that they are tied twice, and therefore stronger. The straightwing fly will prove as durable if strongly wrapped

at the head. It is the quality of material and workmanship that gives worth, beauty and strength to either style.

The "helper" is a misnomer, which, while it adds to the life of the fly, detracts from its beauty and usefulness. Let such clumsy helpers go, and get a few more flies instead. Part of the pleasure in opening a fly-book is the artistic effect of its contents.

Make or choose your flies as you would your friends. As you cast them over eddies and down riffles, worry and care will be cast away too, and body and mind be restored by nature's tonic of rest and peace.



AFTER TROUT IN NORTHERN WATERS.

BY SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

Among the many "ills that flesh is heir to" is one—if it may be termed an ill—that attacks alike the young and the middle-aged, and spares neither gray hairs nor bald heads. While in some respects its characteristics resemble those of certain diseases that engraft themselves where existing conditions of diluted blood or dilapidated frame render the system susceptible to attack, it differs from them, and is peculiar in the fact that its ravages are mostly confined to those natures that are cast in a finer mold, and it scornfully passes by those of a "baser sort," who enjoy a comparative immunity from contagion.

Strange to say, that although the "Faculty" numbers many victims among its most distinguished members, the Pharmacopœia provides no remedy for the malady. It is not as bad as seasickness, nor as debilitating as lovesickness, that drags its weary length along, and finally leaves the sufferer, possibly "clothed and in his right mind," but otherwise in a state of unsatisfied emptiness and general collapse. It is rather feverish in character and intermittent in attack, but has one symptom in common with the latter disease that impels the patient to protest, with Orlando, "I would not be cured"—in short, it is the "trout fever"!

Who has not had it? Who is ever free from it? Who does not look for it as regularly as the returning warmth of the early summer gives new life to the blood so long congealed by the frosts of winter? Who does not feel its first insidious advances as he takes down his "greenheart" or "split-bamboo" from its bracket, and lovingly brushes off the dust with his best silk

handkerchief, gives a few turns to the reel, just to hear the old familiar click, or tenderly smooths out the ruffled feathers of some of his favorite "killers"? In imagination, again wading the same old stream, or on the secluded lake carefully balancing himself on the improvised raft or more luxurious skiff, indifferent alike to pouring rain or beating sun, he eagerly strives, by the well-known tactics, to induce the wary water-sprite to "come and be killed." Yes, my friend, you and I know all about it, don't we? We've been attacked so often that we recognize the symptoms at once, but, like sensible men, instead of fighting the inevitable, we proceed to take the case in hand.

True it is, there are some people who can complacently congratulate themselves upon being free from all danger of arriving at such a condition. Their idea of the proper enjoyment of a holiday is to get themselves up in the immaculate costume of the ball-room; to appear as "symphonies in black and white" in the nightly "crushes" at "the Springs." These know nothing of the delights of flannel shirts and old clothes, or the *dolce far niente* after the *al fresco* lunch, when pipe and story exhale a flavor that time has not affected. They would look upon the homeward tramp through the silent woods with the heavy load of precious fish and other "truck" as "unmitigated humbug," or at least as something they are well out of.

With such your true fisherman has nothing in common; in his kindness of heart and broad charity for all that the craft enjoins, he trusts to circumstances to place the Philistine within reach of

those influences that tend to produce a better frame of mind, and impel him, at some time, to pause in his engrossing hunt after the mighty dollar, to forget for a while the claims of customers, clients, or creditors, and turn his back on the treadmill round of the work-a-day world, and his face to those quiet paths, by river or lake, where peace and contentment have their home.

But, "Enough of moralizing," you say; "it's fish we're after." Well, as I have the floor (pipes, camp-fire, and other accessories being understood), and with the editor's permission and your indulgence, we'll proceed to swap stories, and begin with mine.

The close of a sultry summer's day—"the fever being hot upon us"—finds us making our way down the river St. Lawrence to Quebec. After a half day's run from there, we are comfortably settled at the Sea View House.

After tea and a short time spent in renewing old acquaintances, we adjourn to the "smoking-room" on the corner of the veranda, where our party speedily settle in their minds that life is too short to waste in frivolity, and that the business in hand—fishing—admits of no delay; that the prospects for a good day to-morrow are excellent, and that "go a-fishing" we will. Mine host is consulted, transport arranged for, an early breakfast by daylight agreed upon, and we—"go to bed, of course," you say. Oh, no! not just yet. A scheme of dark conspiracy is afoot to outwit the "other fellows," and we take a walk up the road to find "Isidore," on whom we depend for success.

It is usually understood at the "Sea View" that when people go off fishing they go to *the lake*—a well-known spot, easy of access, and in consequence comparatively "fished out"—but the afore-said Isidore had thrown out hints, on a

former visit, of an Eldorado where the fish were swarming one over the other in their anxiety to be caught. And the size! "*Oh, mon Dieu!*" The French tongue failed of words to express the magnitude. We had therefore made preparations to make an early trial of the simple-minded *habitant's* veracity, as well as to relieve him of the responsibility of a solemn promise to show the place to no one before we had tried it. We found him housed in the wigwam of a party of "*sauvages*" for whom he was working, and who were then employing their spare time in making basket-work for the visitors, whose money they condescended to accept in return. We quickly made him understand that we would pick him up in the morning, and that "mum was the word;" then home we hied us to dreams of fish.

Morning finds us up bright and early, and the breakfast provided by our kindhearted landlady is quickly stowed away. Lunch-baskets are filled, rods, overcoats and a change of nether garments packed in the cavities of the "buckboard;" and, not forgetting our pair of "bœufs" (than which there is no better foot-gear for the sportsman—light, strong, easy to the foot and, when properly made, quite water-proof), we climb aboard, with a parting shout that induces the sleeping inmates of the hotel to growl a malediction on the heads of our noisy crew, and startles our ancient plug into a sufficiently lively state of mind to carry us with a rush over the short stretch of heavy, sand-covered road along the beach and up the little hill at the end. Passing the fir grove, we reach the first big hill (one out of many we shall have to wrestle with on our journey), at the top of which we find Isidore, whose impedimenta consist only of his woodsman's axe, the usefulness of which will become apparent

when we require a raft to be made on the lake where boats are unknown.

We pause for a moment to cut a "persuader" from a convenient hazel-bush, then "All aboard!" again, and, turning off at the post-office, we strike straight back and make for the "height of land," which we reach after a laborious pull; then again turn to the right along the narrow "concession" road,

straggling line of familiar, whitewashed, sloping-roofed farm-houses that dot the landscape at intervals from Quebec to Gaspé, one serving as a model for all the others and each furnished with the same pattern of snapping cur, most valiant in bark, but whose usefulness otherwise is not apparent.

Presently our guide exclaims: "*Le v'la, m'sieurs, c'est l' place ici,*" and we



"THAT FRIEND OF SHIPWRECKED MARINERS—A RAFT."

brushing off the morning dew from the overhanging foliage and startling a stray hare that has come out to sun himself.

Our road crosses several likely streams that suggest possibilities of a good catch of the dainty little brook trout, but which we now regard with supreme indifference. Then it leads us a chase up hill and down, past a long,

pull up at the door of his friend's farmhouse. Here information as to our farther progress is obtained and permission hospitably given to drive over the farm road (?), along which we carefully pick our way, jolting over "corduroy" and stones and dodging the stumps that thickly strew the edge of the path, monuments of departed greatness.

We drive as far as we can, or rather walk alongside, chaffing the poor martyr pilloried on the buckboard who was elected to pilot the craft. Then, unhitching the horse and turning him loose in the pasture, we don our tramping boots and, shouldering the divided load, we begin our tramp of a mile or so to the margin of the lake.

This is indeed a lovely little spot of glistening water, sunk as it were in the hollow of the surrounding tree-covered hills, which dip gradually down to the water's edge and form a fitting background to the picture. The lily-pads and rushes that here and there appear look promising spots to throw a fly at, but the extreme smallness of the sheet of water causes us to be skeptical of the results, seeing which our mentor hastens to reassure us: "*Crain' pas, m'sieurs—crain' pas; i'y a beaucoup d' pêches en dedans,*" to which we respond by making preparations for the attack.

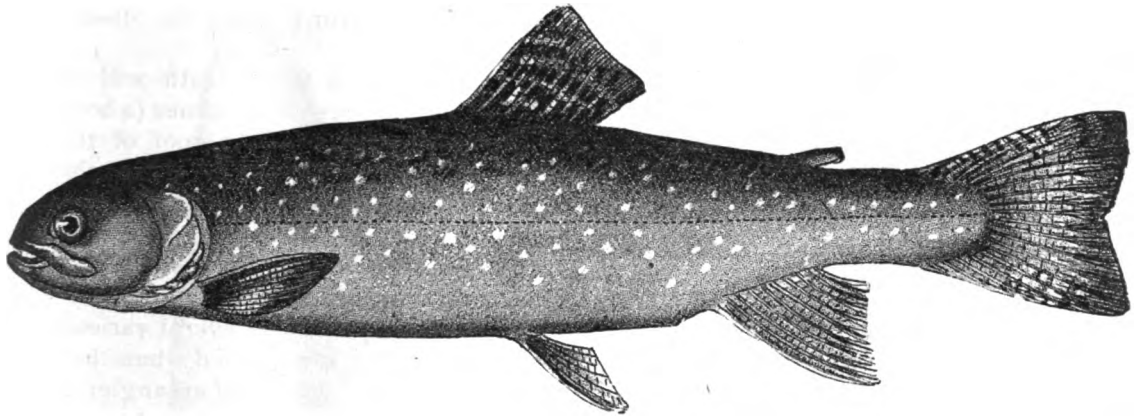
One of the party, who has a *penchant* for that sort of work, starting to wade, is quickly dissuaded from that sort of warfare by nearly sinking out of sight in the soft, deceptive bottom; and, in the absence of boats, there is nothing for it but to make that friend of shipwrecked mariners—a *raft*. The remains of one that had been used by the "natives" was discovered and quickly repaired, poles cut, and two of us launched out upon it, leaving the rest to wait till another could be put together by our handy man.

To one not accustomed to this mode of navigation, the task of making the circuit of a lake on a small raft of logs, in the face of quite a little breeze, with no better propelling power than a long sapling, and having to look after a rod and line of your own, and at the same time have due regard for your neigh-

bor's, lest a careless step should spoil the prospects of the day's peace, would appear well calculated to make one pause. But a few attempts soon found us sailing along as unconcernedly as an Ottawa raftsmen; and coming to a likely spot near a shoal, we drop our stone anchor, jam our poles down through the logs to steady the raft, and perpare for the supreme moment of the first cast. "Carefully, now! Just at the edge of those lily-pads," and down they drop right on the spot. The flies are scarcely wet when, with a sounding splash, a good-sized trout seizes a fly and hies off with a rush, making music as he goes. He is quickly brought up, however, gently played a while, and gradually drawn within reach of the landing net, when the transfer is made with proper dispatch from his native element into our basket.

And so the sport goes on. Those on the rafts paddle or pole up and down and across the lake, anchor at the likely places, and fish all over, to the entire satisfaction of all concerned and the repletion of our fish-creels.

We are pretty well tired out, and the lonely drive home in the deepening twilight is not conducive to hilarity. But soon the lights of the village loom in sight, and we straighten up, tickle our flagging steed, and bring up at the door of the hotel with as much style as our dilapidated appearance will permit. The fish-baskets, of course, are produced, duly inspected and commented on according to the idiosyncrasies of each. The young ladies, "Poor little things!" The "other fellows," "Lucky dogs!" The papas and mammas, "What a nice breakfast we'll have to-morrow—thank you so much!" Mine host, taking his cue from these last, "Hope you will go again soon!" To which we reply, "So SAY WE ALL!"



THE EASTERN OR RED-SPOTTED TROUT—A CHARR.

THE TROUTS OF AMERICAN WATERS.

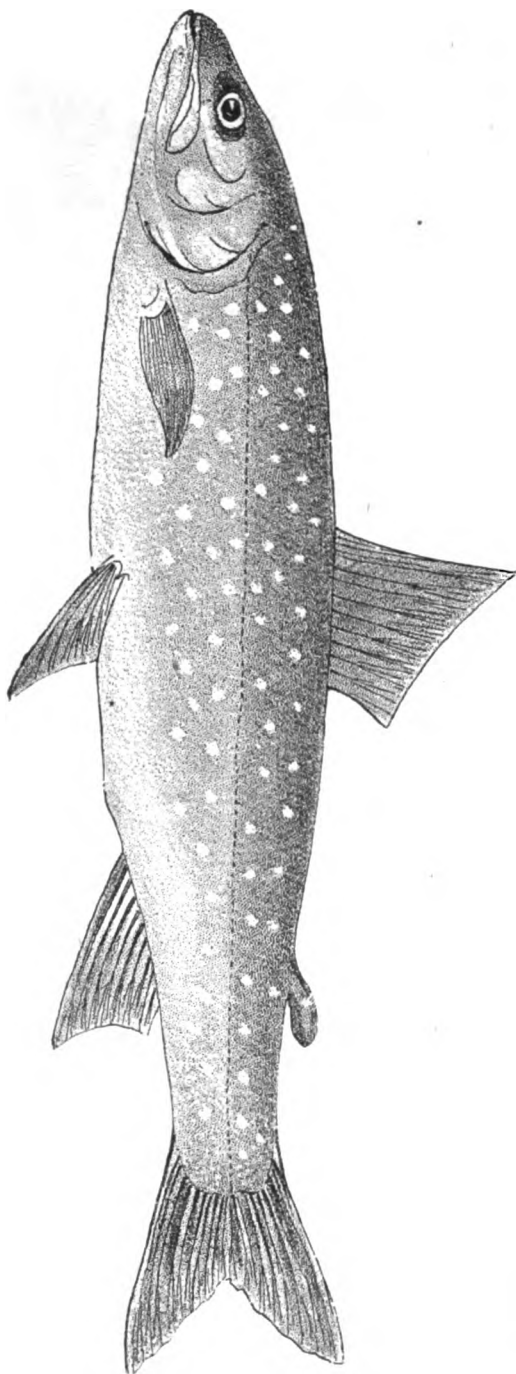
BY WM. C. HARRIS.

ALTHOUGH the trouts, popularly so called in America, all belong to the salmon family and are grouped together, ichthyologically, under the head of salmonidæ, they are not, scientifically considered, all salmons. The classification name of Charr (*Salvelinus*) has been given to many of them. The native red-spotted trout of the East is a charr, so is the lake trout (*Cristivomer*), the blueback trout of the Rangle Lakes, the so-called trouts of New England and Canada, including those of Sunapee Lake and Dublin Pond, and the Saiblings or Alpine trouts. The varietal forms found in the Arctic regions are also charrs, but the Dolly Varden and Lake trout are the only representatives of the class that are found in the United States west of the Rocky Mountains.

Of the true salmon trouts (*Salmo*) we have no representatives east of the Mississippi River except those recently introduced, the rainbow, cut-throat, Loch Leven and German or brown

trout, the latter being very generally planted in Eastern streams much to the injury of preserved and wild trout waters, as the foreign fish grows to a large size and preys upon the native species. West of the Mississippi River, particularly on the Pacific Slope, there are many species and varietal forms of the salmon trouts, viz.: the rainbow, with its five sub-species; the cut-throat, with ten sub-species; the steelhead, with its brother the Kamloops trout, and the Kern River and Golden trouts of the Mount Whitney (California) region. These species are very widely distributed from Bering Sea to the mountain ranges of Southern California, and from the Pacific Ocean to the streams of Colorado.

Thus it will be seen that the angling tourist, in his trout outings, has grand opportunities to indulge in his favorite pastime, and although his knowledge usually keeps fairly abreast with his enthusiasm, he may be at a loss to determine, on sight, the specific character of the trout which he baskets after much pleasure and excitement.



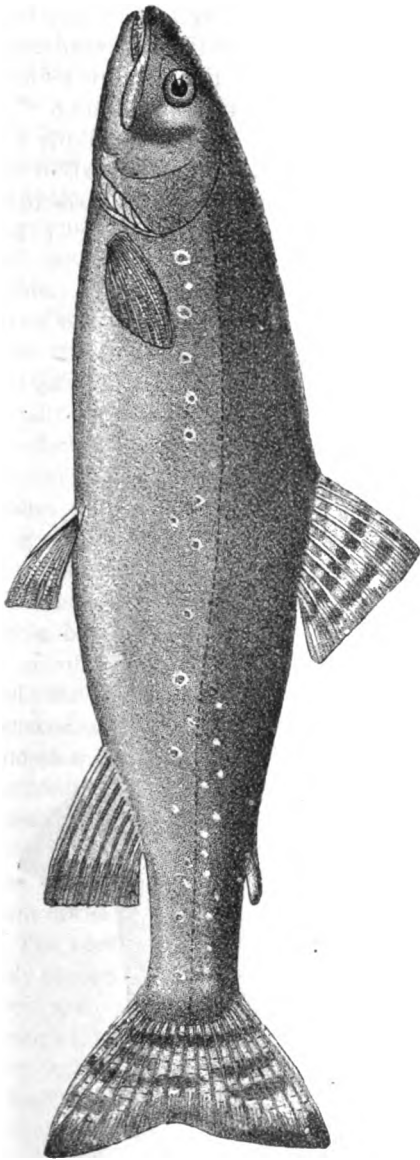
THE DOLLY VARDEN TROUT—A CHARR.

We will endeavor to make the matter clear to him.

In the salmon trouts teeth will be found on the body of the vomer (a bone on the front part of the roof of the mouth) as well as on its head; in the charrs teeth are found only on the head of the vomer. In sea-going species the teeth are usually deciduous as the fish grows old, and other modifications, although slight, occur in several varietal forms, which will be named when they are described later on. If an angler is in doubt as to the proper generic character of his trout, he has only to put his finger into its mouth, and if a single or double series of teeth are found on the front part of the roof of its mouth, he holds in his hand a salmon trout; if only a single patch of teeth is found in the rear and on the roof, he has a charr under inspection.

We have within the last decade been presented with as many as seven new species of charrs by American ichthyologists, and the species of American salmon trouts and charrs, native and introduced, now aggregate thirty-two in number. This classification cannot be considered permanent, as the tendency is rather to increase than decrease the number of species, with periodical changes in specific and sometimes in generic names. Gunther, one of the leading ichthyologists, offers the following explanation of this inconstant condition:

"We know of no other group of fishes (salmon) which offers so many difficulties to the ichthyologist with regard to the distinction of the species, as well as to certain points in their life history. Although this may be partly due to the unusual attention which has been given to their study, it has revealed rather a greater amount of unexplained fact than a satisfactory solu-



THE DUBLIN POND TROUT—A CHARR.

tion of the questions raised. The almost infinite variations of these fishes are dependent upon the age, sex and sexual development, food and the properties of the water."

In this connection, and purely from an angler's standpoint, we feel constrained to protest against the tendency

to multiply species and the specific nomenclature of our native trouts (charrs), as evidenced in the scientific publications of the day. We were told, years ago, that modern ichthyologists aimed to be more exact in their methods, especially in the recognition of new forms, and we are aware they have rejected, within the last decade, many of those formerly accepted as new by scientists. The anglers of the country have experienced the difficulty of recognition for an apparently new species, which to the observant and loving eye of its captor presents striking variations, in color, form and habits, to the typical generic fish. They are told that the rigid ichthyic law of anatomical identity bars a new classification, yet within the last ten years we have been given several new species of charrs as native to New England and Canadian waters. Some of these new (?) forms are said to differ, as a rule, from the typical fish (the common brook trout) by having teeth on the root of the tongue (hyoid bone), but the absence (not persistent) of these teeth on the brook trout is acknowledged to be simply a departure, with exceptions, from the original type. Under such conditions, the student angler can only draw consolation and encouragement from the words of Dr. Gunther quoted above.

Most prominent among the trouts, in fact, of all American fishes which the anglers of the country prize as a quarry, is the red-spotted trout or charr (*Salvelinus fortinalis*). It is the most beautiful of our fresh water fauna, the more so from the mantle of rose and violet which it wears, the mellow diffusion of which, from the gills to base of caudal fin, at once suggests the descriptive phrase so often heard among anglers, "the bloom of the trout." Nor is our admiration lessened as we exam-

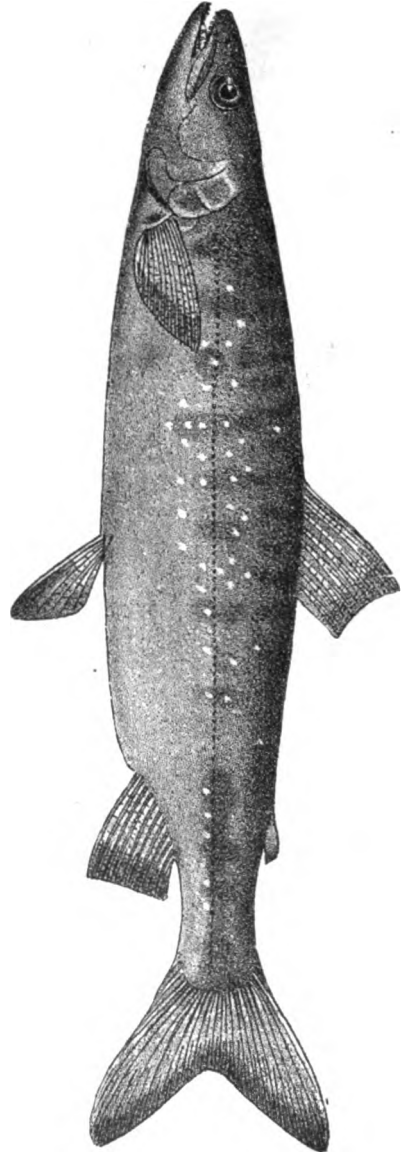
ine his clipper-built form, the bright vermillion dotlets with their dark blue areola, the strength and symmetry of the paired fins and the broad sweep of the truncate tail, and when we have him hard and fast upon a barbed hook and a springing rod, we cannot fail to appreciate his knightly qualities, his sturdy resistance and keen intelligence.

The brook trout is found in the streams from Maine north to Labrador, westward to the Mississippi River, and southward to the upper waters of the Savannah, Chattahoochie, Catawba, and French Broad rivers. It may be identified by the mottled coloration on the back, and, if caught in Pennsylvania or southward, by the absence or very faint development of the teeth on the root of the tongue. The teeth on the head of the vomer are present, but none on the shaft of the bone as in the salmon trouts. No angler, however, can fail to recognize this fish, as it is the only trout having red spots set in blue areola, a condition which we have always found present on this fish when caught in the northern waters in the States of New York and Pennsylvania; those we have examined in aquaria have been found to be without this characteristic coloration, owing doubtless to their confined habitation and hatchery method of feeding. The only fish that an angler would be likely to mistake for the red-spotted trout is the Dolly Varden, which also has red spots, but it is without the characteristic mottlings or vermiculations on the back, which are always present on fontinalis.

A varietal form of the red-spotted trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis agassizii*) exists in Dublin Pond, New Hampshire. It is of a pale grayish color, and the red spots are very faint, resembling hose on the lake trout (*namaycush*)

when young, the red spots are large and numerous, but they become nearly bleached out as the fish grows older and lighter in general coloration.

As previously stated, the Dolly Varden trout (*Salvelinus malma*), or bull trout, is one of the two charrs found west of the Rocky Mountains. It is so



THE SAIBLING—A CHARR.

called from its supposed likeness in color to the favorite gowns of one of Dickens' heroines. It is not as handsome a fish as the Eastern brook trout, nor has it the fine game and edible qualities of our brook beauties. It may be distinguished at once by the absence of vermiculations and the presence of red spots on the back. It is a sturdy fighter, but does not leap into the air when hooked.

Of the Saiblins or Alpine trouts (*Salvelinus alpinus*) we have five varietal forms in American waters, four of which are of Arctic habitat and one native to the United States. Their bodies are long and slim, of a grayish or greenish color above the medial line and red below, which is brighter in the male fish. The fins on the lower part of the body are margined in white like those of the native red-spotted trout, but the backs are not marbled or marked with worm-like lines as in the common brook trout. One of the Arctic trouts is recognized as a sub-species because of its very high dorsal fin which, however, is short at its base and has no resemblance to the magnificent dorsal fin of the grayling.

The teeth of the saiblins are usually present on the root of the tongue, but are generally only feebly developed, and the tails of all of them are well forked, thus differing from those of our native red-spotted trout which are in the adult fish, abrupt as if squarely cut off. Another form of the saiblins (*S. arcturus*) is the most northern in habitat as yet discovered, and differs from all other species in being without the red spots, but possessing all the other characteristics of the class.

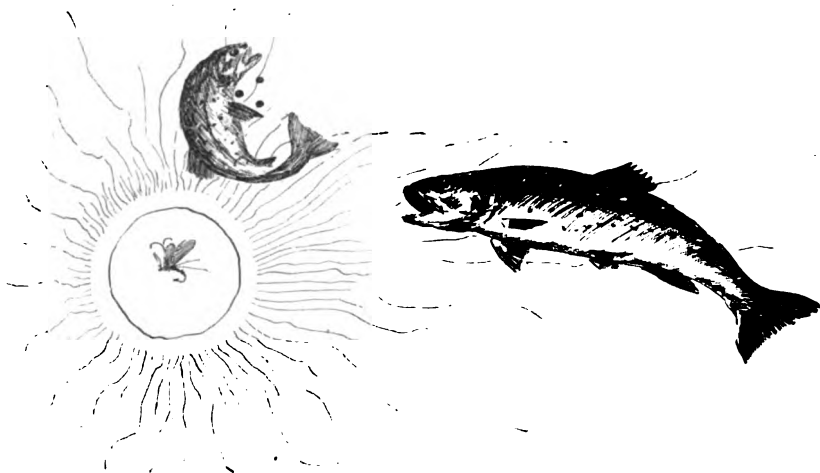
The Sunapee trout or saibling (*Salve-*

linus alpinus aureolus), of Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, and lakes of Western Maine, was the subject of spirited and prolonged discussion among ichthyologists and anglers as to its proper classification, resulting in its relegation to the saibling form of charrs. It is certainly one of the most beautiful of our native trouts; its graceful form, small head, large fins, and resplendent coloration and great game qualities merit its recognition as the typical saibling of the waters of either hemispheres. The nuptial coloration of this charr is said to be more gorgeous than that of any member of the salmon family. Dr. Quackenbos, who has made an exhaustive study of the Sunapee trout, writes of it as follows :

"Throughout the spring and summer the back is dark sea-green, blending on the sides into a flashing silver, which in turn deepens below into a rich cream. But as the October pairing-time approaches, it is metaphorsed into a creature of indescribable brilliancy. The deep purplish blue of the back and shoulders now seem to dissolve into a dreamy sheen of amethyst, through which the inconspicuous pale lemon spots of midsummer flame out in points of yellow or vermillion fire, while below the lateral line all is dazzling orange."

The Sunapee trout is the only saibling that has been recognized by ichthyologists as a native of the waters of the United States, although the blueback trout of the Rangeley lakes of Maine shows no important structural differences from the saibling charrs, but is widely different in appearance and coloration.

(Concluded in May.)



A FEW PRACTICAL HINTS.

BY OLD FIN.



EVERY one should take when he goes fishing, fine and coarse silk, some good twine, a small lump of cobbler's wax between two folds of leather, and a strong, sharp knife. These simple precautions will enable you to splice your rod or line, if occasion needs, and repair other breakdowns that are constantly occurring.

If your rod does not unjoint easily do not get in a hurry, or you may repent it. Take hold of the two pieces as close to the joint as you can, and pull. A wooden rod you may twist the joints in opposite directions, but you must be extra careful with a split bamboo. If the joints do not come apart, heat the receiving ferrule. We have found a single match to be sufficient generally, but if this fails take your rod home, set it in a dry place for a day or two, and try again.

If you wish to remove a ferrule, do not attempt it with a vice or pincers,

but take a piece of strong hemp twine or fine marlin; tie the ends together; pass one end of the double string through the loop of the other end to make a hitch on the ferrule; wrap the balance closely and tightly on, and put a stick through the loop at the free end. You have now a clutch that will enable you to crush the ferrule if you are too violent. We forgot to state that the ferrule should be heated as hot as is safe before putting on the string, and if there is a tendency to slip, wet the twine, or, better still, wax it. If the fittings are well made, and kept slightly oiled and free from dust or sand, they will seldom stick.

Do not be afraid of having your rod too light, if it is at all adapted to the work you have for it to do. With delicate tackle your fatigue is lessened, the pleasure augmented, the chances for hooking your fish increased, and the likelihood of the fish breaking his hold reduced to a minimum. If the rod is of good material and properly tapered, so that an increasing weight brings

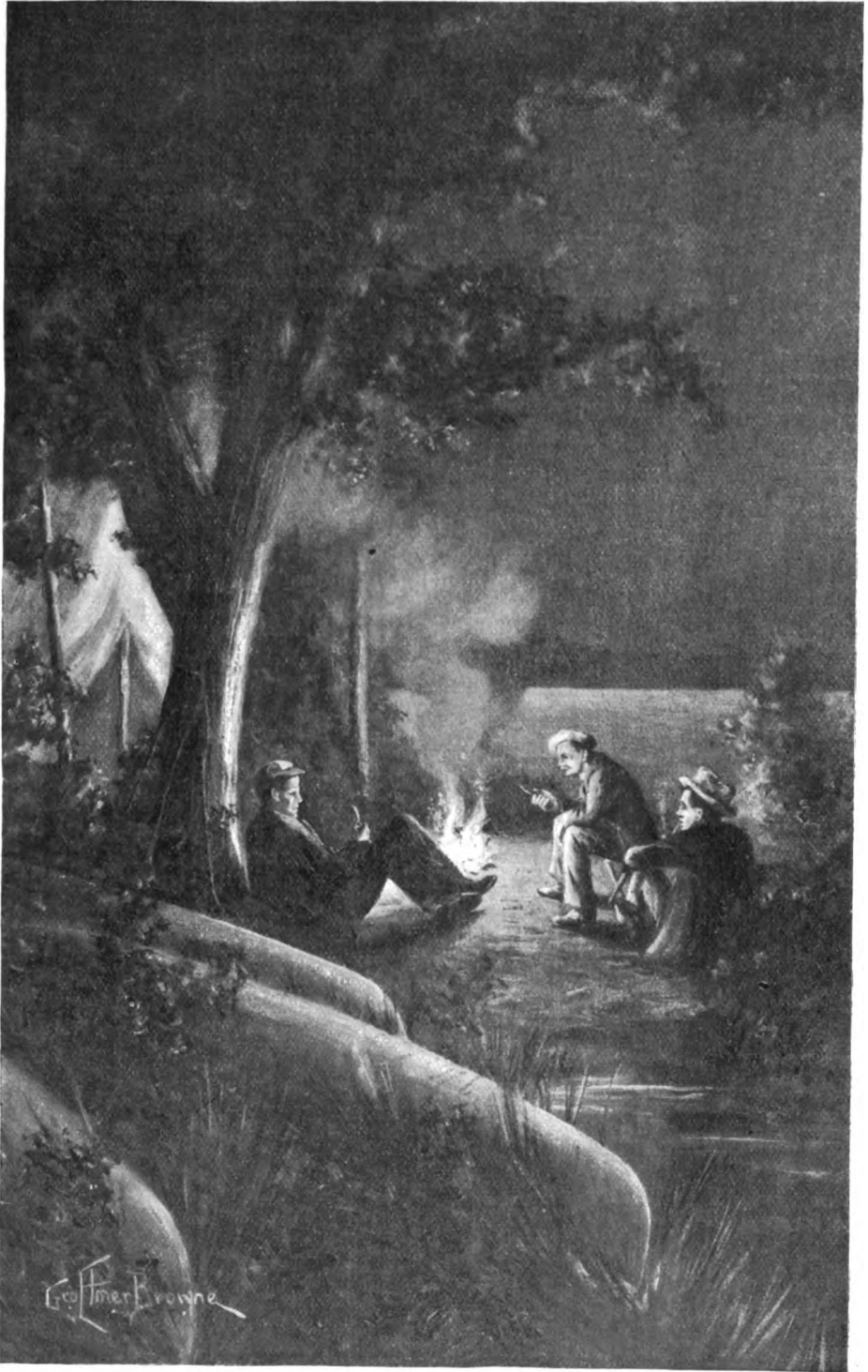
the strain constantly nearer the butt, making the arch of the rod gradually of less radius, there is no fear of its breaking. It is the sudden strain or jerking that fractures rods. Salmon of twenty pounds or more have been safely handled and brought to gaff with a seven-ounce bamboo rod and a trout leader. Of course, we do not recommend such a rod for heavy fishing, but fine tackle will give sport with a fish that on a heavy rod would seem but as bait. Above all, do not use a heavy two-hundred-yard multiplying reel and a heavy braided linen line on a trout fly-rod, nor be led astray with heavy double salmon gut leaders for fishing running from three pounds down to zero. Fine gut, that is rounded and properly tied, will bear a dead strain of about six pounds, and a six-pound fish can be killed by a constant strain of a few ounces.

If anglers would keep in a book devoted to the purpose a careful record of their fishing experience, they would find it useful and instructive. Note the condition of the water—high, low, clear or muddy; the condition of the weather—clear, cloudy or rainy, cold or warm; the wind, state and direction; the kind of tackle and bait used—in fact, such memoranda as will enable them to add something continuous and positive to their stock of knowledge. It is only by careful and constant observation that knowledge of any branch of natural history is acquired, and it is only by recorded notes that your experience can be made available. No department of natural science has had so little intelligent investigation as that of the fishes, although the United States Fish Commission is making rapid progress in that direction.

It seems that the most experienced anglers cannot agree upon what a per-

fect reel is, but they will agree that a good reel of any pattern should have good care. For ourselves, we prefer a simple click reel of German silver, with a short axle and a revolving plate with a pin-handle, instead of a crank. Never take your reel apart except as necessity requires; it wears it to no purpose. Take care to keep sand and dust or grit of any kind away from it, and keep it slightly oiled with machine oil. A poor reel will be but an unsatisfactory tool, even when new, and is soon used up, while a good reel, well taken care of, will last for years. The rubber reels are light, neat, and just the thing, except that they are easily broken, a fall sometimes smashing them hopelessly. The axle should have bearing enough to prevent wear as much as possible, and the ends of the spool should fit close to the plate, and, as in any other piece of machinery, it should not rattle. The necessity of good workmanship increases as the machinery is more complicated, hence multipliers are more apt to get out of order than single-action reels.

A cheap and convenient fly-book can be made by any angler. For a cover an ordinary wallet or pocket-book can be bought from any dealer in leather goods, or the cover of an old diary, if large and strong, will answer every purpose. A convenient size is from seven to eight inches long and three and a half inches wide. From a dealer in bookbinders' materials, or from a bookbinder, get enough scrap parchment to make as many leaves as you need. If your cover is $8 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, cut one piece of parchment $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches long by $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, taking care that the sides are at right angles, and fold the piece in the middle. Get a box of paper fasteners, flat-heads, smallest size. On one side of your folded piece,



THE TALK OF A FISH.

draw a line with your pencil half an inch from the top, and another the same distance from the bottom, and another line one inch from these two. Mark off four points upon each line at equal distances, so that the points on one are opposite the spaces in the other, and with a penknife make small incisions at each point. From the back of the leaf thrust a fastener through each hole and bend the points down until they touch the parchment.

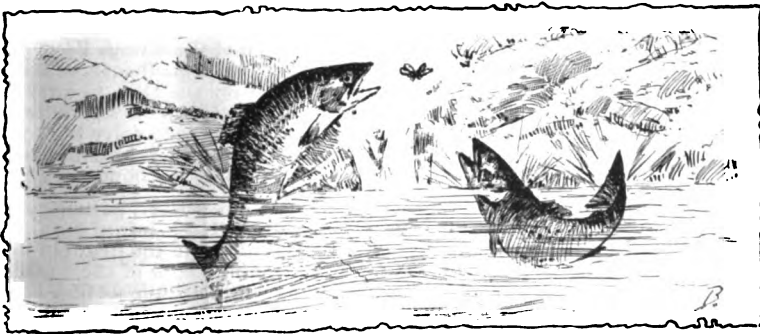
Make another leaf half the size of the leaf folded, treat it in the same way and sew it fast, back to back, to the prepared leaf of your folio. With a bradawl or chisel or knife, press down each fastener about one-eighth of an inch from the end, which will cause the point to raise up enough to allow a hook to be slipped under. You have now a book to hold thirty-two flies with their gut lengths extended and ready to fasten to your leader at any time. If

you want another fold, cut a piece of the same length as the first one, and one-quarter of an inch wide. Fold it so that it will fit around the first folio, and then prepare the page for fasteners in the same way as before.

You can make as many leaves as you need, and one will fit around the other, the whole to be held in the cover by a rubber strap. It will make the book neater to bind the edges with a narrow strip of parchment. Across each page there should be a band of parchment an inch wide, under which the gut lengths may be slipped to prevent tangling. The use of the blank page of each folio will be evident.

We have used a book of this kind for many years, and prefer it to any we can buy.

In the center of our book we have one folio made with pockets in the old way, which we find useful for leaders and odds and ends.





DOMINOES IN THE DEN.*

BY JOHN W. MATTHEWS.

Sweet little Bessie, sitting there,
Across the table opposite me,
With the lamplight soft in her shining hair,
And a smile on her face of childish glee.
'Tis a game of dominoes, in the Den,
And she laughs and says, with small regard
For the fortune ill that meets me then.
"Papa goes to the bone yard."

And every night, when the sun is low,
After the supper is out of the way,
She takes my hand, and together we go
Up to the Den for the evening's play.
And, forgetting the work that wearied me,
And the dolly and book and pictured card,
We play for the move that is sure to be,
"Papa goes to the bone yard."

Over her head there hangs a gun,
On the death-locked horns of two rival deer;
And the spoils on an angler's outing won,
And the rods and reels and the tackle queer.
But little cares she for the trophies grim,
Or the tackle and gun with usage scarred,
If the play comes right to please her whim,
"Papa goes to the bone yard."

And every night we play and play.
'Till mamma comes with the night-gown
white.
And spirits my sweetheart away,
Leaving a kiss and a sweet good-night.
And I turn to my paper and pen and book;
For the light of the Den is sadly marred.
And I miss the words with the smiling look,
"Papa goes to the bone yard."

Ah! little sweetheart time flies fast,
And some of these days I fear that you
Will follow the sweethearts of the past,
And flit from the Den, as sweethearts do.
But I cannot think you will quite forget,
When you come to solve life's problem hard,
The days when you said with mock regret,
"Papa goes to the bone yard."

Some day, sweetheart, perhaps you'll come
Back to all that is left of me,
Back to the Den in the dear old home,
Our evening haunt of the "used-to-be."
And you will not smile as now you do,
You will speak with a different tone and word;
But then, as now, 'twill be just as true,
"Papa goes to the bone yard."

*The writer of these pathetic verses sent them to me over five years ago, and they are now re-printed, "In Memoriam." Mr. Matthews disappeared from his home in August, 1897, under the most affecting circumstances. His work as District Attorney of the State of Illinois was very taxing, mentally and physically, so much so, that his friends feared for his health and reason and insisted upon relaxation. He consented, and left his home for Chicago for a few days' of recreation. Since that time he has not been seen or heard from, and he has no doubt ceased to live, his habits and moral character forbidding any other conclusion. The refrain in the above verses, "Papa goes to the bone-yard," was realized so sadly and suddenly, that his bereaved wife and daughter cannot but feel their prophetic force with an increased sorrow. The illustration preceding the poem was made from a photograph sent by Mr. Matthews for that purpose.

W. C. H.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading, queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology, and Fish Culture will be answered.]

Opening Day for Trout.

When this issue of *THE AMERICAN ANGLER* reaches its readers in all sections of the continent the eventful opening day for trout will have either passed or be near at hand. We shall remain at home, for, much as we love to lure the responsive "pride of the rills" we do so only when nature is at her best, when we find her in an exultant humor in the springtide, or, later on, in that *dolce far niente* mood, with the breath of flowers in the air and rippling currents dancing over the meads. Not for us the whirling blasts and ice-fringed waters of a belated spring, when our brook beauty is just awakening, with semi-torpid faculties, from his long winter sleep.

A man's age and muscles have a good deal to do with his sentiments sometimes.

Many there be who will brave the elements and breast the waters to catch even a baby trout on the opening day, and we are in full sympathy, for of such the perfected angler is made. Take from him his enthusiasm and he becomes a "potterer," and of such the artificial rodster is made. We pity the angler who does not look forward to the opening season with eager anticipation of the sport before him; who does not, during the long winter nights, take out that old fly-book and handle tenderly and lovingly each fly, which, if it has not a history, is sure to make a record during the coming season.

The trout waters adjacent to the City of New York are not few, and if fished in the early part of the season are quite fruitful. We will tell you where they are if you will call upon or write us. It would be idle to publish them, for all of them will, if overcrowded, yield sport to none. Our distant readers, when writing us, will be furnished with similar information as to trout fishing in their respective States.

The Erratic Black Bass.

We have seen black bass and other surface-feeding fish "turn up their noses" at the most tempting lures—minnows, flies, and "wums."

They seemed to be in a playful mood, enjoying an outing by leaping into the air, without a thought given to the man at the outer end of the line; but we have never seen a black bass act as a friend of ours told about the other day. He was fishing last season in a pool where the water was two to four feet deep, and he saw several bass languidly chasing minnows. He made a cast before the very eye of one large fellow, which at once rolled lazily out of the water upon the flies without attempting to seize them. This was repeated several times, and, apparently tired of the sport, the fish flitted his tail-fin at the flies and disappeared. This bass was evidently disgusted at the poor attempt to deceive him by either the fisherman's methods or the crudeness of imitation in the feathered bugs.

The Whisker Fly.

Here's one on a friend of mine—it was too good to keep so I had to write it up. Raise a beard and try it.
TOLEDO, OHIO. J. E. GUNCKEL.

There is no fish on the American continent whose natural home is in such wild and romantic places as the brook trout, and like everything else which man delights to seek after, the more difficulty he experiences the greater becomes his desire to capture the prize. The brook trout of Michigan has the reputation of being the most difficult to capture, on account of the coldness of the streams and general good health of the fish. With the increasing scientific anglers the trout are becoming scarcer each year, and man must go deeper and deeper into the forest and adopt new plans for his capture. For a number of years "Captain" G. Frank Worts has been holding in his broad breast a secret which has not only aroused the greatest interest in every lover of the angling art, but has created quite a feeling. A true fisherman will give to his friends such information as will produce pleasure and success in fishing, but Worts has not been connected with the fraternity long enough to understand the laws creating such intimacy and brotherly love.

Somewhere north of Jerome, in the extreme corner of Hillsdale County, Michigan, Frank Worts has been stealing away, alone, at the return of each summer's southwest breeze, and from the cold, clear depths of the winding stream, among the lowlands, he has been catching brook trout where no other person, although experienced in the art of angling, could. The stream had been forsaken for years, anglers passing on farther north, declaring the trout had been caught out of the stream so that not one remained. And yet, with all this, "Captain" Worts has been seen to return from the hills actually loaded down to the limit of the law, with the brightest and finest brook trout ever caught by man. "How did he do it?" was a leading question. Frank Annin, Clarence Brown, Will Geroe, Noah Swayne, Col. Oswald, Charley Reynolds, Dr. John Barber and others who thought they knew every fish in Michigan by weight, were not only puzzled, but annoyed. They had whipped the streams around Jerome until the trout knew each man's manner of casting, but for years could not even get a rise, and here, Frank Worts, a man who never pretends to be an expert, comes from the forests with such wonderful catches.

The other day George Greenshaw drifted into Toledo, and as he mingled among the business men he fell into the angling fraternity, and it was not long until it was discovered he was the owner of the lake and trout stream on which waters Frank Worts was so successful. Mr. Greenshaw said to a *Courier* man: "We have been looking upon Mr. Worts as a man among men, and having some kind of a magnetic power not usually found in human beings. Last season he came to my house and simply borrowed my rod and line, refusing to take a book of the latest and most killing flies. Several years ago he visited me and was contented with using my bait and my lures. Then his face was smoothly shaved. This year he had a beard of a peculiar color and feathery lightness, pointing in many directions, and looking as if it was trained for a purpose. At the return of the evening, for a number of days, Mr. Worts brought to the house several fine trout, declaring he returned to the stream many fish of regulation size and weight. How he could catch fish in the meadow stream where anglers had been fishing for years without success, puzzled me and my family. So one morning I concluded to follow Mr. Worts. I saw him creep over the hills, beyond the valley, into the

woods, and when satisfied no one was looking, he sat upon a log, and slowly pulled from his beard, first a few pea-green colored hairs, then some gray ones, then white, and brown and dapple bay, and very carefully and dexterously put them together, and after winding them with horse hair turned it up to the sky. It was a perfect fly, artificial it was true, but I never saw such an insect.

"Worts whipped the stream with his new fly, and at nearly every cast he had a fish on his hook, and at every drop the water foamed with trout in their eagerness to get the lure. In the evening, when Worts was cornered, he admitted his success with what he called the 'rag-time-fly,' and told me how he discovered it. He was thirsty one afternoon and knelt down to take a drink in the stream. The water was deep, and before he realized what had happened, a dozen trout came after his beard. From this time he made artificial flies from the hairs of his beard. I have tried hairs from my own beard, and other farmers have tried theirs, but to no success. There must be something in Worts' beard that has an attractive magic power."

Catching and Baiting for Carp.

"H. H. K." asks us about best bait for carp and how to catch them. We have caught only three or four of these fish, and do not care to repeat the experience. It was from one of the ponds of the New York State Hatchery during the term of Seth Green's directory, and we took the fish on an artificial white miller, reinforced with a minute piece of liver placed on the extreme point of the hook. The carp rose freely to the surface and took the fly or the liver with avidity. It is well, however, to state that the fish in the pond were fed daily with chopped liver, and, as a rule, came to the surface of the water when it was thrown to them. Paul Quattlebaum, of South Carolina, made the carp a study, and we append his views for the benefit of "H. H. K.":

"I use a beardless hook for two reasons. It can be taken from the mouth of a fish with greater ease and does less injury. I often catch carp for visitors to examine, and then return them to their native element. They may also be removed to other ponds in good condition. For catching small fry I use no cork; for large fish I prefer one, with lead enough on the line to sink the hook a few inches in the

water, but they will take it at any depth. Late in the afternoon or early in the morning is the best time, if warm weather. When the sun is shining brightly, and its rays strike deep down into the waters, the carp retires from his feeding-ground's and remains at rest until the shade of the evening lures him from his quiet retreat. On warm, cloudy days, when trained to artificial feeding, the carp may be caught at any hour, but less readily about noon. It is a waste of time to angle for them in cold weather.

"It is well known that the carp declines all food in freezing weather, and that the appetite varies with the temperature of the water to a certain degree. In my ponds, near Leesville, I can catch either kind of carp as above stated from April to December. I train them to come to the surface of the water for food, so as to enjoy the pleasure of seeing them scramble for it. The cheapest of light bread, made of middlings or shorts expressly for the fish, is what I use. The same answers for baiting the hook, but a piece of waffle, cut the right size for the fish you desire to catch, is better, being together and not so easily taken from the hook by the fish. I first collect the fish together by throwing in a handful of small bits of bread—say one-half inch square—then I drop in my hook, attached to a strong line at the end of a suitable cane, and in less than a minute I am almost sure to bring a carp to grass. More time is generally consumed in putting the bait on the hook and taking the fish off it than in luring him to take the bait. The young fish hatched early last May are now (July) five or six inches long."

The "Skittering" of Flies to Catch Trout.

I saw in one of your contemporaries a two-column description (which I inclose) of a Japanese method of catching trout, and would like to have your opinion of it. It certainly is not fly-fishing as I understand it.

New York, March 20th.

Tyro.

The method described in the article you inclose is "certainly not fly-fishing" as the anglers of America understand it. The Japanese method consists in handling a very light, long rod of eighteen or twenty feet, with a line about two-thirds the length of the rod and making the flies skip, grasshopper-like, over the water. Without the use of a long rod and short line, the skipping of the flies is practiced by every trout or black-bass fly-fisherman who has become efficient in his art. With a rod of ten feet and a line of twenty, the flies can be made

to "skip" to the content of even a pot-fisherman, particularly if fishing down-stream.

The late D. W. Cross, of Cleveland, O., was an adept in this method of fishing. He used a 11½-ft. rod and about twenty-five feet of line, and fished the rapids of the streams with great success. But there is a cast of fifty or more feet which was aptly called by Mr. Cross the "grasshopper cast," although he never used it, preferring the shorter and more killing (on swift water) cast. It consisted in throwing the line by a direct overhead cast, so that the knot joining the reel-line and the leader would fall first and alone on the water, thus causing the latter, being the lighter, to spring upward and forward, arch like, with the end-fly dropping singly and gently on the water. Try it, Brother Tyro; you will find it difficult to do, but it is an elegant and successful method, much more sportsmanlike than the one in use by the Japanese.

Tickling Trout.

In answer to a correspondent we state: The practice of catching fish by "tickling" them was followed early in the 17th century, according to Izaak Walton in his "Complete Angler." From time to time thereafter it has been described in books published in the 18th and 19th centuries. So far as can be learned the method was only employed in the capture of trout, but if applied in catching other fish it would be doubtless fully if not more successful, for the trout is certainly of the most skittish and wary of fishes.

"Tickling" is usually practised in small streams, and you must first find your trout in a state of repose. Approach the edge of the water very carefully; crawling is usually followed, as fish are very sensitive and become alarmed at the slightest concussion on the bank of the stream; lean over and place your hand under the belly of the trout and gently scratch or tickle it, slowly moving the hand forward to the middle of the body. The fish will likely, if your tickling has been delicately done, float or move quietly backward, and you must grasp his body firmly in the middle and toss it upon the bank.

You can indulge in "tickling" with greater success by entering a low, bright, broken stream and walking down it, throwing stones and gravel as you wade until you reach a pool or sluggish stretch of the stream, in which are found rocks or burrowed banks, under which your disturbed or frightened fish have taken

refuge. Let them rest for ten minutes and then "tickle," as described above, and you will probably fill your creel.

But all this is outrageous poaching, and should not be followed unless you are in camp and trout-hungered.

Fishing.

BY CHARLES KENT.

The anticipation,
The rapid pulsation,
The fear and the doubt
That no luck is in store ;
The tremulous throbbing,
While watching the bobbing,
Gay, trim little cork,
As it drifts into shore.

Fingers are quivering,
Trembling or shivering,
If but for a second
It bobs out of sight ;
With pride you are swelling,
For isn't it telling,
Ahead of your comrades,
You've at last got a bite.

First you are dubious,
Then are most curious
To find out the breed
Or the size of the thing ;
Get nervous and shakey
And hot, cold and quakey,
Lest you fail, to the shore,
The prize safely to bring.

You're hopefully wishing
That where you are fishing
Roam the carp and the perch,
Or the pugnacious bass ;
You were told so, at least,
And are sure of a feast,
But lo ! a small sunfish
You throw on the grass.

With feelings disgusting,
For being so trusting,
As to list to the lies
Of a bucolic lad ;
Take a pull at your flask,
While you mentally ask
Old Nick to reserve him
A place with the bad.

Unusual Fishing Score.

Enclosed I hand you a tabulated statement of the fish caught by the members of our club during their stay of fourteen days at Homosassa, which is a river on the Gulf Coast, forty-eight miles from Ocala, Fla., and is bountifully supplied with fish.

Our club has made annual trips there for a number of years, and has always found fish in abundance. This is the first season of keeping a tabulated statement of the catch. The fish caught consisted of black bass (big-mouthed) or fresh-water trout, sea bass, sea trout and sheepshead. Baits used in fishing were phantom minnows and spoons for trolling, and cut minnow, crab and sand fiddlers for still fishing. These fish were all caught with hook and line, and by our party alone.

GEO. S. LOWNDES.

RECORD.

First day's catch, Jan. 12, 1899.		Lbs.
Calhoun and Berkle.....		85
Mitchell and McCord.....		89
Armstead and Wylie.....		69
Collier and Brannon.....		59
Potts and Lowndes.....		135
Muse and Peters.....		145
Rice and Sciple.....		72
		654
Second day, Jan. 13, 1899.		Lbs.
Lowndes and Wylie.....		101
Potts and Calhoun.....		72
Peters and Rice.....		63
Collier and Armstead.....		67
Brannon and McCord.....		54
Mitchell and Sciple.....		54
Muse and Berkle.....		80
		491
Third day, Jan. 14, 1899.		Lbs.
Berkle and Sciple.....		75
Lowndes and Calhoun.....		15
Peters and Wylie.....		35
Armstead and McCord.....		45
Rice and Mitchell.....		23
Potts and Brannon.....		28
Muse and Collier.....		96
		317
Fourth day, Jan. 16, 1899.		Lbs.
Potts and Calhoun.....		91
Armstead and Sciple.....		56
Muse and McCord.....		113
Brannon and Wylie.....		61
Rice and Berkle.....		55
Lowndes and Collier.....		50
Mitchell and Peters.....		45
		471

Fifth day, Jan. 17, 1899.	Lbs.
Geo. Sciple	15
Potts and Berkle	26
Rice and Brannon	40
Calhoun and Muse	89½
Collier and Peters	25½
Mitchell and Wylie	100
Lowndes and McCord	75

390

Sixth day, Jan. 18, 1899.	Lbs.
Mitchell and Collier	72
Wylie and Sciple	54
Brannon and Calhoun	55
John Berkle	73
McCord and Peters	85
Muse and Rice	100
Potts and Lowndes	53

492

Seventh day, Jan. 19, 1899.	Lbs.
Collier and Wylie	71
Mitchell and Calhoun	60
Potts and McCord	110½
John Berkle	58
Sciple and Rice	47
Lowndes and Muse	42
Brannon and Peters	15

408½

Eighth day, Jan. 20, 1899.	Lbs.
Calhoun and Wylie	53
Berkle and Collier	55
Muse and McCord	118
Brannon and Mitchell	18
E. C. Peters	14
Rice and Lowndes	18
Potts and Sciple	41

One turtle, 24 lbs.

317

Ninth day, Jan. 21, 1899.	Lbs.
Lowndes and Mitchell	40
Muse and Collier	39
McCord and Berkle	25
Rice and Potts	26½

Thirty-six crabs.

130½

Tenth day, Jan. 22, 1899.	Lbs.
J. C. A. Brannon	38
McCord and Rice	113
Mitchell and Collier	54
F. M. Potts	119
Muse and Wylie	122½
Lowndes and Berkle	24

470½

Eleventh day, Jan. 24, 1899.	Lbs.
Brannon and Muse	62
Mitchell and Berkle	56
Collier and McCord	95
Rice and Wylie	129
Lowndes and Potts	88

425

Twelfth day, Jan. 25, 1899.	Lbs.
Rice and Collier	68
Muse and Mitchell	64
John Berkle	30
F. M. Potts and wife	50
Lowndes and McCord	62

368

Thirteenth day, Jan. 26, 1899.	Lbs.
Mitchell and Rice	39
Lowndes and Collier	37
Berkle and McCord	58
Potts and Muse	34

173

Fourteenth day, Jan. 27, 1899.	Lbs.
Lowndes and Potts	100
Muse and Lowndes, for Jan. 10 and 11, estimated	150

	Number of Days.	Lbs. Caught.	Average per Day.
Geo. Muse	15	624½	41 8-5
F. M. Potts	14	571	40 4-14
H. Y. McCord	13	521½	40 1-13
G. S. Lowndes	16	492½	30½
John Berkle	13	425½	32 9-13
D. G. Wylie	10	402½	40 1-5
F. P. Rice	13	395½	30 3-13
C. A. Collier	13	386½	29 9-13
I. S. Mitchell	13	361½	27 10-13
Dr. A. W. Calhoun	8	255½	31½
J. C. A. Brannon	10	234	23 2-5
E. C. Peters	8	220½	27½
G. W. Sciple	8	214½	26½
T. M. Armistead	4	118½	29½

Total catch 5,221½ lbs.

Shipped	23 bbls.
"	8 bxs.

I certify that the above is a correct record of the fish caught by the Atlanta Homosassa Fishing Club, from Jan. 10 to Jan. 27, 1899, inclusive. H. Y. McCord.
ATLANTA, GA., Jan. 30, 1899.

It will be noted that no fish of this immense score was allowed to rot upon the banks of the river, as frequently happens on club outings. The fish were packed and shipped daily to friends and public institutions in Atlanta.

We hope that the eagerness of pursuit which is sure to be felt by our angling subscribers during their spring and summer outings, will not cause them to forget to tell their "brethren of the rod" the value and charm of their experience on the stream. Personally we will be glad to hear from them, and it is one of the most gracious qualities of an angler to impart all he knows of the art to those who may not have the skill to catch or the leisure to visit the haunts of the fish. Let us all hear from you.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.

This Department of *THE AMERICAN ANGLER* is opened in connection with our "Bureau of Information for Sportsmen," and will be devoted to meeting the needs of the sportsman tourist—where, when and how to spend an enjoyable outing, either for fishing or shooting. If you do not see what you want, ask for it. Your query will be promptly and cheerfully answered.

Where Trout Can Be Caught.

The month of April ushers in the trout season, and in every State in the waters of which this superb fish makes its home, the angler, be he a pupil or a Master of the School of the Craft, is equipped, alert and eager to essay the brook beauties of his home waters. There are doubtless many wistful rodsters who do not know the haunts of these fish, and to a limited extent we will supply their needs, with the understanding that the unknowing ones must buttonhole their experienced brethren of the angle as to their knowledge of the streams named, or of others in the localities we mention, for although the brook may "flow on forever," its delicate fauna is subject to many changes, and it lies not in the reach of your editor or "any other fellow" to keep abreast with these continuous developments occurring on the thousands of trout waters in North America.

Resident anglers of the city of New York will go in great throngs to the club and open waters of Long Island. But few of the latter are now free and we name the localities with the reservation as above: Breslau, Hauppauge ponds at Central Islip, Great Neck, Shoe Swamp brook near Locust Valley, Cedar Swamp and Newbridge Creeks near Merrick, in the tidal stream at Smithtown and at Yaphank. If you can get a permit from the Brooklyn authorities (Water Department), trout will be found in Lake Massaweepe in numbers and of fair size. All the waters named must be visited early in the season and large scores must not be expected. Across the Hudson there are a few streams within thirty miles of New York City that yield some trout very early in the season, not later than May 15. One of them is near Park Ridge, on the New York and New Jersey Railroad, and two near New City, N. Y., on the same road. Another

is at Haverstraw, running down the mountain and through the town, and one more near Suffern. Within one hundred and fifty miles we have the trout streams of Sullivan and Delaware Counties—the Beaverkill, Neversink and Willowemoc, with their thousands of tributaries; in fact Sullivan County furnishes a network of trout waters covering an area of over one thousand square miles. The starting points are the stations of Liberty, Fallsburgh and Rockland, from which stages run daily to the interior hotels and boarding houses, of which the summer book of the N. Y., Ont. and W. Railway gives full details as to charges, etc. All along the upper Delaware river, particularly at and above the Water Gap, Stroudsburg, Henryville, trout streams run hither and thither, all emptying into the Delaware. So great in number are the habitats of trout that we can only tabulate the principal ones in each.

In New York, exclusive of the points named, trout waters will be found in more or less quantities at or near the following towns, for the locality of which consult the Railroad Gazetteer or maps: Addison Junction, Albion, Alder Creek, Ancram, Arkville, Au Sable, Basket, Bedford, Berlin, Big Indian, Black River, Bloods, Booneville, Boston Corners, Caldwell, Caledonia, Calicoon, Camden, Canaan, Canton, Carthage, Castor Land, Centre Berlin, Deposit, Ellensburg, Ellenville, Gallatinville, Georgetown Station, Glendale, Glens Falls, Gouverneur, Harford, Hartford, Hobart, Holland Patent, Hunter, Little Falls, Locke, Lordville, Lowville, Malone, Mountaindale, Mumford, North Creek, Northville, Parkville, Phoenicia, Pine Hill, Poland, Port Jervis, Remsen, Riverside, Roxbury, Saranac, Shandakin, Sherburne Four Corners, Stamford, Trenton, Walton, Wellsville, Wurtsboro, De Bruce, Rockland.

The above list does not include a hundred or more locations for which we have no space. Detailed information of them will be given on application.

In Pennsylvania trout waters are numerous, particularly in the western and northwestern sections. We name only a dozen or more of the localities where they may be found, but sufficient to meet the wants of the trout-fishers in early spring: Blackwells, Henryville, Delaware Water Gap, Canidensis, Stroudsburg, Aiken, Beech Creek, Dingman's Ferry, Forks, Tunkhannock, Grand Valley, Cedar Run, Trout Run, Hickory Run, Keating Summit, Knoxville, Moscow, Mount Hope, Westfield, Brockwayville, Mud Run, Neversink, Oakland, Pond Eddy, Shohola, Spragueville, Tobyhanna, White Haven.

The trout waters of New Jersey are mainly located in the northern part of the State, although here and there a small trout stream exists within thirty to fifty miles of New York City, notably near New City and Haverstraw, but these are generally nearly barren by May 15 of each season. We select the appended localities from a long list as likely to yield good-sized creels early in the season: Midvale, Newton, Oak Ridge, Townsburys, Vernon, Ridgewood.

Some streams in Western Maryland yield fair fishing. They are located at or near Deer Park, Hutton, Lock Haven, Oakland.

In West Virginia trout streams abound. The principal ones are named in our March issue.

In Connecticut the early spring angler will find some trout at or near Andover, Broad Brook, Burrville, Roxbury, Grosvenordale, Melrose, Shepaug, Moosup, Ellington, Central Village, Southford.

The few trout streams in Massachusetts are "fished to death." They are at or near Chester, Highlandville, Marshfield, Plymouth, Shelbourne Falls, South Spencer, Taunton, Wauchoosett, Westport Factory.

The only trout waters in Rhode Island of which we have any report are annexed, but the angler must "take his chances" to get them, for, like all trout streams near the thickly populated cities, they are severely fished. They are located near the towns of Abbott's Run, Green and Washington.

To get more or less trout in New Hampshire visits may be made to Alton, Glen, Gorham, North Conway, Shelbourne, Bartletts, Charles-town, Ashuelot, Plaistow, Stark Water,

Barrington, Laconta, Alton Bay, Salmon Falls, Winchester.

The Vermont trout waters are numerous. We name a few localities: Wahsatch, Thistle, Springville, Smithfield, Pleasant Valley Junction, Salt Lake, American Fork, Echo, Logan, Milford, Peterson, Cedar Creek, Kaysville, Ogden, Park City, Scofield, Richmond.

The furred and feathered game and the trouts of Maine bring to the people of the State a business of over \$3,000,000 a year. This result is due to the admirable administration of the Game Commissioners, aided by the natural resources of the waters and dense forests located in the middle and northern sections of the State. The trout waters are everywhere and camps and log hostleries are located upon most of the best of them, which are reached by either canoe, carriage or shanksmare from the points now named: Bethel, Bryant's Pond, Phillips, Winn, Wells, Kenneyfield, Abbott Village, Sebago Lake, Shirley, Passadumkeag, Norridgewock, North Anson, Monson, Gilead, Brownfield, Greenville, Lisbon Falls, Katahdin Iron Works, Danforth, Dixfield, Dover, Ellsworth Falls.

The Rangeley Lake section can be reached via the three points named; Moosehead Lake via Greenville; the Dead River country, including Seven Ponds and Tim Pond, via Phillips, and Sebago Lake, by the station of that name.

The trout waters of the State of Illinois are scarce; the efforts of the State Fish Commissioners, however, are increasing the trout in all the available waters, but the reports we have do not justify a prolonged outing for them. We hear that a few trout can be found in a creek near Bonfield and also in a branch of the Pishkasaw Creek, near Lawrence.

We have before us forty-seven reports of fishing from that number of localities in Indiana, but none of them refer to trout fishing. We would be glad to hear from our readers residing in that State on this subject. We doubt that suitable waters of any size can be found in Indiana, to make the planting of trout successful from an angling standpoint.

In the northern section of Wisconsin there are some good trout waters; these are reached via: Beaver, Ashland, Bangor, Norwalk, Sparta, Florence, Ellis Junction, Eau Claire, Phipps, State Line, Boscobel, La Fayette, Kilbourne, Welton, Tomah, Noquebay Lake, Richland Centre, Platteville, Werley, Stiles.

We have fifty-one reports from the State of Michigan, from which we select eighteen localities which are reached by the way of: Boyne Falls, Cheyogan, Au Train, Baraga, Crystall Falls, Reedsboro, Grayling, Gogebic, Watersmeet, Houghton, Manton, Sault St. Marie, Ishpeming, Kalkaska, Keystone, Marquette, Negaunee, Traverse City.

Missouri is not a trout State. We have thirty-two reports relative to the fishing there, none of which mentions that for trout.

A somewhat similar condition exists in Iowa as in Missouri. Out of eighty-one reports only two mention the trout, and then only to state that these fish were planted in several streams near Decorah and in a small brook near Louisa, where the State Hatchery is located.

In the State of Kansas there is no trout fishing.

The State of Colorado is gridironed with trout streams. We can give only a few localities, which are reached via the towns named: Water Wheel Gap, Silverton, Parkdale, Montrose, Manitou, Golden, Grand Junction, Gunnison, Longmont, Buena Vista, Delta, Bailey, Boulder, Breckenridge, Del Norte, Dome Rock.

Among one hundred and fifty-seven reports of fishing in the State of Minnesota we find only sixteen that refer to localities at or near which trout may be taken. They are: Winona, Stillwater, Taylor's Falls, Thompson, Rush City, Rochester, Peterson, Mound Prairie, Kellogg, Lake City, Fonest Lake, Hokah, Chatfield, Duluth, Dover, Dakotah.

There are many waters containing trout (principally the cut-throat or black-spotted variety) in the State of Montana. We select a few localities: Avon, Dillon, Helena, Heron, Spring Hill, Butte, Elliston, Gold Creek, Park City, Billings, Custer, Gallatin, Noxon, Townsend, Big Timber, Livingston, Thompson Falls, Stillwater, Missoula, Garrison.

We have nineteen reports from the State of Nebraska, only one of which refers to trout fishing, to wit: "There are a few trout at Buda, but catfish principally."

We have before us only two reports from Nevada, both of which, however, state there is good fishing for trout at Carson and Palisade.

None of the reports (forty-eight) from the Dakotas, North and South, refers to trout. If we are not mistaken North Dakota has some fruitful trout streams, and we would be grateful to any of our readers residing in that section for information on the subject.

All the reports (eighteen) we have from Idaho report excellent fishing for trout. We name most of them: Soda Springs, Shoshone, Income, Kuna, Mountain Home, Rathdrum, Sand Point, Montpelier, Battle Creek, Beaver Canon, Camas, Ketchum, Franklin, Eagle Rock, Granite, Cabinet.

We have fished in the waters around Ketchum and the Redfish lakes of Idaho, and can personally vouch for the grand trout fishing in that section.

The principal trout waters of Wyoming are at or near: Carter, Aspen, Twin Creek, Cokerville, Tie Siding, Sherman, Laramie, Rawlins, Hilliard, Fort Steele, Piedmont, Fort Washakie, Evanston.

Superior fishing for trout is found in the State of Oregon. The best localities are: Albany, Corvallis, Astoria, Salem, Dilley's, Drain, Comstock, Bonneville, Ashland, Pendleton, Gold Hill, Grant's Pass, Columbia, Barlow, Alta, Oakland, Jefferson, Halsey's, Canby, Aurora, Almaden, Cottage Grove, Lebanon, Harrisburg.

The State of Washington contains a number of excellent trout waters. We select localities as follows: Walla Walla, Centralia, Tacoma, Ritzville, Cascades, Tenino, Dayton, Spokane Falls, Media, Carbonado, Waitsburg, Hillhurst, South Prairie, Little Falls, Olequa, Winlock, Lake View, Olympia, Alderton, Wallula Junction.

In California the angler will find his "paradise." Trout abound everywhere, and it is difficult to name the best localities, for they are in every section of the State. We pick out a number at random, a visit to any of which will repay the angler: Ocean View, Lone Pine, Cloverdale, Alford, Santa Cruz, Pajaro, Glen Allen, Clairville, Aptos, San Geronimo, Novate, Fulton, Chico, Valley Ford, San Bruno, Monterey, Bishop Creek, Tocaloma, Redwood City, Milbrae, Coyote, Belmont, Skagg's Springs, Redding, Duncan's Mills.

We can testify to the excellent fishing in the Kern River country, which we reached on muleback, via Visalia.

It would require pages to locate and describe the trout waters of the Canadian provinces, and we refer only to a few of them for want of space. In Ontario we find trout fishing at or near: Angus, Blair, Flesherton, St. George's, Colborne, Barclay, Nipigon, Chatsworth, Hawtry, Midland, Canada Southern Junction, Durham, Listowel, Tilsonburg.

In New Brunswick nearly all the interior waters contain trout. At or near the towns named good fishing may be had for brook trout or sea trout: St. Leonard's, Andover, Peticodiac, Barnaby River, Campbellton, St. George, St. Martin's, Fredericton, Shediac, Charlo, Jacquet River, Tobique Lake.

In Quebec the localities are: Tadousac, Richmond, Lake Megantic, Causapscal, St. Gabriel, Sherbrooke, Huntingdon, Ste. Flavie, Amqui, Gaspé, Point au Chere, Lake Simon, Cedar Hall.

The Mastigouche lakes and the grand fishing in the Laurentian Range, also the Grand Deschaye (for wininnish), are reached via Montreal and Quebec.

In Nova Scotia there are many excellent trout streams at or near: Annapolis, Hastings, Bridgetown, Kentville, Hopewell, Folley Lake, Wilmot, Lawrencetown, Hawkesbury, Falmouth, River Philip, Mulgrave, Halifax, Enfield, Truro, Paradise.

The trout streams of Newfoundland are numerous, and some very good ones are within a short railroad ride of St. John.

We have only one report from a trout locality in the Province of Manitoba. It is from Fort William, and states that Carp River contains trout up to $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds in weight, and in Brewlew Lake the fish run large. Several other waters, within five miles of Fort William, give good trout fishing.

If any of our readers desire specific information regarding the fishing and the expense at any of the points named, we will be pleased to furnish it, with the understanding that the reports come to us duly vouched for, but not verified by our personal experience, except in cases so named.

Iowa—Shooting and Fishing.

Iowa is one of the best-watered States in the Union. The Mississippi on the east and the Missouri on the west, with their affluents; the Des Moines, Iowa, Big Sioux, Charlton, Nodaway, and thirty-three other tributaries, with thousands of small brooks flowing into the latter, and in addition the lake-feeders, that number twenty-four, all contribute to make the State not only a good fishing territory, but render it a grand section for wild-fowl shooting.

The principal fish are the black bass, pike ("pickerel" locally), pike-perch (wall-eye), silver bass (fresh-water striped bass), goggle-eye

(rock bass), crappie (strawberry bass), perch, sunfish, suckers, etc. Iowa is not a trout State, although successful attempts have been made to introduce these fish. Near Louisa, about a half-mile from the station, trout can be caught, as the adjacent springs are used by the State Fish Commission for hatchery purposes; and near Decorah are several streams that have been stocked with trout, which are said to be caught in fair numbers.

Iowa has no mountains, the surface being generally rolling prairies of great extent, which are intersected everywhere by the draining streams and rivers. In the northeastern section only is the country hilly, and here the streams sometimes tumble over precipitous walls of rock. In the north trees are comparatively scarce, though groves of pine and cedar are found in some places; the southern part of the State along the rivers is well wooded. The prairies are usually free from timber growth and are covered with prairie grass and yield excellent grouse or "chicken" shooting. In addition to grouse, duck, geese, jack-snipe, quail, woodcock, rabbit and crane abound in many places. The wild-fowl shooting is most excellent, and hunting the wild turkey is at times fruitful in a few localities.

Alabama as a Sportsman's State.

Alabama is well stocked with wild game, especially in its northern sections. Deer, rabbits, squirrels, foxes, quail, wild turkeys, duck and other water-fowl are found. In the rivers the principal fish is the large-mouthed black bass, known locally as trout, green trout and chub. On the coast every variety of Southern salt-water fish are caught, and in the summer months tarpon are frequently taken of large size and in considerable numbers. Wild fowl frequent the Gulf coast of Alabama in immense flocks.

The State covers an area of 50,922 square miles, with an acreage of 32,462,080. In this large territory is embraced every diversity of land and water, wherein game, finned, furred or feathered, find cover and sustenance. The northern part is broken by the spires and isolated peaks of the Alleghanies; the central portion is uneven, but not remarkably hilly, and the southern section, for about one hundred miles from the Gulf line, is nearly a uniform level.

The Tennessee River] flows into] the State

near its northern corner and passes through eight counties. The Tombigbee comes in from Mississippi and tortuously traverses the State; taking up the Sipcey and Black Warrior Rivers and joining the Alabama River fifty miles above Mobile, they form the river of that name. The Alabama, formed by the Cahawba, the Coosa, and the Tallapoosa, drains, with its tributaries, the middle portion of the State. The Choc-tawhatchee and the Yellow Water Rivers, rising in Florida, traverse the southeastern section of Alabama. Feathered game can be found almost anywhere along the rich bottoms, and myriads of edible fish swarm in the rivers.

To those of our readers who contemplate visiting this State, we will be pleased to furnish detailed information as to best localities for shooting and fishing, and the cost thereof.

The Sportsmen's Exposition

The display at Madison Square Garden will be long remembered, not only as marking a wide departure from the lines followed by the Sportsmen's Association in their previous expositions, but from the realistic representation of life in the woods. The pond, with its background of mountain, glacier and rugged brook; the Indian tepees, the birch-bark canoes and camp-fires in the foreground, were true to nature, although the Indian bucks, with their half-breed and squaw confrères, had a touch of stage training in the performance of the parts allotted them. The live animals on exhibition, birds and beasts, although few in number, were good specimens of their species; and the sparse fish exhibit was extremely interesting, as it contained such live fish as the ouananiche (land-locked salmon) and the cut-throat, steel-head, and Dolly Varden trouts, seldom seen by, but of much interest, to the Eastern angler. The various contests with firearms were very attractive and drew largely from the expert

and amateur classes, who hammered away on the Garden roof, indifferent to snow and rain storms, which pelted them on several days. The financial result of the exposition must have been most gratifying to its promoters.

Instructive Literature Gratis.

Application by mail or a personal call at the office of the "Bureau of Information for Sportsmen," 239 Fifth avenue, New York, will secure, free of charge to sportsmen, a copy of any of the publications named below. They give valuable information to the sportsman tourist. Send stamps if wished by mail; a two-cent stamp for each pamphlet.

Fishing on the Picturesque Erie, issued by the Erie Railroad.

Rural Summer Homes, issued by the Erie Railroad.

Summer Homes, issued by the N. Y., Ont. and W. Railway.

Shasta and the Crag, issued by the Southern Pacific Railway.

The Battle of Castle Crag; Vamos & Mexico; Hotel Del Monte; A California Fairy; Semi-Tropic California; Indio; issued by the Southern Pacific Railway.

Sportsman at Del Monte, issued by Southern Pacific Co. Vamos & Mexico, issued by Southern Pacific Co.

The Land of Evangeline, issued by the Dominion Atlantic Railway.

Gateways of Tourist Travel, issued by the Grand Trunk Railway.

Wonderland, issued by the Northern Pacific Railway.

Hunting and Fishing in the South, issued by the Southern Railway Co.

Hunting and Fishing, issued by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway.

Colorado, issued by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway.

Gold Fields of Colorado, issued by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway.

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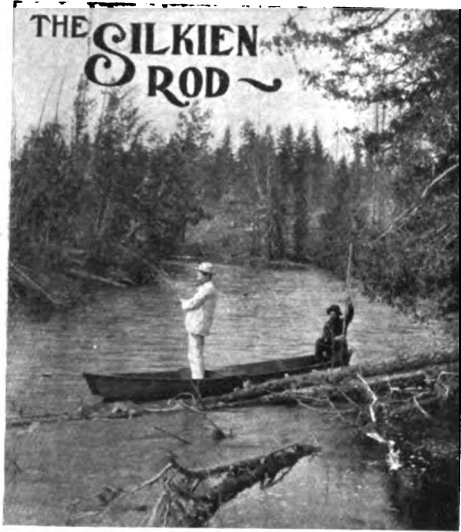
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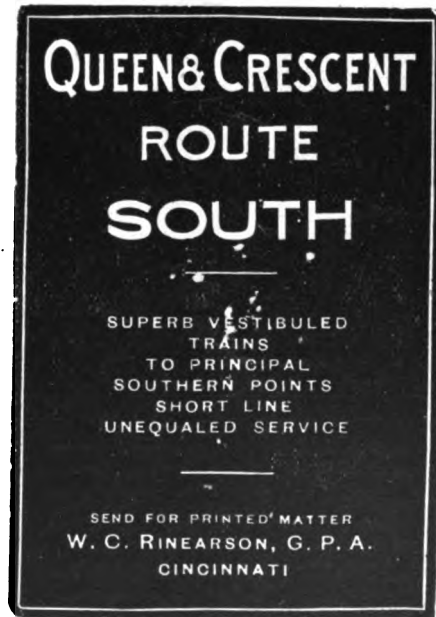
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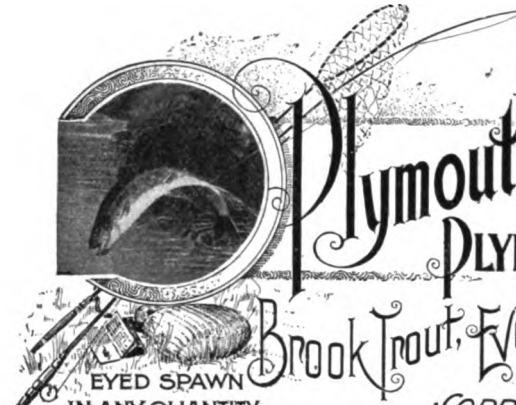
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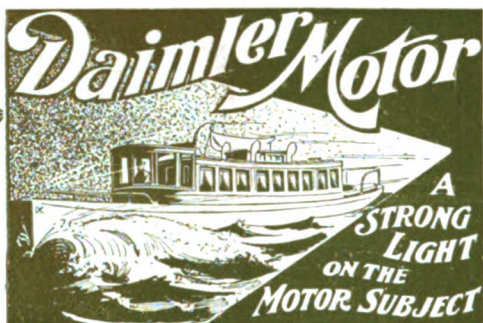
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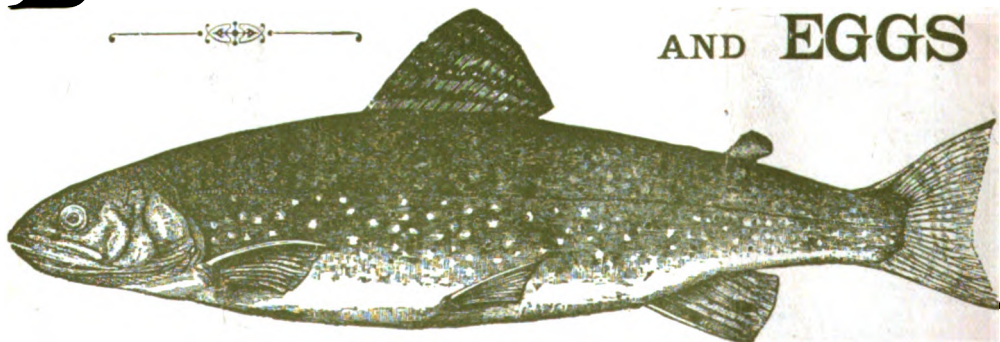
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AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS ~ Editor.

Harry's Catch on the Delaware

A Jaunt with Rod, Bow and Quiver

The Influence of Angling



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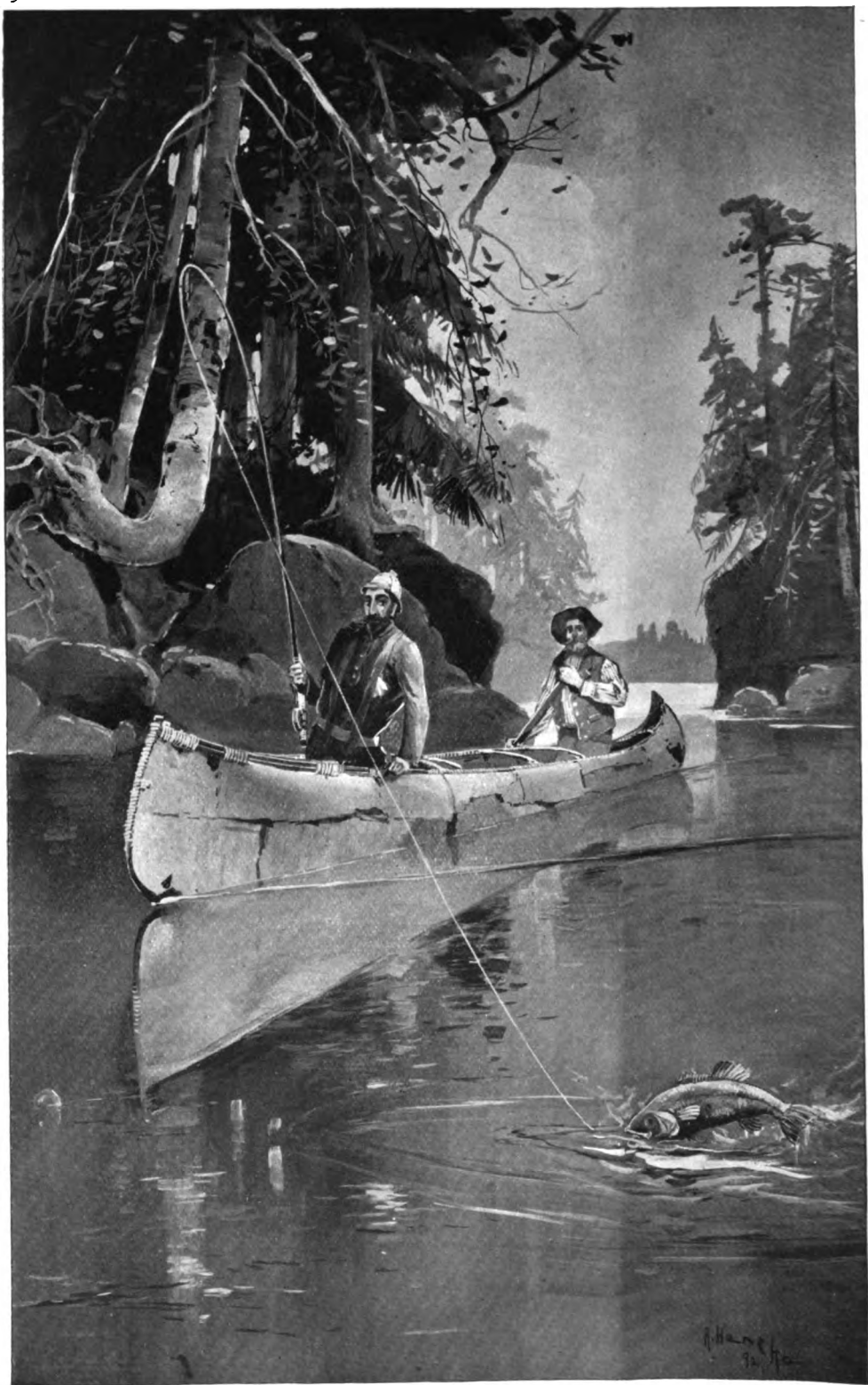


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HOOKED !

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

Vol. 29.

MAY, 1899.

No. 5.

HARRY'S CATCH ON THE DELAWARE.

BY JOHN GILLINGHAM.

"I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento.
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine—
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."



THE clock struck two;] I couldn't sleep; the gas burned dimly. So, instead of tumbling and tossing in my bed, repining and execrating, I took from the bookcase a well-worn copy of Burns' poems. Did you ever notice how a favorite book has a habit of being opened (I had almost said opening itself) at just the right page?

I leaned back in my good easy chair, with a curling crown of smoke from an old clay pipe, mentally wondering where the seventeen candle-power was to be had from two fully turned-on burners, and where it could possibly conceal itself, when one burner was guaranteed to that extent. Exasperated because my eyelids wouldn't stay buttoned so that I could sleep, and because the gas wouldn't burn so that I could read, I moved my chair to another room where I thought light literature and a student

lamp would give "surcease of sorrow." They did.

That dear old book, worn, thumbled and suffering from lumbago (I am sure it had a pain in its back), opened to Bobby's metrical letter, "To a Young Friend."

More smoke and more doze, and then dreams, visions, apparitions and recollections.

I seemed to see an editor full of energy and hard luck, with a kindly disposition and a red face, who said again, as before he once had said: "Sculls, let's go fishing to-morrow."

It passed through my mind, or at least through the place where my mind ought to locate, that there were few words in the English language which I could not pronounce to suit at least one of the three "W's" that made dictionaries; but there was one little word of one syllable, and only two letters, that I could never manage, except when some one asked for a dubious loan, and the correct spelling is n—o no.

Try it some time, and see how hard it is.

The vision seemed to further say: "All right, old man, and let's take Harry with us."

Harry was a bright-eyed little fellow.

His eyes were like black beads, his face was brimful of swarthy, intelligence and fun; he was as straight as an arrow—bodily, mentally and morally, and, above all, manly, honest and plucky.

To-day he is not far from the voting age; he has all those ailments yet.

When one dreams, one wanders, and like our bonnie Scot, I am in doubt as to how this will turn out, as I was as to how the fishing trip would turn out. It will certainly not be a "sang," but the trip came awfully near needing a "sermon."

"The morning was bright and the mists rose high,
And the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky,"

when the editor and Harry and "Sculls" boarded an early morning train bound for the capital of New Jersey; and the day was young yet when, in nasal tones, an inhabitant of Trenton said: "Yes, you can have that boat all day for two dollars, but you must pay in advance."

We didn't particularly like the boat, the inference or the price, but we came there for a day's outing. So we swallowed the inference, paid the price and took the boat.

"Sculls," as his name suggests, sat on the amidship thwart and handled the oars, the editor occupied the stern-sheets, and Harry looked out for the lunch basket in the bow.

A half-mile row over smooth water on a fine morning, under a bright sun beaming from a purely blue sky, was invigorating, albeit somewhat sudorific.

It isn't far from one State to another when they are as close as New Jersey and Pennsylvania are at that place, and in a little while the boat was shoved on the shingly beach of the western shore of the Delaware. Harry fished over the stern for "sunnies," and the editor and "Sculls" waded waist-deep trying to see

which could cast a brace of flies to the greater distance.

The casting was the sport, the catch only an incident, but there were enough incidents to fill the baskets.

Perhaps it was not a very high-toned catch, but there were long-eared sunfish and a few small black bass, and a few pan rockfish and some white perch, beside innumerable chubs, an occasional shiner, and lots of roach.

Reading our English correspondence, I am led to believe that many an honest British angler would not complain if in a desultory way he could basket in a few hours three and a half score of edible fish and return to the stream as many more of the soft-rayed fellows that he didn't want.

I won't describe, or even try to describe, our lunch. I will only allude to our study of tides and to the faithfulness and patience of little Harry.

In that boat, under the bright sunshine, he guarded our lunch until we ate it, took care of our fish as fast as we caught them, enjoyed the day with a gravity that later began to worry us.

The "Bridge" at Trenton is the head of tide. Above it the water always flows seaward, but wading pants only reach a certain height, and when the "flood" came up, though the water ran down, we found that in places where an hour ago the depth was less than three feet, it was now more than four feet.

Our clothes got wet, but we learned something about backwater.

Harry slept all the way home on the train, went to bed completely tired out, awoke the next morning with a fearful headache, a parched skin, an aching back and—scarlet fever.

He got over it in a few weeks, but we didn't think he would.

I hope he will never make another such catch.

A JUNE JAUNT
WITH ROD, BOW
AND QUIVER.

BY SAM. PARKER.



WANDERING with
hook and line along
some dashing mount-
ain stream, with an
ardor stimulated by
bracing upland air,
odorous with the

wholesome savor of the pines, is a recreation the delights of which will haunt the memories of the true angler for days thereafter and color with gorgeous landscapes his dreams by night. There is doubtless within the breast of every man a latent germ of poetry ; and it is during such excursions that he finds himself yielding to the appealing beauties of river, earth and sky. Practical soul though he may be, his most casual glances at the leaves of Nature's open book reveal to him a written romance on every page.

The foregoing reflections occurred to the writer one bright June day last summer, and in view of the sentiment inspired thereby a still, small voice seemed to whisper :

"Do thou likewise go a-fishing."

No dashing mountain stream, however, was to be reached within a radius of eight hundred miles, but, looming up against the northern sky and distant no more than an hour's drive were the enticing woods bordering the shores of the beautiful Cedar River. I knew that within the quiet depths of the bottom lands overshadowed by those woods lay a chain of lakelets, whose moss growth and fallen and partially submerged trees effectually prevented the operations of vandals with their seines. I was also aware of the fact that the deepest, darkest portions of those lakelets were populous with one particular species of fish—the lowly bullhead, with its ebony back, its marigold belly, and a head which, barring the absence of feathers, certainly bears a strong resemblance to that of a whippoorwill.

On the day mentioned I was out in the yard, arranging a trellis for a climbing cypress vine, when (opportunistically, indeed) a young nephew from town put

in an appearance with a pony and buggy. The sly cub, just released from the restraints of school and ready for the bliss of vacation, knowing my weakness for anything in the way of outdoor diversions, had come as thoroughly equipped for a fishing tour as though the matter had been duly arranged between us long in advance. Blankets, provender for the pony, etc., were stowed within the buggy and a couple of bamboo rods were lashed to the axles.

"Well, where do you think you are going?" I remarked, trying hard to make believe that my thoughts were on anything else than a trip to the woods.

"Why, I am going a-fishing, of course, and so are you," promptly responded the youthful disciple of Walton.

"Don't know about that, younker," said I. "You see that I am busy and this is a fine day for work, but where do you expect to do your fishing?"

"Oh, at upper and lower St. Joe, the Eighteen Pike hole and Skinned Forty pond—and what a lark we'll have!"

A mighty "Aye, that we will, boy!" was my enthusiastic response; for the bare mention of those old familiar haunts had brought the fishing fever strong upon me. Moreover, the larks were calling blithely across the clover fields and the scent of the last wild crab-apple blooms was in the air. To "loaf one's soul" amid the sylvan charms of that rare June day was a luxury not to be resisted.

By 5 o'clock P. M. we were off, amid great rejoicing on the part of Katie and Towser, a pair of fluffy-eared spaniels, both of whom knew from past experience that we were headed for the woods. Along in the evening we reached the iron bridge spanning the Cedar, and from thence dipped down into the wooded bottom lands until we struck

the first little sheet of water forming the head of the chain of lakelets. Here we halted, unhitched the pony, and set up our wigwam in the maple shade. The day was fast declining and reflected on the placid surface of the pond were great mounds of evening clouds, which the dying glow of sunset was touching with a glory of lilac and gold. By the time I had completed the task of arranging a piece of netting across the front of our tent, for the purpose of excluding the mosquitoes, whose spiteful hum was already in the air, the schoolboy, who had struck out with a hatchet in search of firewood, returned with an armful of dry limbs.

"Now, don't you think that I would make a fine Indian?" he asked, as he deposited his bundle of fagots on the ground and made ready to strike a match.

"My son," I replied, "you require nothing but a breechclout and a pair of moccasins to make of you a perfect red-skin; and so let us take the trail to the river for a jug of water."

Our camp-fire was soon blazing cheerfully, and by the time our coffee had arrived at the boiling point the shades of night were falling. In the dusky gloom of the woods the voice of the hermit thrush was sanctifying the twilight hour, and a multitude of frogs were starting up their weird musicale. Over on the opposite side of the river a man was milking a cow, accompanying the act by singing a patriotic song. But the singer's melody was frequently interrupted by such expressions as "Stop switching your tail, you infernal brute! Back your foot, you blamed old hyena!"

Judging from the unusual lowness of the water, we were half inclined to believe that the pond where we were camped had been frozen to such a depth

the previous winter as to smother the bullheads, so when we had eaten our supper we kindled a fire on the bank and, baiting up our hooks, threw out our lines by way of experiment. Presently there was a faint tugging at the lines and a feeble bobbing of the corks. The schoolboy lifted, and lo! the bait had vanished. I followed suit with the same result. After repeatedly baiting up with fresh worms, and capturing not a single fish, we began to entertain a vehement suspicion that the creatures who were raising our hopes one moment, only to blast them the next, were nothing more or less than those rascally little turtles, who relish a fine, fat angle worm equally as well as do the bullheads.

"I'll fix them," said the schoolboy, as he dropped his pole and hastened back to camp, returning in a moment with a chunk of beef. While carving off bits of the beef for bait we decided that any turtle who should wrench from the hook and attempt to masticate such a morsel would certainly be seized with the lock-jaw, for the beef was a piece taken from the neck joint and was as tough as the hide of Job's behemoth. With hooks baited nicely we again threw out our lines. This time the corks bobbed, toppled and tumbled so crazily that we were well persuaded that serious business of some sort was taking place down there, and two eager fishermen sat upon the bank, praying that it might all be the work of bullheads. Once more we lifted, and once more the gleam of the firelight revealed two empty hooks. Reflecting, however, that fishermen must have patience, we baited up and tried again, and yet again, until half of our beef was used, when we tossed our poles back upon the bank in disgust. It was at this juncture that the impudent turtles (for turtles they were) began to

add insult to injury. Finding, that no more delicacies were forthcoming, they began coming to the top in order to learn the cause of delay. Occasionally a little scapegrace would rise cautiously to the surface, balancing himself in an upright position on his flippers, and, protruding his green head slyly above the water, blink his brassy eyes mischievously, as much as to say: "Pass some more beef-steak, friends; we're plum out down here." Then the wretched little vagabond would turn a somersault and, with a few gleeful kicks, dive headlong to the bottom. However, we were in no wise discouraged, but, resolving to be up betimes in the morning and renew the campaign elsewhere, we shouldered our poles and made our way back to camp.

It was then long after dark, and in the air were all those sights and sounds that fill the world when day has yielded up its last twilight sigh and sank wearily into the waiting arms of night. A faint breeze was stirring among the maples, shaking soft voices from their boughs. Myriads of fireflies, with their vivid gold and green flashes of light, were illuminating the darkness of the bottom lands, made vocal with the serenade of crickets and whippoorwills.

Arrived at camp, we kicked together the embers of our fire and, by the light of its friendly blaze, prepared our couch for the night. Every sound in nature was suggestive of repose. Tu-whit tu-whoo! I'm sleepy too! seemingly ejaculated an owl somewhere in the depths of the forest. My bunk! My bunk! was the subdued and drowsy expression of the bass-viol frog, who all along had been timing the general chorus by tremendous basso-profundos that jarred the ooze for yards around. The old patriarch had apparently withdrawn from the orchestra and settled himself



THE LAST FLUTTER.

for a quiet nap on his shakedown of moss. More restful and refreshing to tired limbs than a couch of eiderdown was our own bed inside the tent, and which consisted simply of two heavy quilts spread upon the ground with a blanket for a covering. At least the boy, after seizing the water-jug and taking a hearty pull therefrom, clapped himself down upon the primitive structure, and within the space of five minutes was in the arms of Morpheus.

Our slumbers were peaceful until about midnight, when a sudden pandemonium of noise and confusion broke loose. Some horses in an adjoining pasture had approached the fence for the purpose of scraping up an acquaintance with our pony. But "Billy," doubtless surmising that the intruders had designs upon his own particular grazing plot, had charged upon them, squealing viciously and thrashing the air with his front feet. The uproar awoke Katie and Towser, both of whom sprang from their positions on the foot of the bed and, with startling yelps and yells, bolted through the mosquito screen, tearing a large hole in the same as they kicked themselves free and rushed off to the assistance of Billy. We crawled outside and captured the pugnacious pony, the schoolboy cuffed the dogs' ears, and thenceforth everything was serene. The frogs, the whippoorwills and crickets, alarmed at the temporary disturbance, had ceased their eerie concert, but the after silence was broken by the more delicious voices of the near-by river waves, which, in tones of melting pathos, were confiding to the sympathetic ear of night the whispered secret of their sad unrest.

At early dawn, just when the first whistling of the birds began to enliven the woodland, we were up and astir. The busy spaniels had already succeeded

in chasing a woodchuck into its lair under a fallen log, and were working furiously with tooth and nail in their efforts to unearth it. Baiting up our hooks we made a few more casts in the pond, only to find the turtles still in evidence, with appetites hankering strongly for more beef. After breakfast, in hopes of taking some bass or croppies during the day, we turned over some rocks along the river shore in search of crawfish, the smaller specimens of which make tempting bait. Living as they do, down among the crevices of water-covered rocks, amid the rainbow-tinted shadows, the crawfish should be a beautiful creature. On the contrary, however, when seen moving along the bottom depths, they resemble a sort of cross between an alligator and a Chinese dragon, but a bass will nab them quickly.

The fires of sunrise were kindling on woods and river bluffs when we broke camp and drove off down the river to St. Joe, a little body of water from which we had often taken a fine string of bullheads. The site selected for our new camp would have captivated the fancy of an Indian. Dry limbs for our fire were plentiful, and the water in an adjacent spring was clear and cold. The lake banks were covered with a growth of elm and walnut, while pink and indigo splashes of color, scattered over the ground in every direction, marked the presence of bluebells.

In the possible event of St. Joe failing to yield up its accustomed quota of bullheads, we had decided to pass another night in the woods and strike Skinned Forty the next day. With this end in view we again staked down our tent, taking the precaution, however, to secure the flap across the front, as the pony, who was ranging about at his pleasure, had a penchant for sneaking

inside on a tour of investigation. On such occasions the provision baskets claimed his immediate attention, and to filch the crackers and crumbs of cake therefrom was a feat which he could perform with all the deftness of a pick-pocket.

About seven o'clock, armed with our bamboo rods, we stationed ourselves on the lake bank beside a deep, quiet spot of water, and made our first casts. The response was prompt and eager. Our hooks had scarcely settled downward to the allotted length of line, when the corks, after fidgeting spasmodically for an instant, described a few erratic circles, then, impelled by some unseen power below, plumped suddenly an arm's length beneath the surface and out of sight. The simultaneous lifting of our rods was accompanied by a swift succession of vigorous yanks and weighty sidewise pulls, and the next moment a fine pair of bullheads lay flapping among the grass beneath the walnut trees. Despite the fact that our prizes on their first appearance above the water revealed an absence of that blended shimmer of gold and green, violet and rose-pink hues, which, like a meteor flash, plays on the sides of a captured grayling and almost as suddenly fades, yet the simple act of landing our homely trophies inspired us with a mighty thrill of genuine Walton enthusiasm.

The tide had now turned in our favor and the turtles were not "in it." For about two hours the splashy sound of bullheads breaking the surface as we hoisted them above the water and landed them on the bank was followed by the lusty thumps of our "sleep sticks" putting a quietus on the struggling captives. The latter proceeding made the dislodging of the hooks an easier task, with little risk of our hands

coming in contact with the sharp, spine-like horns, a stab from which is like the sting of a wasp. Moreover, the bullhead's grip on life is tenacious, and to spare prolonged and unnecessary suffering should be the merciful creed of every angler.

When the pail in which we had tossed our bullheads as fast as released from the hooks would contain no more, we dumped them out upon the bank and tallied up. Sixty was the number counted, and sixty fishes, averaging each about a foot in length, we considered an ample supply. To have bestowed the term of "beauties" upon our captives would have been an exaggeration. They displayed no grace of contour, no glint of color such as an artist would have cared to reproduce upon his canvas, but during the pleasing task of landing them the music of robin, thrush and redwing was keyed to strains as loving as though each and every specimen taken had been a more aristocratic black bass or rainbow trout.

The heat was becoming so intense that we had decided to put in the remainder of the day knocking about camp and make the homeward trip after sunset. To revel amid the cool, luxurious gloom of those June woods was certainly more desirable than a drive over a hot and dusty highway. Moreover, we had come prepared for another pastime, the nature of which accords so perfectly with the romance of wood and river that it might well be adopted as a companion to the gentle art of angling. Among our camp equipments was an Indian bow and quiver full of arrows, which we had brought along with a view to devoting a portion of our time to the noble sport of archery. After dinner we repaired to a shady opening among the trees near the river and set up our target, which consisted

of a gunny sack stuffed with grass and against the side of which we had fastened a sheet of wrapping paper marked with bull's-eye and concentric rings. At about forty yards range we had for some time been doing what we considered very clever shooting. But another actor appeared upon the scene, and whose feats of marksmanship took the conceit out of both myself and the schoolboy at a rapid pace.

A short distance down the river stood a house-boat occupied by an old trapper and pearl hunter known as Chippewa Tom. We had been in plain view of the boat all day, but our presence had apparently been disregarded by the owner as he went about his task of opening mussel shells. But on his first glimpse at the business in which we were then engaged, Chippewa Tom suddenly appeared to lose all interest in his search for the elusive pearls. Perhaps the sight of that Indian bow had revived some memories of his experiences among the red men of the Minnesota and Wisconsin lakes. Be that as it may, the old pearl hunter, after gazing intently in our direction for a moment, washed his hands carefully in the river and sauntered up to the target ground. With his erect, sinewy form, his complexion tanned by sun and wind to a swarthy hue, one might easily have taken him to be at least a half-breed Indian. He accosted us pleasantly, but seemed in no wise inclined to intrude himself upon our pastime. On the contrary, he seated himself complacently on a fallen log, noting meanwhile with an occasional smile and nod of approval the results of our own shots. But presently, in response to our repeated importunities, he arose from his position on the log and reached for the proffered bow and quiver, which he promptly recognized as being of Sioux make. From

the moment the bow had been placed in his hands something told me that Chippewa Tom was a master in the art of using it. His every action as he prepared to launch an arrow was the very poetry of motion. The day, too, was favorable for shooting.

In the opening where we stood the target showed bold and clear and there was no wind, only the faintest of breezes among the tree-tops purring softly like a kitten. Taking a position some distance back from where we had formerly stood, the old wanderer of the Cedar took an extra hitch in his leather belt, gave his head an upward toss, throwing back his long, shaggy hair, until it lay upon his shoulders like a mane. For an instant he glared at the target as though it had been a prowling wolf or panther. But the transient gleam of savagery gave way to an expression of softness, of tense and rapt expectancy, as he drew an arrow from the quiver and fitted it nicely to the string. With a pose as stately as a Centaur, his left hand gripping the middle of the bow and extended well in front, his right, holding the arrow's neck to the string, was drawn suddenly and smartly backwards, the elastic bow yielding to the strain, until his hand was brought to a level with his ear. Then, after a momentary period of vivid concentration of vision, during which sky, woods and river possibly seemed to him to melt and merge together within the circumscribed area of those concentric rings, Chippewa Tom let fly. With a swish and whiz the arrow cut swiftly through the intervening space and landed in the target. I threw up my hat and let out a cheer of admiration and the schoolboy flopped himself down upon the grass and drummed the earth with his heels.

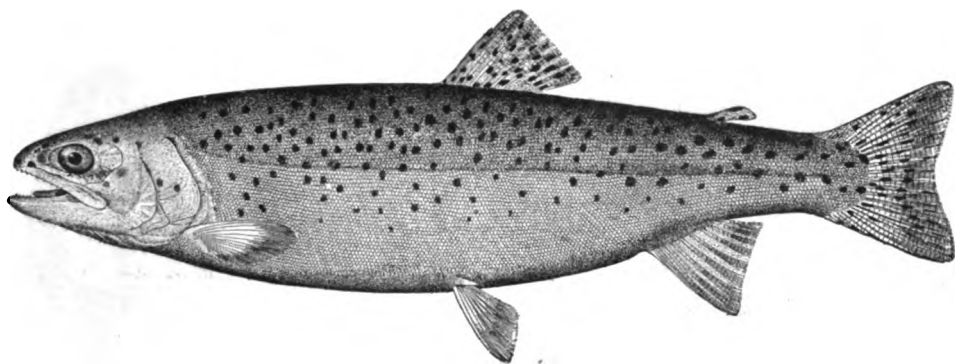
For the first time that day the bull's-eye had been punctured by an arrow ;

but despite our hearty demonstrations of applause, Chippewa Tom's serenity was unruffled. With the utmost composure he kept on launching shaft after shaft, until the array of feathered missiles protruded from the target like spines on a hedgehog. Two arrows only had pierced the bull's-eye, but the remainder were grouped sufficiently near it as to proclaim the fact that Chippewa Tom was a famous bowman. With great enthusiasm we kept up the fascinating sport until the evening was far advanced, old Tom meanwhile sustaining well his reputation in the use of the primitive weapon. At the close of the contest he produced a vial filled with pearls, and, selecting a few specimens therefrom, offered them in exchange for the Indian bow; but as the coveted article chanced to be a treasured relic of the frontier, I declined to swap. However, we had been so rarely entertained by the companionship of Chippewa Tom that we presented him a half dozen bullheads, along with some tea and coffee left over in our baskets. He shortly took leave of us, intending, as he said, to move on down the river to some spot where the water was more prolific in

mussels. As we stood and watched his unwieldy craft creeping down the stream until it disappeared from view around a bend, we wondered whether Chippewa Tom really appreciated the poetic features incident to his life in that floating home—the purple twilights of summer and song of katydid and cricket; autumn's fiery sunsets flaming across the sweeping stretches of smoke-dimmed woods and towering river bluffs with their gracefully swinging crimson vines.

With Chippewa Tom's departure we decided that our sport was over for the day. In response to a few whistled calls the pony put in an appearance, and while he devoured his provender we pulled down the wigwam and made ready for our return trip. Our preparations were regarded with eager impatience by Katie and Towser, who were jubilant at the prospect of worrying young rabbits along the six-mile stretch of road lying between us and home. As we hitched up and drove off through the dewy woods, we resolved to revisit at some future time the pleasant banks of little St. Joe and attempt the capture of some more bullheads.





THE CUT-THROAT TROUT—A SALMON TROUT.

THE TROUTS OF AMERICAN WATERS.

(Concluded.)

BY WM. C. HARRIS.



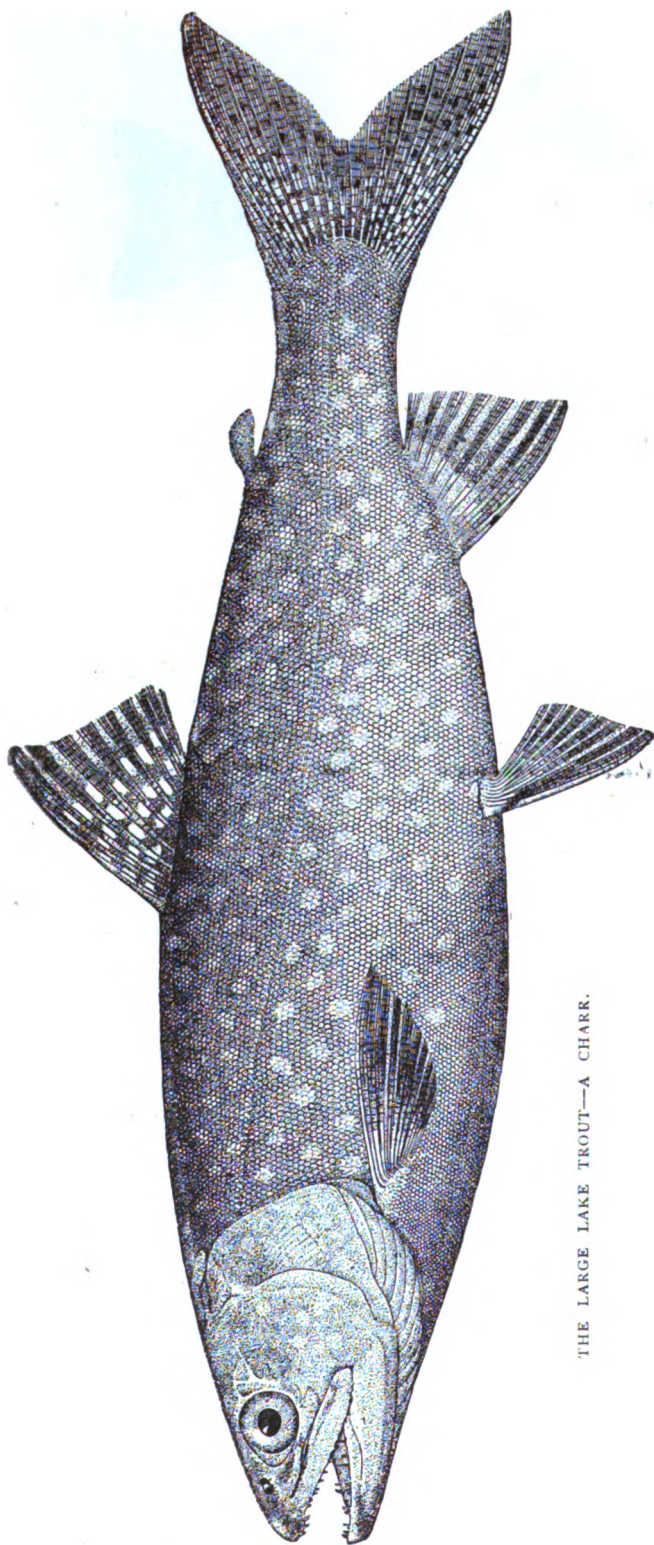
THE blueback charrs are three in number and may be distinguished from kindred forms by their extremely small heads, much smaller than that of other trouts; tails much more forked than in other species; red spots very small, and the maximum length of the body is only twelve inches. One (*Salvelinus oquassa*) is the smallest and has the handsomest shape of all of the American charrs; it has not been found in other waters than those of the Rangeley lakes of Maine. Of the other two species of blueback charrs, one is a native of the Arctic region and the other of the Province of Quebec.

The great lake trout (*Cristivomer namaycush*), growing to a weight of sixty to one hundred pounds and averaging about seventeen, is also a charr. For many years it was not thought to exist west of the Mississippi, but is now found in British Columbia and north to

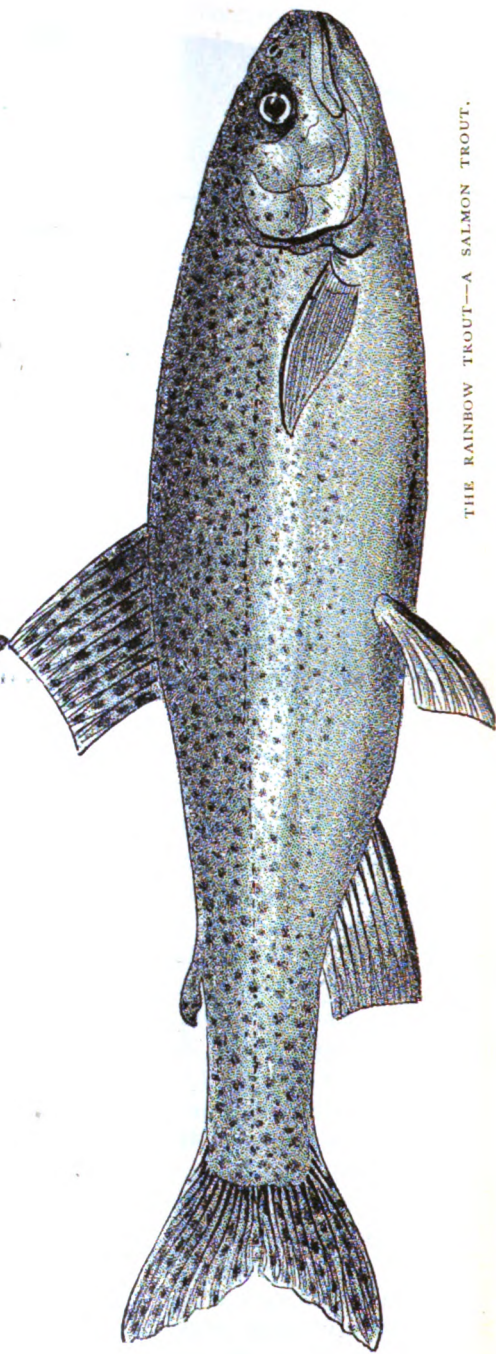
the Arctic Circle. It is called "longe" in Vermont, "toque" in Maine, and "fork-tail" in many sections of Canada. If you place your hand in the mouth of the lake trout, you will find on the roof of it a bone with raised crest armed with teeth behind the vomer, and the teeth on the root of the tongue are prominent, strong, and of cardiform shape.

The larger sizes are full of rounded, grayish spots, which in some specimens are reddish tinged. A close brother to cristivomer is the siscowet, only found in Lake Superior, which, from its anatomical construction and coloration, is supposed to be a local variety of the lake trout. The only differences between them are the shortness and breadth of the bones of the head and extreme fatness of the flesh in the siscowet.

The salmon trouts (*Salmo*), including the introduced forms, are twenty-one in number, the black spotted or cut-throat trout forming the largest group of eleven species. These are subject to great extremes of size and coloration. We have taken them from small brooks



THE LARGE LAKE TROUT—A CHARR.



THE RAINBOW TROUT—A SALMON TROUT.

rising in the mountains of Idaho, 1,500 miles by water from the Pacific Ocean, and they weighed not more than six to the pound, and we have caught them at the mouths of rivers emptying into the Pacific, of eleven pounds, and they are reported as growing to a much larger weight. The typical fish of this group is the cut-throat (*Salmo clarkii*), and may be readily distinguished by the crimson slash on its lower jaw, which has given it the name of "cut-throat," which, however, is somewhat of a misnomer, as the slash is horizontal in direction and not crosswise, as is the method followed usually by throat-cutting suicides or murderers. This fish is the common trout of all the streams of Alaska, where it descends to salt water and grows to a large size. It is also found in British Columbia and in the lower Columbia River, Washington.

The other species (ten) of the cut-throat group are widely distributed in the waters of California, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Utah, Colorado, and as far south as the mountain streams of the Chihuahua Mountains. All of these fish are profusely marked with small black spots, which are, in some of the specimens, distributed very generally over the body, and in others in clusters in different parts of the body. In a few, the typical cut-throat slash does not exist.

The steelhead, or hard-head trout (*Salmo gairdneri*) is a fish exclusively of the Pacific slope, ranging from Monterey, Cal., where it is scarce, to Alaska. When taken in the upper waters, which it visits for breeding purposes, it seldom exceeds six pounds, but many are caught in the estuaries that weigh twenty pounds or more. Their nuptial tours are of wide extent. We have caught them in the streams rising in the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho,

certainly a distance of eighteen hundred miles, as the water runs, from the Pacific Ocean. The proper classification of this fish has not yet been determined. There is a strange medley of intermediate forms, approaching that of the cut-throat trout and the rainbow and the steelhead, which confuses any attempt at a specific definition, hence the ichthyologists have left the matter an open subject for future investigation, retaining the specific name of *gairdneri*, from the discoverer of the fish, Dr. Gairdner, of the Hudson Bay Co. Like many of the salmons of the Pacific coast, this fish revels in nomenclature. The Russians call it "Scomba;" the Kanit-chatkans, "Mykiss;" the Indians, "Humana;" "Hardhead," "Steelhead," and "Salmon trout," being mostly used by Americans and other white residents of the coast. It is a game fish of much vigor, leaping repeatedly from the water when hooked, and rises freely to the artificial fly. It may be distinguished from other species by its large, square-cut tail, olive-green back, silvery sides, and the densely clustered black spots on the head, back, upper fins, and tail. In the spring both sexes have a broad flesh-colored band on the sides; the gill-cover becomes red, which is often retained during the year. There is no red on the membrane of the lower jaw. An allied form to the steelhead, known as the Kamloops or Stit-tse trout, is found in the upper waters of the Frazer and Columbia Rivers. It is a fine, large, graceful trout, somewhat different in appearance from the ordinary steelhead, but not possessing any striking technical characteristics of importance.

The rainbow, or "California trout" (*Salmo irideus*), was planted in the waters east of the Mississippi about

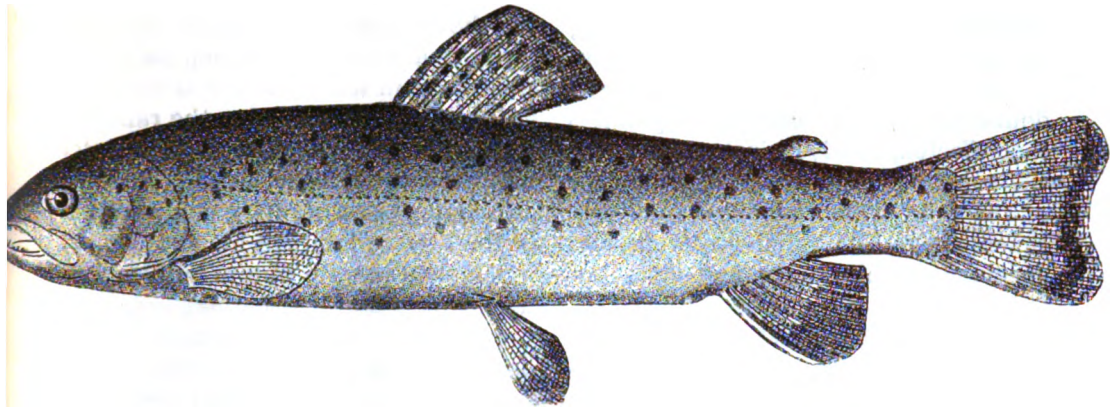
twenty years ago. It came originally from the McCloud River, in California, and the first shipment was made to Seth Green, Superintendent of the New York State Hatchery at Caledonia. It was thought at that time that the rainbow was the "coming" fish of the Atlantic slope, but, owing to causes then and now unknown, they did not thrive in their new habitation except in a few waters, where they excel in relative game qualities all other fish taken on rod and line. They rise freely to the fly, leap repeatedly, and fight with deep and continued surges until exhausted. The two waters known to us where they display these qualities to the greatest extent are the Au Sable rivers, situated respectively in the States of Michigan and New York.

The range of the rainbow trouts, of which there are six varietal forms, is from the Puget Sound south to San Diego County, California, and the adults vary in size from half a pound to twelve pounds. Their distinguishing mark, when in fresh water, is a colored lateral band, which has all the graduations of color from a deep red or scarlet to a pale pink; this is always present in the male fish and seldom absent in the female. Sea-run specimens are of plain, silvery coloration.

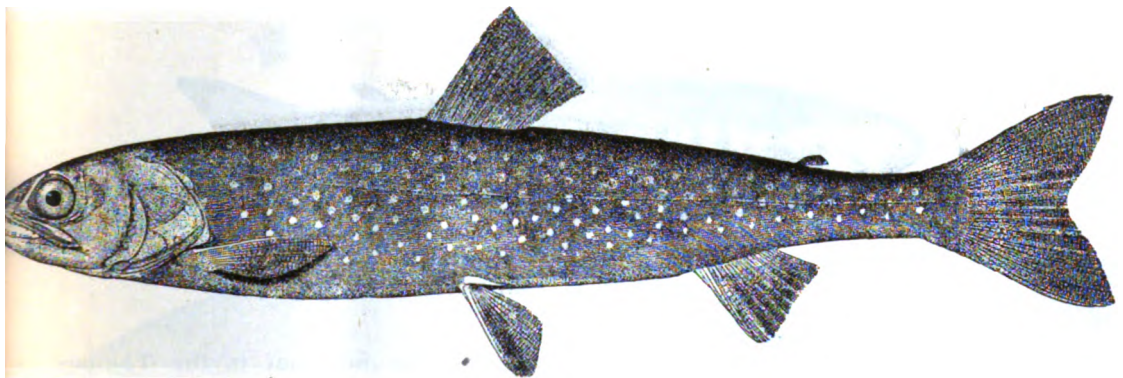
The rainbows, the black-spotted trouts or cut-throats, and the steelhead, are closely allied, and, as stated above, an exact classification of them is yet to be made. The scales (a prominent factor in classification) on the rainbow are larger than those of the cut-throat and steelhead. The crimson slash usually on the membrane of the lower jaw of the cut-throat is sometimes absent on varietal forms of this fish and sometimes present on the rainbow; and again, the characteristic broad colored lateral band on the rainbow occurs at certain

seasons of the year on the steelhead. With these confusing facts before him, we cannot wonder at the hesitation of the scientist to clinch the classification, nor at the angling layman halting at the crossroads of science.

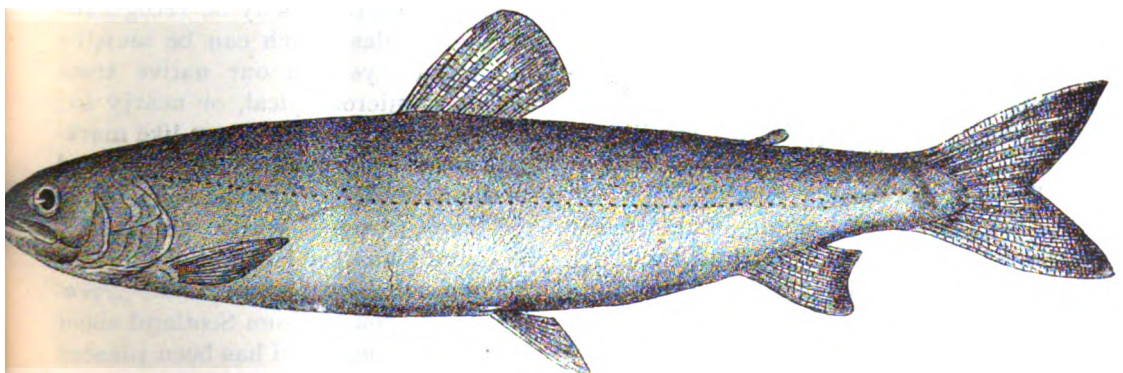
Of the five sub-species of the rainbow, the most interesting are the Kern River variety and the golden trout. The habitat of these fish is the wild streams of the mountain gorges of the Sierra Nevada, of California, and it is here we found a striking illustration of the influence of habitat on the coloration of fishes. We caught the Kern River trout at the mouth of Whitney Creek, the home of the golden trout. We also captured a gold-colored trout in the creek six hundred yards above the mouth and below the lower falls, and killed a dozen or more of the so-called typical golden trout above the falls, and only about five hundred yards above the pool from which was taken the first gold-colored trout. In these localities, the extremes of which were only two-thirds of a mile apart, three fish different in coloration and form were taken. They are all classed as rainbows. The Kern River fish weighed three pounds. It was bluish above the lateral line, and profusely black spotted, but no gold coloration, and with distinct slashes of reddish orange on the membrane of the lower jaw and a well-defined pinkish lateral band—a typical rainbow, with a cut-throat mark. Going up Whitney Creek, which came roaring down the gorge, with the same tackle and lures, a trout, orange hued, was taken that weighed half a pound, but lacking the bright golden hue of the fish caught five hundred yards further up the stream and above the falls. We could not explain this strange contrast in form and coloration of three fish taken so near each other except by concluding that the fish



THE GERMAN OR BROWN TROUT—A SALMON TROUT.



THE BLUEBACK TROUT—A CHARR.

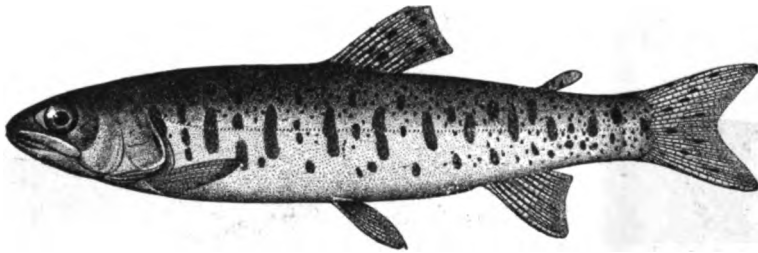


THE ROSSI OR ARCTIC TROUT—A CHARR.

on Kern River was *sui generis*. The second was a Kern River fish visiting or living in Whitney Creek, the waters of which were of a milky color and doubtless having chemical qualities that affected, slowly or instantaneously, the sensitive pigment cells in the skin of the fish. The typical golden trout taken above the falls was a perfect specimen in color, form, and characteristic markings of this beautiful fish.

The golden trout (*Salmo irideus aqua-bonita*) may be known by its resplendent coloration, consisting of gold, orange, scarlet, and olive hues, blending or accentuated in bands and stripes on the sides and belly; a broad, scarlet

consequent ability and practice of eating the smaller trout, has lost its popularity as a game fish. When planted it should be in waters where other trout do not live. It, and also the rainbow, is capable of living in a higher water temperature than the brook trout, and, although possessing no game qualities beyond the ordinary, it may be planted by clubs in private waters with advantage, where the species may reign supreme, thus giving a variety to the fishing. They are gradually devastating the public streams in which they have been planted of the brook trout and coarser fish. The largest brown trout caught in American waters weighed



YOUNG CUTTHROAT TROUT.

band, typical of the rainbow strain, always present on the side and extending from the gill-cover to the anal fin, and another of fainter shade from the anal fin to the tip of the tail. The gill-covers are of a bright orange, which coloration spreads over the entire body, and the fins are of the same color, varying in depth and extent. We found this fish to be a strong fighter for liberty and the best-flavored trout living in Pacific coast waters.

The introduced salmon trout are the German or brown trout and the Loch Leven trout, the first-named coming from Germany and the second from Scotland. The brown trout (*Salmo fario*), owing to the great growth and

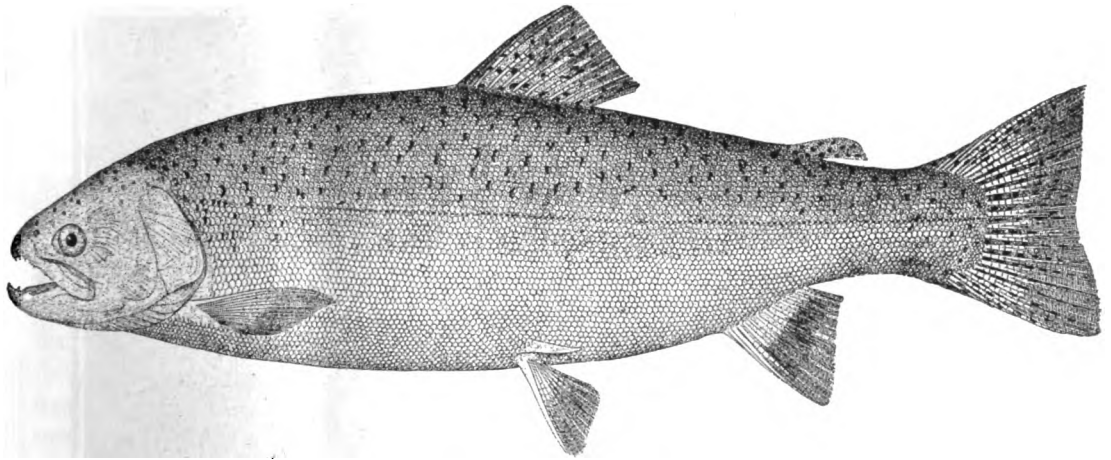
fourteen pounds, but in the Thames River, England, they have been taken weighing over twenty pounds. In the State of New York their rapid growth and size are somewhat phenomenal.

The brown trout may be recognized by their scales, which can be seen by the naked eye—in our native trout they are microscopical, or nearly so; also by the absence of worm-like markings (vermiculations) on the back, and by the large size and infrequency of the red spots, a row of which will usually be found along the lateral line.

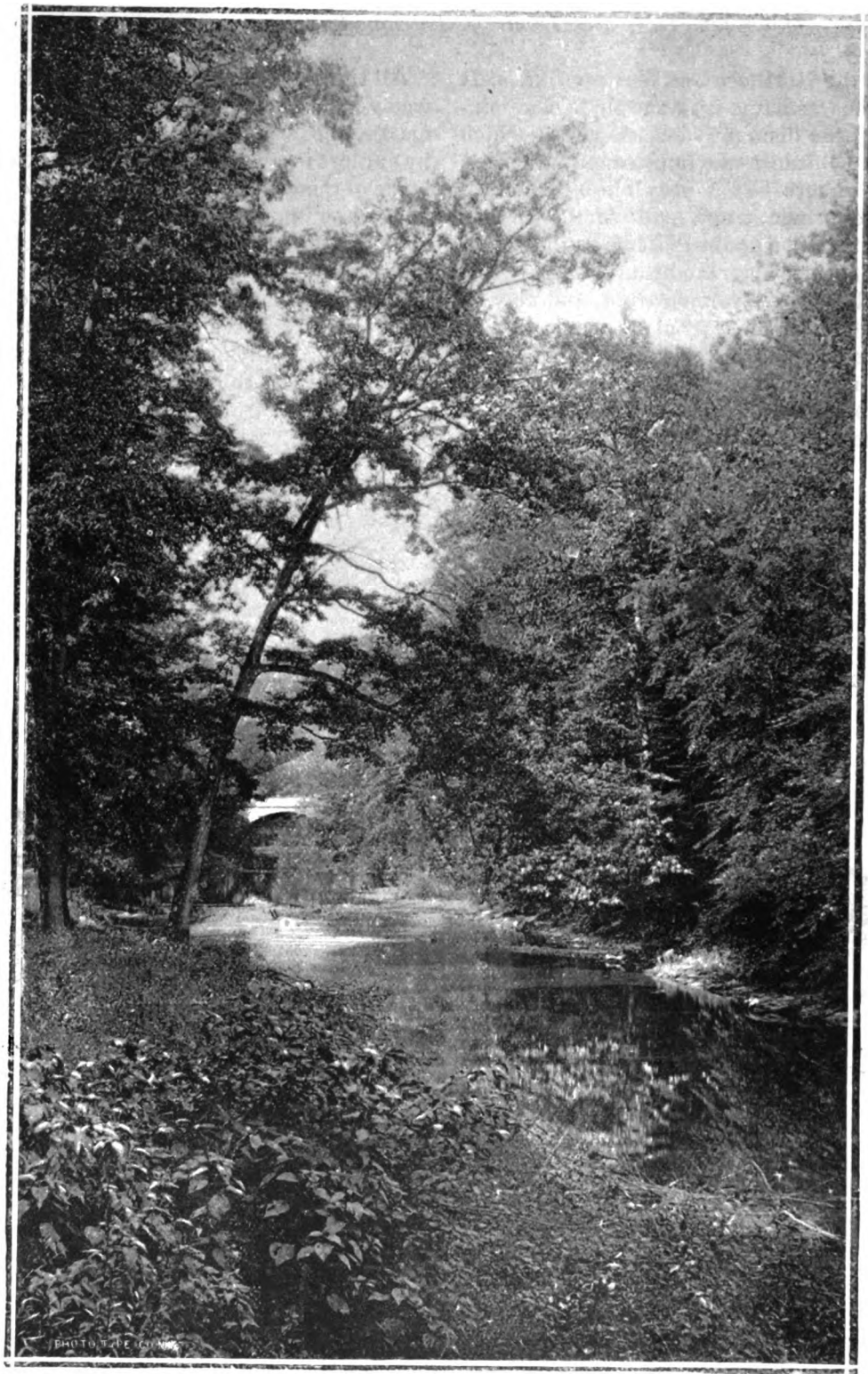
The Loch Leven trout (*Salmo levenensis*) was brought from Scotland about fifteen years ago, and has been planted with moderate success in many waters

in the Northern and Western States. It takes its name from the old lake adjoining the dismantled castle within which Mary Stuart was imprisoned by Queen Elizabeth. It is very closely allied to the brown trout, and some English authorities doubt that it is an independent species. It is a beautiful and gracefully formed salmon trout, and may be known at once from its congeners by the absence of red spots on the body, which, however, faintly appear on fish over four years old, but so dim as to be scarcely recognized.

All the charrs and salmon trouts rise freely to artificial flies of the standard makes, and are most eagerly fished for by anglers in every section of America. None of them leap from the water, when hooked and handled gently, except the rainbow, and those only in highly aerated waters. For the last half century the brook trout (*fontinalis*) has been credited with the leaping quality, but we question if any one has seen an acrobatic trout in the air, unless forced there by the straining rod of the too eager angler.



THE STEELHEAD TROUT—A SALMON TROUT.



AN INSPIRATION.

THE INFLUENCE OF ANGLING.

BY WYKEHAMIST.



HERE is no word in the language that bears a more magical sound to the fly-fisherman than the monosyllable, "stream." To the fly-fisherman, I say, because to the bait-fisherman everything in the shape of water is lovely—sluices, dams, canals, ponds and sloughs—but to the full enjoyment of the former's pursuit a stream is absolutely essential, whether it be merely a babbling brook, with its tiny denizens, or the mighty river, with its mighty salmon.

I do not wish to say anything derogatory against the bait-fisherman. The force of circumstances, as is the case with most of us, may have done much to circumscribe his angling ambitions and demands, and we give him the credit of making the most of the limited resources which may be at his command.

Again, there is magic in the word stream. When I recall the memories that the word suggests, "I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me"; for from the streams originate circumstances that, perhaps unknown to himself, have influenced the character and even altered the tenor of many an angler's life. We begin with the diminutive brook of infancy in which minnows tax our first piscatorial efforts. After that we aspire to the small but larger stream to which our boyish ambition leads us, and in which a half-pound trout appears to us as big as the twenty-pound salmon of our

maturer years. The day's fishing is probably obtained by a reckless absence from school, or even from church, at the cost of the subsequent forcible admonition. Later on, perhaps, the above-mentioned streams widen into the noble salmon river, which the ideas of manhood deem essential to earthly felicity. In these varied phases of the stream we see mirrored the career of the angler himself. Will that smaller stream of infancy and youth close a short and troublous course in some slough of despond? or will it, having developed into the broader stream of manhood, flow grandly onward, unpolluted by the mud and filth of this world, until it finds its destined bourne in the bosom of the mighty ocean of eternity?

Surely the purity of mind and body gained or increased by the companionship of the streams, the strength of character additionally fortified by the fly-fisher's art, and, above all, the absence from the doubtful pursuits in which many would otherwise be engaged, must have some influence in averting the chances of the unfortunate, and adding to the probabilities of the prosperous, career. The writer, last spring, was on the point of being summed up as a "fishing crank" at a house in California, when a lady kindly came to the rescue by saying that she would rather see a person "gone" on fishing than on whiskey.

But there are anglers and anglers. The waters frequented for the most part by the bait-fisherman have not the same influence on his character as the rushing streams that thrill the soul of the fly-fisherman. There are also

writers and writers. I am not going into heroics over your laudable endeavors to provide wholesome and sensible reading for that portion of the American people which is interested in those remaining inhabitants of the sea and its tributaries that are as good as ever came out of it. But let us hope that the man who writes articles on such elevated subjects as original sin and the doctrine of the Trinity regards his literary efforts merely as providing the means to an end, that end to go a-fishing; and that when the open season comes around, having cast aside his white choker simultaneously with his sanctimonious look, he dons an old suit of tweed, and, wading into that element which is so conducive to the cleanliness that is next to godliness, merges his whole existence in the *man and angler*, the noble and purifying character and pursuit that an All-wise Being intended his more intellectual creatures to bear and follow.

"Leisure hours are the keys of life." The importance of employing them to the best advantage must be apparent to everyone; they can be filled in far worse ways than fly-fishing. Can anything of evil enter into the mind when it is strained to the utmost to outwit the cunning instinct of the intended prey? Can anything but good occupy the angler's thoughts when, after the pleasant toil of the day's pastime, he

lays himself down in the heart of some mighty mountain range; when

"Night, sacred night!
Covering with its cloak of shadows
Woods and moorlands, fields and meadows,
Breathes holy peace and love
On the weary from above;"

when he hears the sough of the wind in the pine-tops that seem to point afar off upward to that Father under whose especial care are his wandering, and, let us hope, his wayward children, and when, doubtless, his thoughts turn to that more sluggish, but not on that account less beloved, stream on which years ago he turned his back in the land far away?

Once more there is magic in the word "stream." It equals the pathos of those three sublimely simple little Greek words in the Testament, which stand translated, "For they were fishermen." It imparts additional force to the angler's memories of summer days in the woodlands, the happiest of all the year, when the mountain torrents nightly sang his lullaby, and the joyful notes of the birds in turn sounded his reveille; memories like those of the chimes in the Cathedral of Antwerp—never to be forgotten.

The summer has gone; that it may come again with renewed strength of body and profit of mind to all your readers, is the burden of a voice crying from the wilderness of Nevada.



NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading, queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology, and Fish Culture will be answered.]

Light Rods for Bottom Salt-Water Fishing.

In the *ANGLER* for March, 1896, there was an article on bait casting, the writer of which advocated a rod from six to six and one-half feet long and about five ounces weight. I made a rod on those lines, out of Bethabara wood, six and three-quarter feet long and five and three-eighths ounces in weight, and have taken some good fish with it, and have lost better ones.

We had one good day among the striped bass in Barrington River. They were small school bass, running about one and one-half pounds weight, but giving an interesting fight before being netted. I took six bass on this occasion, against one by my companion, although it generally works the opposite way.

When the weakfish were running up the bay I tried the little rod amongst them. The first strike I hooked the fish, played him a few minutes, when the line came back slack with the gut on the hook broken, but the rod was all right. Before we had another strike we were caught in a thunder squall and dragged anchor, in spite of pulling against the wind, and in the excitement the middle joint was broken. I used a heavier rod the rest of the day, but no more strikes. I repaired the break with a long splice and wound with heavy silk twist, and had good sport catching mackerel in Vineyard Sound, and surprised the old hand-line fishermen with my "toy rod."

On the next trip, while bottom fishing for scup (porgy), I broke the joint short off through the splice on the first fish that bit, and I then resorted to the heavier rod and took three dozen scup in revenge, when the fog shut in so thick that we concluded shore was a better place than Buzzard's Bay without a compass.

I have made a new joint this winter and brought the rod up to its original length, and am waiting for a chance to give it another trial. I have come to the conclusion that the light short rod for bottom fishing in salt water is not of much use. For casting the minnow and fighting a rushing game fish like the black bass and small striped bass they will do splendid work.

S. S. B.

Providence, R. I.

An "Evolved" Fish.

There lives near Christiania a distinguished Scandinavian naturalist named Dahl, who is noted for his advocacy of the Darwinian theory of evolution. He caught a herring the other day and straightway resolved to use this fish to prove the truth of the doctrine of evolution. He believes firmly in the theory, but of what use is theory unless it can be proved by practice?

So Professor Dahl shut the herring up in an aquarium, and then, little by little, diminished the supply of water. A fish out of water is popularly supposed to be the most disconcerted thing in existence. But this wonderful herring soon proved itself an exception to the rule. True, at first, when it saw the water disappearing, it appeared worried, but it quickly adapted itself to the changed conditions, and thus was very soon metamorphosed into an amphibious animal.

Delighted at his success, its master then placed it on ground entirely dry and began to give it food, which, it is safe to say, no fish has heretofore eaten. Yet this fish, we are assured, ate the food gladly, and, when hungry, would follow its master in search of more. It apparently grew to love the human being who had so thoughtfully raised it to the dignity of a quadruped, for no sooner would he appear than the transformed herring would nimbly run to meet him and in its own dumb way fawn upon him like a dog.

The naturalist was now confident that he could easily prove the truth of evolution, but, in order to insure himself against disappointment and the mockery of less ingenious scientists, he determined to elevate the herring to a still higher plane of animal life. While he was preparing the new experiment, however, a terrible thing happened. The herring, which was allowed to wander where it pleased, happened to stray over a wooden bridge, the planks of which were not very close together, and, in stepping from one plank to another, it missed its footing and fell into the water.

Its master saw the herring disappear and at once made a search for it. The water into which it fell was not naturally suited for a herring, and he felt sure he would have little difficulty in recovering his pet. In vain, however, was his search; gone forever was his highly educated herring. He told the story to his friends, and they assured him the fish must have been drowned, since, having been so long out of water, it was naturally unaccustomed to its native element.—*New York Herald*.

All of which reminds us: Once upon a time a correspondent wrote us that he had a fish

which he had trained to become a house pet, that played "hide and seek" with the children, and followed them like Mary's pet lamb. In going with them one day to pick blackberries, and in crossing a bridge, it fell through a hole and was drowned. Again: Our old friend, B. P. Vanhorne, of the Rockies, wrote us, some years ago, that he found, one winter day, in a small pool in the Yellowstone River, a two-pound trout numbed and almost lifeless. He took it to the kitchen fire, thawed it out and put it in the barnyard, where it herded all winter with the cattle, and in the spring had a calf.

Angling Mendacity.

I will pay annual dues of \$25 to a society which will undertake to punish liars in regard to size and number of fish taken; and the society could, with great propriety, commence operations here in New York. I know of nothing that you could do which would reflect greater credit on angling journalism than to make a severe fight against fish lies.

S. K. E.

Honest angler, we have been "at it" for years. In the early days of our magazine we were appalled at the unflinching mendacity of the fish stories sent us. Many unblushing ones were basketed. Some, curious, harmless and, upon their face, mendacious, we printed, and the balance, unique or chestnutty, we framed and hung up in our sanctum as *apparatus belli* against visiting scorists. But as time passed on, with each issue of the ANGLER purer in tone and free from the taint of the fish-liar, we lapsed into the sweet inertness of conscious victory in our good fight, albeit it was only a "still hunt." Your letter disturbs our equipoise over a good thing well done, and we feel like joining hands with you in your holy crusade.

But, honest angler, we cannot believe that the fish-liar is so ubiquitous as he was. The daily press has so aided the sporting journals by holding him up to ridicule, by printing his wildest screeds, that he seems to have become shame-faced, and often admits the lie when he writes it. You have, no doubt, noted that "fish-lies," purely as such, are much sought after and paid for by the daily journals. This is a great helper in the way of squelching him. It enlightens and chastises the boldest of these mendacious scribes, who, all the world over, lose interest in telling lies when they cease to pass as truths. Professional fish-liars are in a class of their own.

Again, we do not believe that a gentleman

angler will exaggerate his score. Hand-liners and wharf-sitters may do so, but a man with tastes refined to a degree that leads him to love the seclusion of a mountain brook in the pursuit of his art is not likely to besmirch his nature by a gross lie as to the score basketed.

The Protective League of Salt-Water Fishermen.

The objects of the League are tersely and forcibly expressed in their petition to the Legislature of this State, to wit:

"We, the undersigned citizens and members of the Protective League of Salt-Water Fishermen of the State of New York, petition your honorable body to enact a law, viz.: To protect our salt-water fish from ruthless slaughter, and, so far as possible, preserve the waters which they are accustomed to visit and spawn and live clear of all nets or any other device, except angling; also, by keeping the waters free from polluted and contaminated conditions."

We fear, however, that in their work the members attempt to cover too much ground, and, from this fact, will accomplish but little. Experience has proved that all efforts are ineffectual when directed to declaring net fishing of every character illegal in the salt waters of New York City. The netters have always claimed rights, and political influence in the districts of legislators has, and always will enforce their claims. Better far, in our opinion, would it be for the League to devote its efforts to regulating and restricting, rather than prohibiting, at any and all times, the use of nets.

The executive management of this association is in the best hands—earnest and open-season anglers—and we hope that success will crown their efforts. The President, Mr. Theo. Biedlinger, is active and eager. His address to the members at their first meeting, in March last, shows the proper spirit, which, backed by his acknowledged energy of character, is sure to accomplish much good in the work before the association. We quote from his address:

"There are laws protecting the fish in inland waters. Why should not the salt-water fish be given the same protection, and why should not the salt-water fishermen enjoy the same privileges as the inland fishermen? If we are successful in our project, and there is no reason why we should not be, the local fishermen will enjoy better sport. They will be able to go to the East and Hudson Rivers once in a while and get a bite, and maybe a fish or two. There is not a man with a particle of sportsman's blood in his veins who will not sympathize with us."

Random Notes from the Rockies.

I saw an article in *THE ANGLER* about different kinds of bait of the artificial kind that had been got up by different parties, imitating things that fish go for, and I think some of them may be useful. I have known men who told me they had caught plenty of trout with a red woolen rag, and I don't doubt it. But I don't think any device will ever be equal to the genuine live article. I have used the minnow in fishing for pickerel and black bass and perch in the Susquehanna, and always put the hook through both lips, as in that way the bait lives the longest. The longer you can keep the bait alive the better, and the fish generally take the minnow head first. I have got to study up a little in my Latin to understand what you say in my article you printed in February. It reminds me of what my old teacher put in my spelling book years ago. It was *stultus est stulissimo*. I inquired of a Latin scholar and he told me it would make me sick to know, so I tried no further. If you want to play a joke on me, do it in Holland Dutch; then I may find out what you mean by writing to some of my friends in Amsterdam.

There is no doubt but we shall have very high water this spring, as there is so much snow in the mountains; but one benefit it will be: the large trout from the Yellowstone are sure to come up the small streams, and some of them will find me ready to attend to them. I have my old violin with me—one I bought in Philadelphia in 1848—and I play the "Arkansaw Traveler" and the "Devil's Dream," and such like, for the benefit of the birds and deer and elk about here. I use the bow in my left hand, so my music generally consists of left-handed tunes.

You write of trout changing color. I have noticed in my experience that where the stream runs in places where the sun doesn't shine, the trout are generally very dark in color and *vice versa* when the sun shines on the water. I planted a lot of angle worms in my garden last year, but have not tried them yet in fishing. Perhaps the trout will have to be educated to take them, for I have understood from some of the farmers along the Yellowstone that hens and turkeys won't eat corn because they never saw any before.

B. P. VAN HORNE.

CHICO, Montana.

What a Game Fish Will Do.

The tarpon is not only the "Silver King" of the waters, but his influence and gameness is acquiring a domain over the lands adjacent to his water-home. He is exciting the real estate owners to improve their lands and build thereon. Within the past year at least \$25,000 has gone into property at or near Aransas Pass, Tex., within a stone's throw of the haunts of the tarpon; and every dollar was invested that the pursuit of this fish, for sport, might be followed with comfort and success.

Two large club-houses have been built, one at Rockport, Tex., the other on St. Joseph Island, and the membership includes the most prominent and enthusiastic members of the craft residing in the West and Southwest. Mr. E. H. R. Green and 400 friends are sustaining the last-named club, and the Hon. Jas. C. Fulton and Judge B. M. Sheldon are the promoters of the Rockport Club.

Within the past twenty years we have seen thriving towns spring up in localities, the advantages of which were first made known by angling tourists. This is notably the case in the lake area of Eagle Waters, Mich. On Lake Champlain, about fifteen years ago, there was a board shanty on the shores of a little bay. One of our subscribers, in making a tour of the lake, chanced to anchor near the shanty and found the small-mouthed bass in primeval numbers and full of acrobatic vigor. He came home, wrote us about it, and in a few years a palatial hotel covered the site of the old board shanty. What the black bass did on Lake Champlain the tarpon is now doing on the coast of Texas.

Trout in Potter County, Pa.

I saw in *THE ANGLER* for March a question about trout-fishing in Potter County, Pa. I went, a good many years ago, to that section on a fishing trip, and got off at Andover, on the Erie Railroad, and, with my party, went to Ulysses and Whitesville and then took a lumber road and went to the headwaters of Pine Creek, about ten miles from Ulysses, where we found a man had cleared up a patch of ground. He had a cow and lots of hens, and we stayed three days with him. The little streams were just full of small trout. We caught in all about thirteen hundred, and only one that weighed one pound. I don't think the trout had ever seen a fish-hook or line up

to that time ; they did not seem afraid at all. I could see them when I threw my bait in the water, lots of them, go for it. The man where we stopped was delighted to have us there, as it was a curiosity for him to see any one at his place.

B. P. V. H.

The Big-Mouth Black Bass and the Fly.

Will the so-called big-mouth bass of our inland lakes and sloughs take the fly ? I have been told they are a game fish, but never heard of any one using the fly for them.

T. G. K.

The large-mouthed black bass will take the artificial fly when he chances to be feeding and the water is sufficiently shallow and clear for the fish to see the moving feathers. Try them "out your way" with the "turkey fly"—wings of mottled brown ; body, dark brown ; legs, or hackles, reddish brown, and red tail. Dress on No. 4 hook.

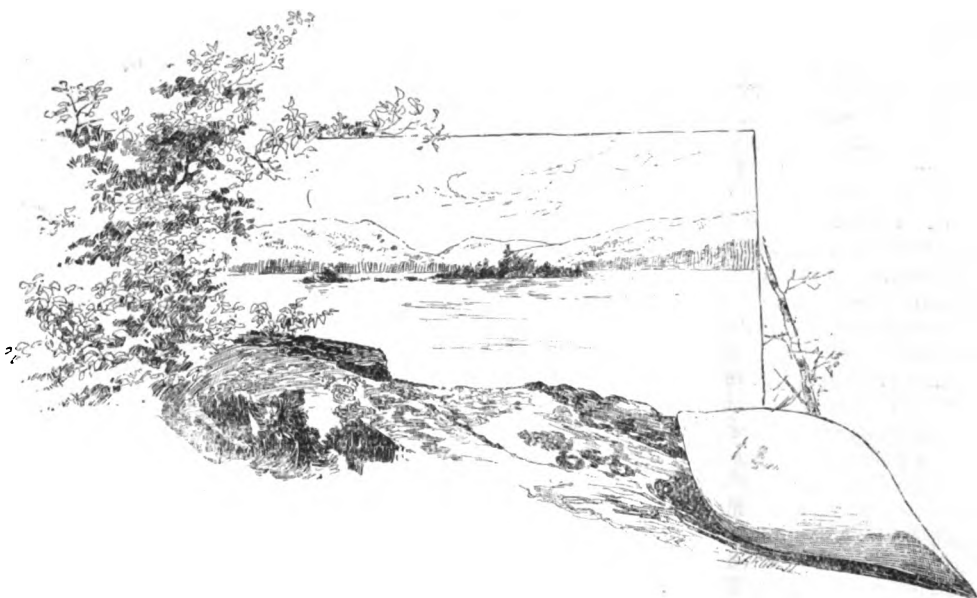
Fishing and Sea Sickness.

I am a fisherman, and have caught fish in the sea on fish smacks, but I get sea-sick most of the time and would like to find a new place to fish. I can't row a boat, but I can swim like a fish, and I know how to catch all salt-water fish.

G. G.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

We would suggest to "G. G." that he try the piers at Coney Island and others adjacent, taking a trip down to Asbury Park, where, from the pier, under favorable conditions of tide and weather, he will probably get some grand striped-bass fishing. If he is familiar with casting the bait from the reel he should follow up surf fishing, a most delightful branch of the art of angling. He might also become a confirmed "wharf-sitter," and any of the piers along the North and East Rivers will answer his purpose.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.

This Department of **THE AMERICAN ANGLER** is opened in connection with our "Bureau of Information for Sportsmen," and will be devoted to meeting the needs of the sportsman tourist—where, when and how to spend an enjoyable outing, either for fishing or shooting. If you do not see what you want, ask for it. Your query will be promptly and cheerfully answered.

Trout Streams Near Baltimore.

Kindly let me know the names of any places within ten or twelve hours by rail of Baltimore where good fly-fishing (not bait) for brook trout can be obtained the end of April or the beginning of May.—S. P.

There are many trout streams which can be reached within the time you name from Baltimore. We have reports from the following localities:

Deer Park—There are trout in Deep Creek; distant five miles. The fishing is reported good.

Mountain Lake Park—The Big Youghiogheny River (head waters), distant five miles, is reported good for trout.

Oakland—Brook trout are said to be numerous in Deep and Muddy Creeks.

Huttons—Snowy Creek, near station, and Laurel Creek, one mile distant, are said to yield fair trout fishing.

The above localities are all in the State of Maryland.

The trout waters of Pennsylvania, which can be reached within the time named by our correspondent, are located at or near:

Blackwells—The Pine and Babb Creeks, near by, are reported as fair trout streams.

Brockwayville—A number of creeks adjacent to the railroad station yield trout in fair numbers, particularly in the months of April and May.

Camball—There are five creeks near station, of which Mill Run is best; all afford fair trout-fishing.

Dingman's Ferry—There are a number of excellent trout streams in this locality, all of which are easily reached.

Forks—Our report states: "The trout streams adjacent are five in number. They are all small, the trout are not large, but quite plenty."

Goldsborough—Within seven miles there are three waters in which the trout fishing is reported good.

At or near Henryville, Hickory Run, Jersey

Shore, Liberty, Mt. Jewett, Pocono, Cresco, Snow Shoe, Tunkhannock and Wind Gap, all in Pennsylvania, fair trout fishing may be had.

In New Jersey some trout may be found at: Buttsville—Trout in Green's Pond, two miles distant.

Newton—There are several good trout streams near by to fish in, for which, however, permission from land owners must be obtained.

Oak Ridge—There are numerous trout streams in this vicinity.

The celebrated trout streams of Sullivan Co., N. Y., can be reached from Baltimore in the time named by our correspondent. We would suggest his visiting De Bruce, leaving the railroad at Livingston Manor.

Trout and Black Bass Fishing Grounds.

1. What is the best season for catching bass and trout in the northern part of New York State?

2. What about Fish Creek in Onondaga County, N. Y.?

3. What kind of fish are there in the Mohawk, and where is the best place to catch them?—A. R. T.

1. For black bass, June, September and October. For trout, May and June.

2. We fished in Fish Creek about eight years ago. The fishing at that time for trout was excellent. Write to J. A. Graves, Booneville, N. Y., for present conditions.

3. Black bass, pike and perch. There are a dozen good localities. Our reports recommend Cohoes, Crescent, Schenectady (at the Aqueduct), Port Jackson, Niscayuna and Fort Hunter, the last said to be the best locality.

Salmon and Trout in New Brunswick, Can.

In response to a query we name a few localities in New Brunswick, Can., at which salmon and trout may be caught:

Canaan.—At station; trout and open.

Coal Branch.—At station; good trout fishing and open to all.

Salmon River.—Accessible from Weldford Station; portage from one and a half to two miles; there was at one time splendid salmon and trout fishing in June and July.

Richibucto River.—From Weldford Station; good trout fishing.

S. W. Miramichi.—Capital trout fishing opposite Jordan's early in the season; good hotel accommodations handy to waters.

N. W. Miramichi.—Salmon fishing.

Renous River.—Good trout fishing early in season, and a few salmon at end of the season.

Partibogue.—Partibogue River, about four miles distant from station; can also drive from New Castle; good road, twelve to fourteen miles; good trout fishing.

Bathurst.—Nepisiguit, close river. Tata-gouche, partly open; at times capital; large trout. Nepisiguit, salmon fishing; open at certain places on reasonable terms to strangers. Application to Henry Bishop, Bathurst Post Office. Salmon fishing here end of June, July and August.

Amquin and Cedar Hall.—Both on the shores of Metapedia Lake, which lies seventeen to twenty-five miles parallel to I. C. Railway; trout and "tuladi," the latter as high as fifteen pounds.

Trouting and Hunting in West Virginia.

In response to several inquiries relative to trout fishing in West Virginia, we give a letter from one of our correspondents:

By reference to the map of West Virginia you will see that the headwaters of the Potomac River, flowing east, and the head waters of the Cheat, flowing west, rise in Randolph County, W. Va., on a table land some 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. Said table land contains from seven to nine hundred square miles almost uninhabited, filled with innumerable streams that empty into the Cheat on the west and the north branch of the Potomac on the east. These streams flow through immense canyons, from one to two thousand feet in depth, and are one continuous succession of falls and rapids. The water is as clear as crystal and cold as ice. In these streams these princes of *salvelinus fontinalis* abound. Hidden in the mountain fastness, where the wanton hand that destroys simply for the pleasure of destroying never comes, he has increased to such an extent that the larger ones have to feed on the small fry to sustain themselves. To show how the waters are

teeming with them, I will state that the last time I was there, which was in the month of October (their spawning season), on a hunting expedition, in crossing a small stream my attention was attracted to an immense school of a gravel bar spawning, the water being so shallow that their backs were exposed. I stepped back some thirty yards and fired one barrel loaded with No. 4 shot into the school and got eleven trout averaging ten inches in length. You will say that it was not sportsmanlike. I will not try to defend myself, but simply state that I did it and accept the censure I deserve. I have frequently commenced fishing at 9 A. M. and fished until 4 P. M. and had from two to three hundred. Don't suppose, brother anglers, that any of these were wasted. I can assure you every one was eaten, and not any too many, as there were some twenty hungry mouths always asking for more.

Fishing is not the only attraction the country affords, for those fond of hunting will find deer, bear, panthers, with wild turkeys, ruffed grouse and woodcock in quantities sufficient to keep the table of a party of five or six bountifully supplied with the ordinary effort of a good shot. Having been there frequently myself, I will venture to give a little advice to any of your readers that may wish to go there for a month or six weeks. First, you will want two suits of clothing from head to foot of strong, warm material, two pairs of strong shoes that will fit the foot comfortably, yarn socks, gun and fishing tackle, and such other supplies as any one may think would add to his comfort, with frying-pan and a good tent, or, as I prefer, a bark cabin located at the proper place, so that the fishing and hunting may be made as successful as possible without long tramps. The bread and bacon can be got at the place where parties leave the railroad.

With five or six congenial companions, each willing to do his part of what may be considered work, I know of no place where a party can spend so pleasant and economical a vacation. This is not to those sportsmen who do his hunting over a good dinner and bottle of generous wine, but is intended for the true lover of sport who believes that half of the pleasure of killing consists in the effort of outmanœuvring the game. You can reach the hunting and fishing grounds from New York in forty-eight hours, stopping a night at Oakland, Md.

Omoto, Alger Co., Mich.

One of the most delightful trips a tourist can make, to combine both sport and pleasure, is a cruise along the celebrated "Pictured Rocks" on Lake Superior. This section has been made famous by Longfellow in his beautiful poem, "Hiawatha." It was here that Hiawatha passed his childhood with his old grandmother, Nokomis.

"By the shores of Gitche Gumee (Lake Superior),
By the shining Big Sea-water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis."

We reached Miner's River, where the Pictured Rocks commence, early in the afternoon, and pitched our tent near the mouth of the river in full view of these rocks. From the lake the rock rises to the height of 200 feet, like some of the old English castles. We remained here three days fishing for speckled trout and had excellent luck. In Miner's Lake, about a mile from the mouth of the river, pickerel are abundant and around the shore many deer are seen. We shot one for the use of our party, but just as easily could have killed twenty.

From the mouth of the river to the first rapids the trout are of a light silvery color, but in the pools higher up they are of a darker color with brighter red spots. The Pictured Rocks extend eight miles below Miner's River. At Mosquito Harbor, two miles below, a little stream empties into the lake which furnishes excellent trout fishing. Two miles further we come to the "Grand Portal," an immense cavern hollowed out in the solid wall of rock, and the colors inside, around the sides and overhead, are simply gorgeous. This is the most beautiful view along the Pictured Rocks.

From the Grand Portal a nice sand beach extends three-fourths of a mile to "The Chapel," a very strange formation of the rock, which from the lake strongly resembles the entrance to some of the old chapels we see in England.

Five miles farther down we came to the mouth of Beaver River, which is just below the termination of the Pictured Rocks. One-third of a mile back from Lake Superior are the Beaver Lakes, which contain black bass and pickerel. Here we find two lakes joined together by a small inlet, and around their shores deer are numerous. In the lower lake black bass and in the upper lake nothing but pickerel are caught. There are a number of small streams adjacent to Beaver Lake where excellent trout fishing can be found. We have fished in various portions of Canada and the United States, but we

have never seen a place that offers greater inducements to the angler and sportsman than the section above described. The Pictured Rocks can be reached either from Au Train or Munising Station, on the line of the Detroit, Mackinac and Marquette Railroad.

The Sportsman's Bureau of Information.

This Bureau has been established to furnish detailed information, without charge, to sportsmen, as to the fishing and shooting localities in North America, including cost of transportation, hotel rates, names of guides and their charges, and if field dogs are furnished by them; cost of boats, livery and bait; where shooting and fishing are free or restricted; in fact, everything that is needed to make an outing successful and economical.

Descriptive books, folders, time tables, in fact, every kind of literature issued by transportation companies, can be had on application, free of charge.

Tickets over all transportation lines can be furnished by the Bureau; baggage will be checked from residence and sleeping berths secured.

The Bureau has now a number of the principal trunk lines of the country in full sympathy with and giving substantial aid in the conduct of its business, which is to serve primarily the interests of American sportsmen. We will be pleased to see or hear from you. Address or call at 239 Fifth avenue, New York.

Instructive Literature Gratis.

Application by mail or a personal call at the office of the "Bureau of Information for Sportsmen," 239 Fifth avenue, New York, will secure, free of charge to sportsmen, a copy of any of the publications named below. They give valuable information to the sportsman tourist. Send stamps if wished by mail; a two-cent stamp for each pamphlet.

Fishing on the Picturesque Erie, issued by the Erie Railroad.

Rural Summer Homes, issued by the Erie Railroad.
Summer Homes, issued by the N. Y., Ont. and W. Railway.

Shasta and the Crag, issued by the Southern Pacific Railway.

The Battle of Castle Crags; Vamos & Mexico; Hotel Del Monte; A California Fairy; Semi-Tropic California; Indio; issued by the Southern Pacific Railway.

Sportsman at Del Monte, issued by Southern Pacific Co.
Vamos & Mexico, issued by Southern Pacific Co.

The Land of Evangeline, issued by the Dominion Atlantic Railway.

Gateways of Tourist Travel, issued by the Grand Trunk Railway.

Wonderland, issued by the Northern Pacific Railway.
Hunting and Fishing in the South, issued by the Southern Railway Co.

Hunting and Fishing, issued by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway.

Colorado, issued by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway.

Gold Fields of Colorado, issued by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway.

Rhymes and Rockies, issued by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway.

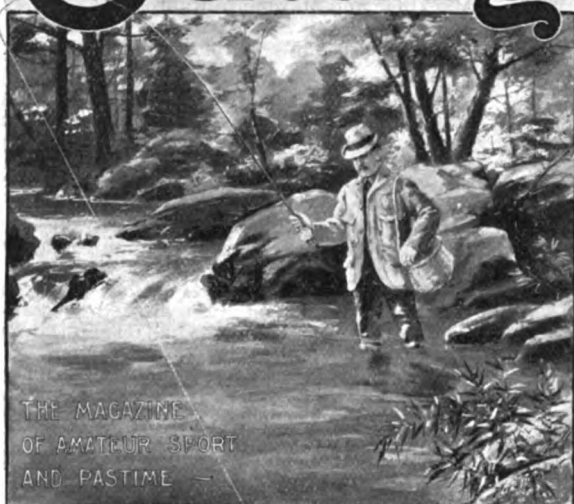
Quebec and Lake St. John, issued by the Quebec and St. John Railway.

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A Colorado Summer, issued by the Santa Fé Route.
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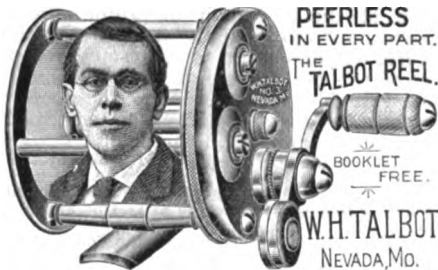
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M. P. DUNHAM.

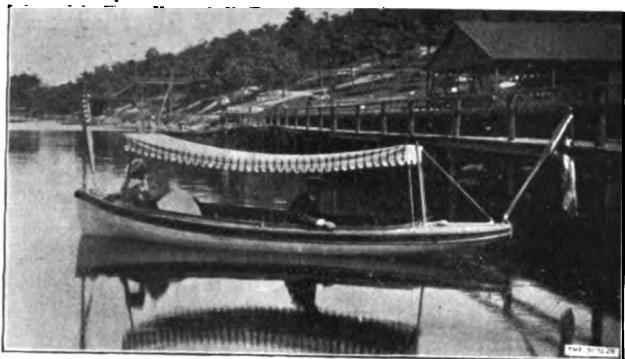
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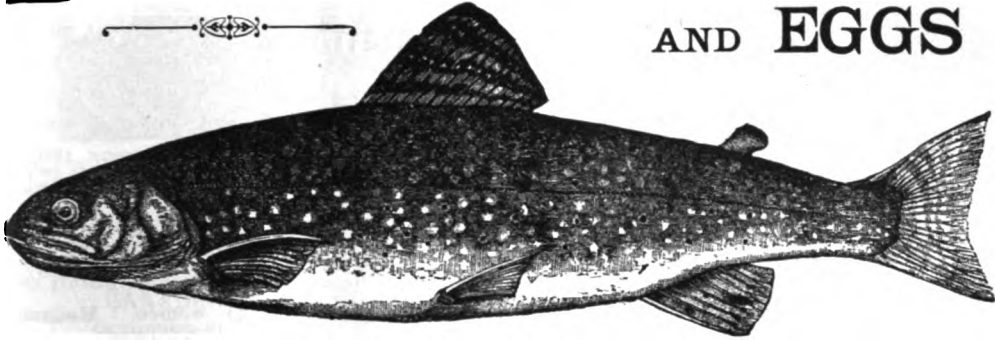
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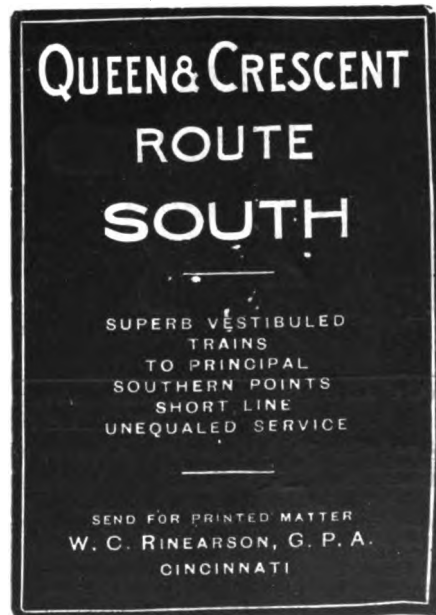
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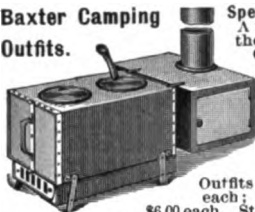
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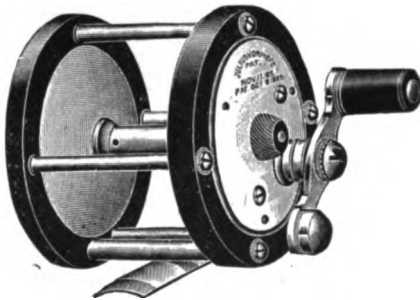
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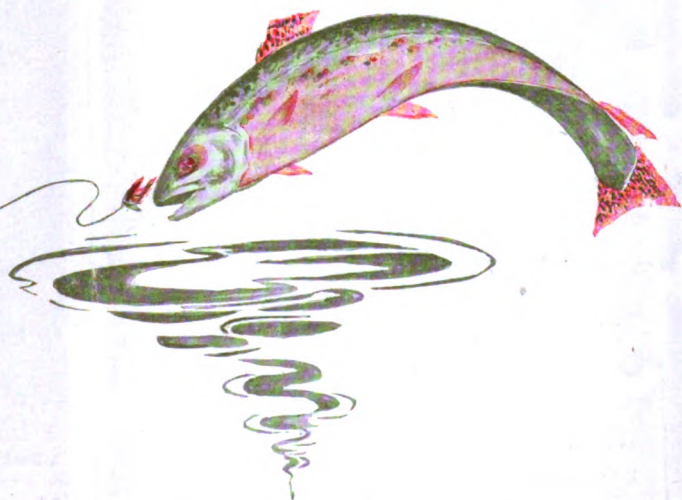
AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS ~ Editor.

Rudyard Kipling an Angler

Jamaica Bay as a Fisherman's Paradise

Origin of Fishing as a Pastime



Outing Publishing Company

AMERICAN ANGLER.

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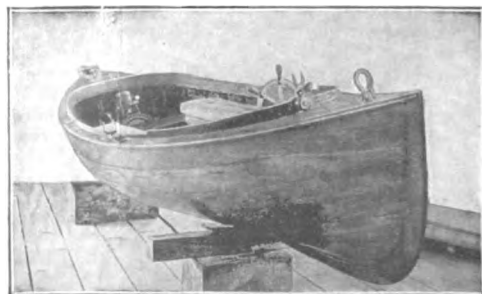
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"SUSPENSE."

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

VOL. 29.

JUNE, 1899.

No. 6.

THE PROFESSOR.

BY "BOURGEOIS."



THE Doctor, the boy and I wander up the hill below the springs, with the cold spring in the little glade just inside the cañon's mouth as our objective point. Arrived at the summit, we stop to take breath, and after we fill our lungs I tell the Doctor something he knew: how easily the natives of these hills move with the impediment of light air.

I stood on the same place once, looking down into the valley, when a Ute turned the corner of the bath-house two hundred yards below me. He spread out his arms with a clutch on each side of his blanket, drew them together folded across his breast, and paused there statue-like looking up towards me. Suddenly he slipped his blanket to one arm and started on the run; leaping the fence that separated the bath-house grounds from the road, he gave a whoop and on up the steep he came leaping, with steps as agile as those of some other yet no wilder buck. He seemed to touch the ground with his moccasined feet as though they were winged, and before I might fairly count one hundred paused in front of me with a smile upon his face to greet mine. One long inspira-

tion was all he asked, this copper-hued Apollo; and he stood there bared to the waist, and waving his right arm as if to take in the horizon, brought his hand toward his mouth, with the remark: "Heap good." I said "Heap good" also, wondering what sort of chance I would have with a thousand yards start and he desiring a scalp. It generally takes me ten minutes to walk up that hill, with a pause every few rods, and when I get to the top I want to lie down.

Reaching the spring, the boy, of course, gets down on his hands and knees and pokes his face into the cool nectar; then takes it out, with a diamond quivering on his chubby nose to set off the roses in his cheeks. The Doctor and I prefer the old fruit-can perched on the dead branch of an adjacent willow. I imagine the water might taste better out of crystal, thin-rimmed and clear, with the sound of a bell. But this is a sentiment merely; a well-cleaned gourd is my weakness when it hangs by a willow-hid spring.

The boy declares war upon a little garter snake. How long the antipathy lingers. I used to think it the result of education, until I once saw a town-bred baby pick up a striped snake and lispingly inquire of me if it were not "a pity twing." The horror of the blue eyes, and the hysteric laugh in reply to mine,

as he shook off the writhing reptile, made me think the abhorrence might be natural. While the boy pursues the representative of the first enemy, the attention of the Doctor and myself is attracted to another figure coming down the trail—a man with a gun on his shoulder—he looked seven feet high. It was the Professor, a friend of the Doctor.

The Doctor suggested that we invite the Professor to make one of our party to the Yampa. I asked if he thought the Professor, who was a stranger to me, would be a good companion in camp. The Doctor said he was a very learned man, a very cheerful man, not loquacious, obliging and a good cook. Being possessed of these essentials to happiness, a combination of qualities purely ideal with me, I thought we could not get on without him. I wondered how I had imagined that the slightest enjoyment ever entered into any former outing. Without this paragon, this hitherto possibility merely, our trip would be a failure. But I consoled myself with the reflection that "he that is robb'd, not wanting that which is stolen, let him not know it, and he is not robb'd at all." Before knowing the Professor, I had imagined life worth living. What was it to be now!

The Professor was a wrinkled little man, with little round black eyes and a big nose. I had always entertained a reverence for a big nose; had always understood that a man with a big nose must necessarily be incapable of anything small. With the Doctor's preface heralding the Professor's virtues, I was prepared, of course, for this index of greatness. The Professor, upon the invitation being extended, expressed a willingness amounting to anxiety to go; but he had doubts as to his being able to get away "just at this time." He had important affairs to look after,

connected with a new method of curing rabbit skins. The rodents were plentiful, and the period was a crisis with him; his customary diet had been pone and bacon, but now he had a prospect of a competency, in fact more: ease, perhaps luxury; he had his hand upon it, so to speak. It was suggested that the rabbits would not probably diminish during his absence with us. The intimation touched him favorably, and he said he would "see about it." If it did not rain in the morning he might make up his mind to relieve us. I reminded him that the rainy season was over, but he said he had dreamed about toads the night before, and besides the moon promised falling weather; he affirmed this with the air of one conscious of his intimate relations with the planet in question, and I was concluded.

Being anxious to find a man of my acquaintance named Jones—Henry Jones—I inquired of the Professor if he knew of such an one living in the vicinity. He said he didn't know Henry, but proceeded to name over all the Joneses of whom he had any recollection, as if in hope of producing one of mutual acquaintance. Failing in this he seemed pained, and finally insisted that I must have known Pochen Jones, whose father had worked at the fulling business in some remote New England village.

"Why, of course, you must have known Pochen," insisted the Professor; "everybody knew him. He was a little the nearest man I ever met, and one of the laziest, but sociable and kind o' homelike. I have known him to hitch up his old clay-bank mare and drive ten miles to borrow half a dozen nails, but he always returned what he borrowed. He generally managed to drop in about dinner time, either going somewhere, or to borrow, or bring back something; sometimes he was alone, but most gen-

erally he had the whole family, wife and two boys ; they seemed to enjoy riding with Pochen. Of course, certainly, you must have heard of him any way ; we all knew him. He had the name of being tight as the bark on a gum log, and I guess he was ; why once when his wife was sick, a neighbor came in and mixed her up a dose of crab-orchard ; it was

So you never even heard of Pochen ? Well, I vow, I thought everybody knew him," he concluded abstractedly.

There was no mistaking the Professor's regret, and I felt moved to lighten his burden by admitting that since he had told me, I had a faint recollection of hearing at some time from some one something about Pochen.



GETTING READY FOR THE FRAY.

bitter of course, and she didn't drink more'n half of it. Pochen happened in and saw it there in the tumbler and asked what it was ; they told him it was salts and that his wife couldn't drink it all. He said it was a pity to waste it, and he up and swallowed the balance.

"Of course, of course you have ; I knew you must ; everybody knew Pochen," exclaimed the Professor, so much relieved it made me happy to look at him.

For lack of something better to keep up my end, I inquired of the Professor

if he had ever dined with Pochen. The first and only laugh I ever knew the Professor to indulge in came as the first response to my inquiry. It frightened me; he seemed to rattle inside and out, and between gasps, I heard him repeating my question to himself: "Dine with Pochen?" Finally he looked up with a countenance as bright as a new wooden weather-vane, gathered in sufficient mountain air and said:

"I knew Pochen goin' on five year and he never dined at home; it wasn't his habit."

Pochen, it seemed, never got further west than Indiana, where he escaped the ague, being "too lazy to shake," and eventually died of cucumbers, a donation from a philanthropic neighbor, which Pochen had tried to save. Having buried this member of the Jones family, the Professor was about further to express his gratification at having unearthed one known to us both, but his purpose was suddenly arrested at sight of a cotton-tail, and he went for it at once.

The boy during the recital of the obsequies had put in a triumphant appearance with the mutilated remains of the garter snake, and wanted to know if the Professor was not to make one of our party. I told him it was doubtful, whereupon I was informed that the Professor must go, that he knew "just lots o' things," and withal could tie "a daisy fly." I was constrained to say I would use my best endeavors to prevail on the Professor, and just then detected a smile on the Doctor's countenance. Discipline must be maintained on the mountains as well as at home, and by the time I had concluded informing the boy that the "daisy fly" was new to me, the Professor returned with the rabbit. Having skinned the animal and stretched the pelt, he wanted to take my pet bam-

boo in his hand. I surrendered it as I would have given up the boy at three weeks to a strange nurse and stand by, ready to relieve him at the first exhibition of awkwardness. But the Professor handled and looked it over as though he had been born and brought up fraternally with that identical rod; then he wanted to try a cast with it. Less apprehensive than at his first attentions, I consented. While the Doctor and I sat on a boulder near by, the Professor stepped to within a couple yards of the stream and sent his namesake out some twenty feet. As the swift current bore the fly away on its bosom, he reeled off quite as much more line. The desired length reached, he, facing down-stream, suddenly raised the rod and at the same time turned to squarely face the opposite bank, retrieved his fly, and sent it out over the riffle into the quieter water of the pool beyond. I watched the line leave its curvature and straighten out. The forward sweep of the rod and sudden stop I cannot commend, as though he were about to retrieve again but changed his mind, and the fly seemed to settle down as though it had skipped from the opposite shore to moisten its toes. Before I had time to think I should not be guilty of envy, there was a splash just where the fly alighted and the Professor was unexpectedly struggling with a beautiful trout.

With the same spirit that doubtless, at the first intimation of a dog fight, prompts the bibulous frontiersman to drop his noontide "appetizer" untasted and rush into the village street, the Doctor and I rose to our feet. The pioneer loves his stimulant, so did I my rod; as he forgets his whiskey with the prospect of "metal more attractive," so did I the rod. There were no hidden rocks nor bushes to interfere, while the Professor quietly played his capture to

his heart's content and our admiration. He finally drew him out and laid him on the grass. Another like him would make three pounds and enough for supper. But to get the second one we must go further down the cañon. The Professor praised the rod, as though it had been the only element of his success, and seemed reluctant to resign it to me; for this I attached no blame to him.

The Professor then discoursed upon fishing and flies. "There is a heap o' humbug about this fly business," said he. "Some want dark flies on bright days and light flies on dark days; they want flies like those the trout are feeding on, and there is no end to it. I have about made up my mind to this: In new waters a trout will take anything you have to offer, and becomes dainty only as he grows wary. It's about the same thing with a fish as with a man; when you are hungry, pone and bacon tastes as good as quail on toast when you are not. When the trout are shy, as they are about here, I use anything they'll take—flies, grasshoppers or minnows, trout eyes or fins. They have to be consulted, not only as to what you offer them, but the way in which you do it."

"There is more in that last, Professor, than in the bait," declared the Doctor.

"Of course, certainly, there must be something in that; it stands to reason. Pone and bacon always seems to taste good from a clean plate and table-cloth; you wouldn't enjoy it if it was flung at you with a war-whoop for sauce; of course not. Just so with the trout. But there's a good deal in the bait too. I've tried a little of everything. Sometimes, you know, a trout'll not take anything; they get lazy or sleepy and are not always hungry; a man has the same kind o' spells. When they are that way—sort o' spring fever like—they want to be let alone; you can't cajole 'em nor

drive 'em to any good. I've got no use for a man who can't spend a whole day on the river without a rise and come home whistling. He has no need to feel ashamed of himself, if he hasn't got mad and gone to swearin' about his bad luck. It's not luck nor lack of it; it's want o' knowledge on the part o' the man or hunger on the part o' the fish."

"Then we are to understand, Professor, that you have no favorite lure?"

"Not that exactly. My favorite is the trout's. But I've known 'em to take a gray hackle with a red body in these waters when nothing else except bait would tempt 'em; the coachman seems about as good. Don't make the mistake of laying all the blame on the flies or on yourself; give the fish a little credit. I'll tell you. One day I saw a trout in a pool by himself; he didn't see me. I dropped a gray hackle just over him; he came up and looked at it and then went back; the pool was about four feet deep and this fellow lay there about a foot from the bottom. All the sign of life I could see in him was the slightest movement in his pectoral fins; he came up and went back as if he were tired. By actual count I tried twelve different kind of flies and he wouldn't budge; I put on the gray hackle again and he came and looked at it as before. I had caught that morning one trout with a gray hackle. I put on a snelled hook and stuck one o' the eyes of the dead trout on it and let it sink down to within a foot of his live brother's head. He sculled up to it like goin' to a funeral; he poked his nose against it, and I thought he was goin' back to bed again, as he kind o' opened his mouth to yawn. I let the eye down a little, and when he got through gaping I took him out. I didn't fish any more that day; it wasn't any use."



TROLLING FOR BLUE-FISH.

JAMAICA BAY AS A FISHERMAN'S PARADISE.

BY "SAM."



LOOKING back through the years in which we have indulged in our favorite sport, how many places we can recall in the vicinity of New York where we once could be sure of catching a good mess of fish. Alas! many of those places we have long since abandoned, after many fruitless trials to obtain even an ordinary catch.

All the old-time salt-water fishermen had their favorite fishing grounds. Some would swear by one place and some by another, and refuse to drop their lines anywhere else, although in their proper season each may have been equally good.

The enormous growth of our city in the past thirty years, and its consequent river pollution from sewerage and other causes, have driven the fish from their feeding grounds, and, at the same time, driven the old-time anglers from their customary haunts. Some few, however, may be seen during the season, hoping against hope, and refusing to leave for "fairer fields and pastures new," preferring to spend the remainder of their fishing days in those spots that have a warm place in their hearts, although their glory may have long since departed.

It is needless for me to enumerate in detail the fishing grounds to which I refer, as every old fisherman can recall them, and in doing so will sadly mourn over their changed condition. The younger members who have joined the craft in these latter days can never appreciate fully the old angler's sorrow, because they have never been partners of his early joys.

It is not my purpose to dwell so much on the fishing of the past (much as I may regret its loss) as on the fishing of the present and the future. The magnificent fishing of the past in and around New York is dead and buried, and we cannot resurrect it, but we can look to the present and the future and see to it that the fishing grounds still left to the salt-water angler shall be kept free from the pollution of monopolistic enterprises on the one hand, and utter destruction, by the unrestricted use of the various kinds of nets and exterminators resorted to by the market fisherman, on the other hand.

Most of us are well aware what a magnificent feeding ground for all kinds of salt-water fish we have in Jamaica Bay. We know what it has been in the past and we know what is its condition today. Who shall say what its possibilities are for the future?

The water of Jamaica Bay is uncommonly pure and free from those sources of contamination to which salt-water bays, in the vicinity of a great city, are subject. Why not keep it so?

Many of the large fresh-water lakes are reserved exclusively for the rod and line fishermen, all netting being prohibited under severe penalties and all the sources of pollution suppressed or divided. Why is this done? That the angler may enjoy his sport without let or hindrance. Not on account of the sport alone—for that would be but a sentimental way of looking at the question—but for the practical reason that the angler, in pursuit of his favorite recreation, distributes a hundred times as much money among the inhabitants of the surrounding country as the fish

would be worth were they caught and marketed. It is to the interest of the angler to improve and increase the fishing by protecting the fish, while the market fishermen, unless subject to stringent laws—which he will break unless sharply watched—destroys the fishing utterly in a few years.

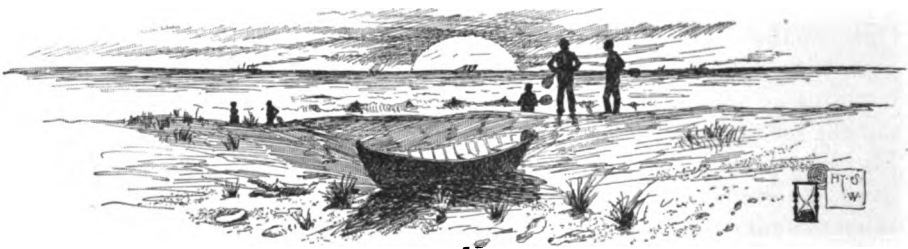
Protection is what the salt-water anglers need; let us see that we get it.

Have we not, as salt-water anglers (and our name is legion), the power to so shape the course of legislation that the grand fishing waters of Jamaica Bay be kept entirely free, from mouth to head, of the net of the market fisherman and the deadly influence of chemical factories, etc., etc., and reserved exclusively for the rod and line fisherman? Think of it! What fishing we would have in a few years! Room for all, and no crowding; fish for all, fish for all, and no grumbling. Think of the money the proprietors of the various fishing stations would rake in!

Here is a brilliant chance for our lately organized Protection League to cover itself with glory, and to erect a monument more enduring than brass.

Every salt-water angler should join it. Here is an opportunity for the Long Island Railroad and the various transportation companies to increase their passenger traffic a hundred-fold, by backing the local league, and, finally, think of the gold mine this new order of things would be to the hotel men in finding board and lodging, boats, bait, and the various accessories necessary to the comfort and convenience of the vast multitude of hungry and thirsty anglers who are sure to follow the fish wherever they may go.

Let every salt-water angler who has wet a line in Jamaica Bay give his earnest thought to this matter, talk of it on every occasion, impress it on the minds of the landlords at the various fishing stations where they "put up," communicate their ideas to *THE AMERICAN ANGLER* and get its valuable assistance, and, no matter how good the fishing may have been in the past, or how ordinary it is to-day, the glory of that of the future will far outshine them both, and those that come after us will lift up their voices and bless us and drink libations of cold tea to our memories.



ORIGIN OF FISHING AS A PASTIME.

BY GEO. P. GOFF, A. M.



THAT good old hater, Samuel Johnson, in order to express his utter contempt for fishing and the angling fraternity, defined the sport

as "A rod, with a hook and line at one end and a fool at the other."

Lacepede has also recorded a similar opinion, but in other words.

He says :

"La ligne est un instrument où il y a une bête a chaque bout."

These writers are both, however, in the minority, for the delights of this keen sport are as old as sin, and the earliest piscatorial enterprises were doubtless undertaken as soon as primitive man had revealed to him the penalty, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread." The denizens at and near the seacoast, or in the vicinity of rivers and lakes, were early taught by want to contribute to their daily needs by a means so ready and so pleasant. Living near the peopled waters they could not fail to observe that this element was teeming with living animals which were intended by some unseen power as a plentiful, wholesome food. The demands of life stimulated them to the invention of ingenious instruments and modes for the capture of these occupants of the swarming waters, and which enabled them to overcome that strong instinct of self-preservation so powerfully implanted in all of God's creatures. They saw with delight all about them a food so abundant as to be had for the mere effort of taking.

"The sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales

Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid-sea ; part single, or with mate,
Graze the sea-weed, their pasture, and through
groves

Of coral stray ; or, sporting with quick glance,
Show to the sun their waved coats, dropt with
gold."

In the beginning man was made after the image of his Maker, and was given dominion over the fish of the sea, the fowls of the air, the cattle of the fields, and over every creeping thing.

When Adam had entered into the enjoyment of all that had been created for him, he felt that there was something unfulfilled. As he wandered listlessly, alone, over the vast domain which he had inherited, he was impressed with the solemn and mysterious stillness that surrounded him. He listened for a sound akin to his own tongue, but heard none, save the sweet and melodious notes of the birds resounding through the leafy solitude, the murmur of the rippling brooks, and the flow of the swift-running streams, for

"Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy
hill

Passed underneath engulfed ; for God had
thrown

That mountain as his garden mould, high
raised

Upon the rapid current which, through veins
Of porous earth with thirst updrawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Watered the garden."

Adam was a bachelor, and was lonely. A deep sleep came over him, and when the spell had passed off, when that creation which was necessary to supply the means of populating the world was completed, and he regained consciousness, he rubbed his eyes in amazement, for he saw standing before him the lovely

vision, Eve, "bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh," formed for a companion, for "better or for worse," given to him in order that she might share his sorrows, add to the sweet cares of his life, and assist him to spend his income.

Then came the temptation and the fall. The evil one took to angling and, with malice prepense, rigged up the first fishing tackle that we know of, and went diligently to work.

"When Eve and Adam lived in peace,
Sans either brawls or jangling,
The serpent from his brimstone den
Thought he would go an-angling.
He baited his hook with fiendish look ;
Says he : ' This will entangle her '—
And so, my friends, you all may see,
The devil was the first angler."

His Satanic Majesty, with all the skill and adroitness of the modern angler, employed the most enticing, the most killing bait ; he cunningly concealed the treacherous barb with

"Fruit like that
Which grew in Paradise—the bait of Eve
Used by the tempter."

After the wedding in the Garden of Eden, with the peculiar ceremony of which we are so familiar, the bride and bridegroom partook generously and joyously of the bountiful repast so maliciously set out by the enterprising serpent. The bride, in the plenitude of her heaven-born wisdom, discovered that she needed a new dress, and, with the characteristic economy of a young wife, became her own dressmaker, designing and constructing the garment of fig leaves, so tasty, so simple, so inexpensive and so brief.

Then, being so equipped, shorn of her nakedness, she set about arranging the domestic concerns of the family and putting the lately acquired household in order. Coming to the culinary department, she observed that provender was much needed, and she sent Adam

out in search of that vital requisite without which no house can prosper, no "two hearts beat as one," and of which the urgent need will force "two souls, with but a single thought," into a divorce court by separate routes.

Being an obedient, as well as a contemplative man, the new and willing husband hastened to obey. He fashioned hooks from the spines of the fir tree, hardened them by a secret process, wove a line from the flowing mane of the roving lion, went fishing, and man became an angler by transmission of traits.

The practice of fishing for pastime, pleasure or subsistence, commenced at a time to which the memory of man runneth not back. It has been the theme of the poet and the historian, the ideal of the artist and sculptor, and many paintings, bas-reliefs and quaint carvings of the ancients are yet extant to prove the interest felt in this subject. It has been as well the panacea for the wounded spirit and broken fortune, as the favorite recreation of the rich, the thoughtful and the powerful. It has been the solace of the wearied merchant, who, while calmly watching the idly bobbing cork or repairing broken tackle, has formed new plans of business to outstrip his rivals and carry him triumphantly to fortune ; of the tired statesman as he whiles away the hours in a blissful dream, free from interruption, in some favored haunt, drawing finer the thread of diplomatic science, and conjuring up new schemes of statecraft for the discomfiture of the enemies of his country ; of the soldier, turned aside from scenes of slaughter, blood and conquest, swaying in his anchored boat to the gently undulating tide, fighting his battles over again, correcting the mistakes of the last campaign, capturing the inky prey, and drawing its struggling form from out a ring of gently receding ripples ;

of the poet, reveling in rural beauty and solitude, as he weaves around our lives charming and fantastic word-pictures of the common events of life; of the actor, surfeited with his brief hour upon the stage, divested of himself, leaving behind him the mimic world, and deftly dropping the fly, with the skill of a master, with unerring aim, into a shady pool, or lurking recess of the wary trout; of the astute lawyer, retreating from the labor and contention which pervades the altar of the blind goddess to the quiet pleasures of angling, winding the meshes of the law inextricably round his antagonist, and earning for his client a verdict full of costly revenge, and of the guilty truant from school, wandering away from that steep, laborious pass up the hill of knowledge, surmounted by the temple of fame.

All have felt the winning influence of its calm and gentle spirit, its tranquilizing effect over the ills that beset the path of wayward man, its power to "minister to a mind diseased."

The chase was doubtless coeval with fishing, but is of a much ruder form of outlet for the surplus power, and, we might add, the inborn vagabondism of

mankind, than the latter, for angling belongs to those having leisure, to a higher state of being than the boisterous excitement of the mere hunting of game. Lacepede says:

"Il y a cette différence entre la chasse et la pêche, que cette dernière convient aux peuples les plus civilisés."

Fishing is frequently alluded to in the Bible, and four of the disciples were fishermen, Simon, Andrew, James and John. John was the dearly beloved of his Master. The miracle at Capernaum will be remembered, where Jesus said to them:

"Nevertheless, lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea and cast a hook, and take the first that cometh up; and opening its mouth thou shalt find a stater; that take and give unto them for Me and for thee."

"They take up all of them with the angle, they catch them in their net, and gather them in their drag; therefore they rejoice and are glad."

"There dwelt men of Tyre also in Judea, which brought fish and all manner of ware, and sold on the Sabbath unto the children of Judah and in Jerusalem."



BASS FISHING ON THE POTOMAC.

BY THURMAN SCOTT OFFUTT.



PERHAPS in all the well-nigh limitless range of sports by land and water nothing can be named which appeals so forcibly to lovers of outdoor recreation as that most democratic of all sports—fishing. With the advancement of civilization and the settlement of waste places wild game is becoming scarcer, and in many places, owing to indiscriminate slaughter, is disappearing altogether, and its pursuit is fast reaching a point where it will be a diversion to be enjoyed by few, and then only at rare, infrequent intervals. On the contrary, owing to the wise precautions that have been taken by our National Legislature, fishing, as it is to-day, and probably as it will be years hence, does and will compare favorably with the sport as enjoyed years ago, when the rivers and streams flowed through deserted wastes. This is due largely to the efforts of the United States Fish Commission, and where has the result of the work of this Commission been more strikingly apparent than in the propagation of black bass in the Potomac River?

Some thirty or forty years ago the first step towards stocking the river by the Fish Commission was taken, and almost from the beginning success crowned their efforts, until, at the present time, it is very doubtful if, in any of the numberless streams of this broad land, finer sport can be had than bass fishing in the rapids of the Potomac. At the time of the introduction of bass into the Potomac the river teemed with many native fish that have since almost

entirely disappeared, driven out by the game and pugnacious bass. For a brief time the efforts of the Commission were retarded by these fish, as they would either destroy the spawn or devour the young bass fry. In a very short time, however, the natural increase in the numbers of the bass, together with their combativeness and general ability to take care of themselves, if given half a chance, soon created for them a niche in the history of their new watery kingdom, and to-day they are almost the sole possessors of certain portions of the Potomac.

The natural features of the Potomac make it an almost ideal situation for the propagation of bass. Taking its rise from the mountain streams of the Blue Ridge, its waters are for the greater part of the year exquisitely clear and moderately cold. At times, however, at the occurrence of periodical freshets, the river, swollen by mountain streams, extends far beyond its banks. When this occurs, there are many coves and indentations in which the fish can find shelter. The river, from a point known as the Little Falls, a few miles west of Washington, to its source, is an almost continuous series of rapids and cascades. Beyond question the most picturesque and beautiful of these rapids is at the Great Falls of the Potomac, where the river seems to have by sheer force torn a passage for itself through mountainous masses of blue trap and bastard granite, which rise in rugged cliffs sheerly perpendicular on either side of the river. The whole body of the river here rushes through a narrow gorge, descending in a continuous cascade for a distance of half a mile.

It is in the deep eddies and pools below these rapids that the bass may be most successfully sought. They appear to delight to feed in these turbulent and dangerous waters, although they may be found at times—notably in late spring and summer—on the broad, gravelly shoals, and around the grass “mats.” The banks of the river are from early summer to late in the autumn clothed with a dense verdure, almost tropical in its luxuriance, and in the mellow glow of a summer sunset the panorama that unfolds itself to the fisherman on the Upper Potomac is indeed beautiful. The river, stretching broad and silvery, contrasts sharply with the dark green of the verdured banks and the darker green of the giant sycamore, and is dotted here and there with little islets that gleam like emeralds in their panoply of green, while, clearly outlined against the eastern horizon, the tall, white shaft of Washington’s Monument stands like some monster sentinel keeping watch and ward over the nation’s capital.

As elsewhere, the bass in the Potomac are somewhat shy, and success in their capture demands more than a tyro’s skill and patience. Food of all sorts abounds in the river, and attractive indeed must be the bait that will tempt them. For a successful day’s fishing the angler must come provided with many resources; he must not, indeed, scorn even the despised “bait-fishing.”

The habits and tastes of the bass are most capricious, and on one day they will take with avidity a lure that on another day they will pass unheeded. Possibly the best “all-round” bait for all sorts and conditions of “wind and weather” will be found to be the ugly but “tough” and dashing “Mad Tommy”—the young catfish. These little fish are exceedingly tenacious of life

and will rarely die unless mangled by the bass. The most popular bait is unquestionably the ubiquitous little minnow, and they prove moderately effective and are easily obtained. Crayfish, grasshoppers, worms and young toads are all good at times. Of the artificial baits in use, the most universal and effective is the spoon. In summer and early autumn, when even the most tempting bait will be passed unnoticed, the bass can be readily taken with the spoon as the angler glides from rock to rock, shoots the narrow rapids, or gently “hugs” the grass “mats” or shore in one of the flat-bottom boats generally used here.

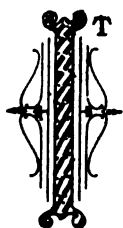
The angler accustomed to fishing in the smooth waters of the lake will find with some surprise that the battle by no means ends when he has succeeded in “hooking” his victim, for the bass, one of the most game and most active of the finny gladiators, will, even in smooth water, make a good fight, but in these rapids he will take advantage of every rock and snag and bit of swift water that presents itself, and if he succeeds in getting the line tangled the chances are that the angler will rue the loss of that particular bass through his carelessness in handling the rod, or, if the bass can get a few inches of “slack,” with a vigorous flirt the hook will be tossed back to its owner, and the bass will be off to seek a less dangerous diversion.

As to the best time for fishing opinions differ, but it is generally conceded that during the middle of the day is the worst possible time. The bass usually feed in the early morning and the evening, and, of course, can the more readily be taken at such times.

The bass “country” of the Potomac begins at the “Little Falls” and extends unbrokenly almost to its source.

AMONG THE TEXAN TARPON.

BY JNO. A. SEA.



T might be said that a man is happily situated when he is equally distant from first-class tarpon and first-class brook trout fishing, but when it becomes necessary to travel a thousand miles to reach either of them a question may arise as to the desirability of the location. So situated, however, being half-way between Aransas Pass and the Nepigon, I do not find my lot an unhappy one. Somehow, and in some way, I have managed to get to both. Just about a year ago three of us—two of them being moved thereto by reports I had made, and having heard my reports before and fully verified them, had confidence in me—determined to capture a few tarpon in the waters of the Gulf.

For our arena and battlefield we chose Aransas Pass. I had been there, as you know, so felt sure of success. A long ride from Kansas City over the "Katy" brings us to San Antonio, where I have found some of the best men on earth, kind, thoughtful, and who make the wandering angler feel that he has gotten home and is among old friends. From San Antonio, over the San Antonio and Aransas Pass road to Rockport, a pleasant sail to Mustang Island, and we are soon located under the kindly care of Mr. and Mrs. Hetfield.

All appears as it did when I fought my first tarpon, under the watchful eye of Brother Harris, who, having brought me down, felt responsible for me, and who had fully determined to throw me overboard if I did not fight that fish fairly and kill him from the boat. I believe I satisfied him, as I escaped the

ducking. We, Judge Gates, Mr. Tichenor and I, are soon ready for the fray. The first afternoon none of us meet the silver king.

The next day the warfare became fast and furious. My friends were old anglers, but new tarpon fishermen, so it may be left to the imagination to picture their enjoyment and excitement. They had fine success in landing their fish, for, mindful of my former experience, I had given them Brother Harris' instruction to me, "Fight them as you would a big bass," and they found it good.

Our stay was short, but I had four, Judge Gates five and Mr. Tichenor six to our respective credits when we started home. The Judge made a complete failure in landing a big seven-foot "Yucatan Traveler,"* for the fish got on one side of the jetty, leaving the Judge on the other. Owing to the difference between them they failed to reach an agreement. Other gentlemen caught more, but none had more fun than we. One of the most novel and interesting sights to me was our late evening fishing. Just before sundown, when the tide began to run out, all the boats would anchor in line, extending westward into the bay, at the end of St. Joseph Island, where the tide turns eastward.

Occasionally a boat would break away to fight a tarpon or a big fish of some kind, but we were waiting for the evening transformation scene at the end of our daily programme.

Looking up the bay, we see the white

*Judge Houston calls these big yellow fellows, who never stop when they are hooked, but immediately start to South America with a good long line, "Yucatan Travelers."

lighthouse stand out in bold relief against the blue sky. The water shines clear and silver-like under the rays of the setting sun. To the south are the boats, the life-saving station, the brown houses and the long, undulating sand-hills of Mustang Island. On the east the long white line of breakers thundered and broke along the coast line, or sent a silver column into the air as they broke over the big rocks of the jetty. The creak of the kitiwink, the hoarse cry of the gulls, cranes and pelicans mingled and blended, broken by an occasional splash and puff as a big porpoise rolled up near us.

Every man in the boat was drinking in the scene and enjoying it as only fishermen and anglers can, but every man was waiting for something to come that sent the blood whirling through the veins and caused the nerves to tingle with excitement.

Suddenly, far up the bay is seen a dark line, running almost from shore to shore, as if a gentle breeze was rippling the surface. As the sun would catch it, there could be seen a silver flash as a fish shot into the air.

The shiners were coming out and the tarpon were feeding on them. Anchors were pulled up and the boats shot forward to meet the coming line.

Soon you are in a scene of wildest excitement. The water ripples and laps as the myriad of shiners shoot through it. At times hundreds are in the air. Many fall in your boat. Before you, behind you, on each side, is a rush and a roar as the great silver kings leap into the air.

A great tarpon shoots up, throwing the spray over you, and falls with a splash that sets your boat rocking, while you wipe the salt water from your face.

Boatmen and anglers all are wild. All thought of danger is gone, and as you feel a big fellow rub the bottom of your boat, shooting out to fall and splash a neighboring angler, you laugh and yell with an abandon that has left all business cares, and the years that perhaps have sprinkled your hair with white, far in the past.

Every man is a boy again and takes a boy's pleasure in the excitement and spice of danger that is around him, for there is a possibility of one of these big fellows dropping *in* the boat instead of alongside, in which case the angler and boatman would probably have to get out and walk.

A cheer, or rather a wild Southern yell, for all of us are Southern or Western men, louder and more sustained, informs us that some one is fast. Boats scatter and let him sail away to battle alone.

The fish soon pass. The water grows quiet. The sun has dropped below the horizon. The dull boom of the surf and the hoarse cry of the sea-birds make their weird music. In the distance is seen the lucky angler, outlined against a golden or ruby sky, fighting the almost spent tarpon, and we, who have not had a strike, or who, having had one, have lost, turn homeward. Gathered on the broad porch, we recall the many happenings and incidents and laugh at the many narrow escapes we have had from a ducking. I, as the days grow warmer, begin to turn my eyes lovingly to the Pass and hope that I shall soon float upon its waters and meet those congenial spirits that with me enjoyed these novel methods of tarpon fishing. Aransas Pass! No fixed ways have you for us to fight the lordly silver king, but every day "hath its infinite variety."

WINTER FISHING IN CHAUTAUQUA LAKE FOR MUSKALLONGE.

BY FRANK W. CHENEY.



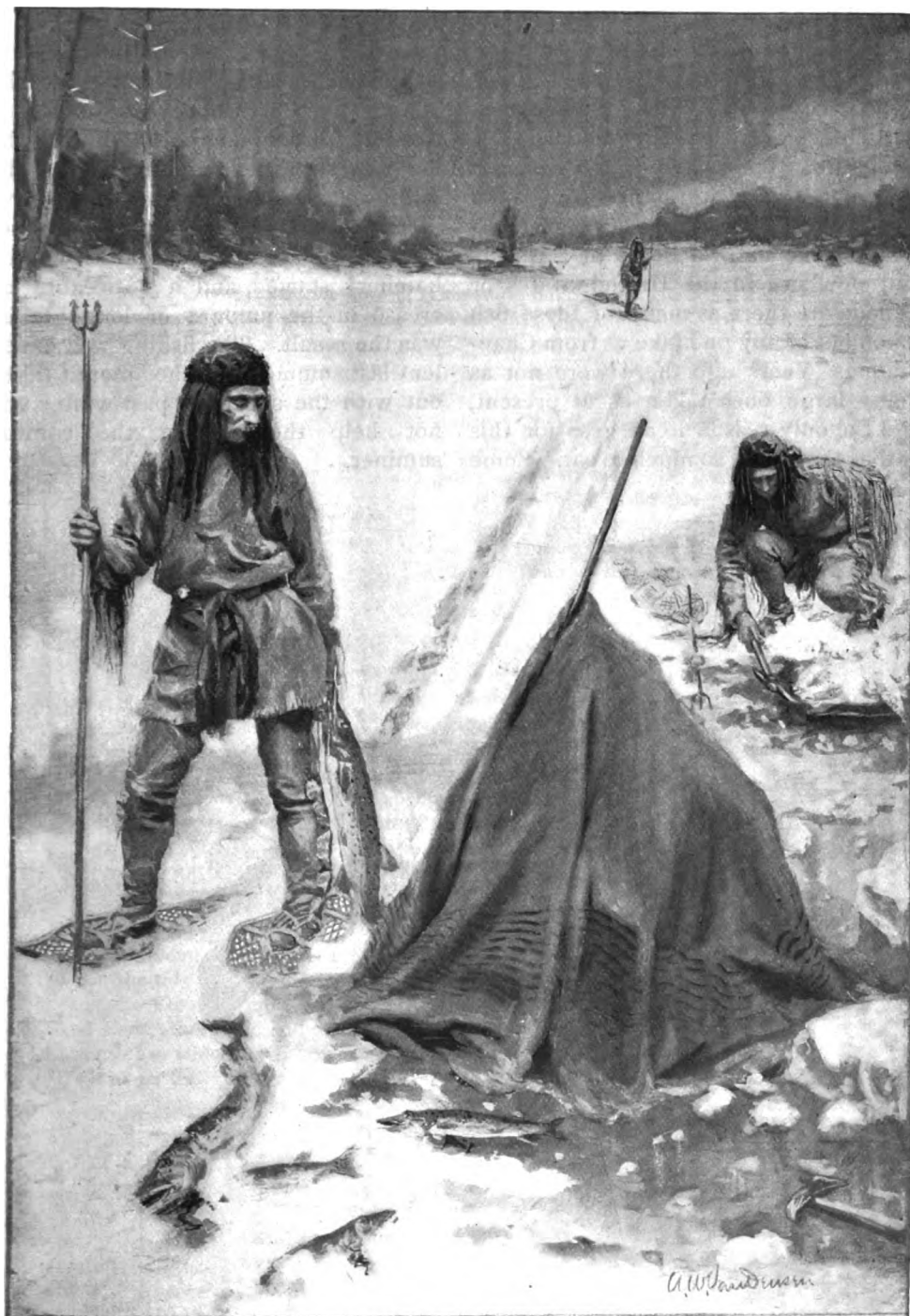
WINTER fishing through the ice on Chautauqua Lake, to anyone but a genuine fisherman, is considered a fascinating pastime. The outfit for taking fish in this way consists of a fish house, a spear, gaff hook and several decoy fish. The fish house is constructed of canvas or light pine boards, and is about four feet square by five feet in height; in one corner is a small sheet-iron stove and a seat runs across one side. There is a hole about two and one-half feet across the bottom of the house, which leaves a narrow margin of floor on which to place your feet. A five or six tined spear with a short handle and a line attached hangs down in the water.

The hole in the ice is a trifle larger than the hole in the bottom of the house, and the decoy fish are made of wood with metal fins and lead in the bottom of it, so that it will sink. They are painted to suit the fancy of the fisherman, and to the uninitiated they swim and look exactly like the fish they are made to represent. A string is attached to the decoy, and by gently pulling up and letting down they sail around like a thing of life. They are played down about six feet below the ice, as the eye of the muskallonge is so placed in its head that it is able to see its prey when it is above them. The muskallonge can see the decoy at a great distance, and they invariably come up from the bottom and stop under the decoy and become an easy victim to the spearman. It is not very often they come in with a rush and seize the decoy; they act suspicious about coming to the

decoy, and seem to come more out of curiosity than hunger.

The house is built perfectly tight and not a ray of light must fall into the water; you can see the "longe" in all his majestic beauty, but he cannot see you. He stops to look at the strange minnow that does not seem to fear him, little suspecting that above there is death and destruction. When the water is clear, then you see the fierce muskallonge in all his glory. Imagine sitting there in one of those little houses for four or five hours, half asleep, but playing your decoy fish, when, without a moment's warning, there suddenly appears in the water below you one of those thirty-five or forty-pound fish. You will quickly wake up, and if you are an old-timer you will take your spear and throw it into the back of his neck, but if you are a beginner you are just as liable to become suddenly paralyzed, and your muscles won't relax until the monster has gone, and then you recollect that you were alive and had a spear, but forgot where you were at.

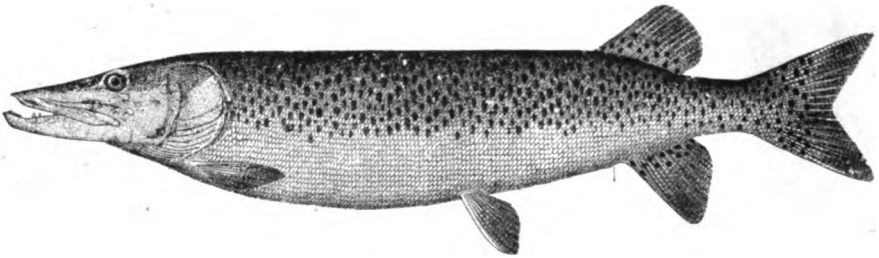
You may think that fish of thirty-five or forty pounds are scarce, but they are not; in Chautauqua Lake, indeed, they are quite numerous. I saw as high as fifty taken out in one day last winter that would weigh thirty to forty pounds each. Chautauqua Lake is eighteen miles long, and there were between six and seven hundred of these fish houses on the ice during all of the ten days that spearing was allowed, and there were between twelve and fifteen tons of "longe" speared last winter. What the effect of this ten days' spearing will have on the fishing the coming summer remains to be seen.



DARK FISH HOUSE.

Chautauqua is one of the most beautiful lakes in the State of New York, and I may safely say the most important; it is the muskallonge hatchery for the State. The water was alive with this game fish when the first white man floated his boat on its bosom and it still remains the natural home of this fish, and nowhere in the United States or Canada are there as many of these fish taken out of any one lake as from Chautauqua. Years ago there were not as many large ones taken as at present, and the only reason I can give for this is that they have so much to eat. Some

twenty-five years ago bullheads were planted in the lake, and so well is the lake adapted to them that they have increased until its waters teem with them, and the longes feed on them, and ever since the bullheads became plenty the longes have increased in size. Again, for a number of years the spear was prohibited and a hatchery started, and a noticeable increase in the amount of longes taken was the result. The fishing was excellent last summer, but the amount taken out with the spear the past winter will not help the angling the coming summer.



COMRADE MINE.

(May be sung to tune of "Baby Mine.")

BY SAM SUM.

There are weakfish in the bay,
Comrade mine;
And 'tis said they're there to stay,
Comrade mine.
They are ravenous as hounds,
So, in spite of fykes and pounds,
We may find them on their "grounds,"
Comrade mine.

They get scarcer every year,
Comrade mine;
But whenever they appear,
Comrade mine,
We slip our business tether,
Get our fishing "traps" together,
Then we diagnose the weather,
Comrade mine.

You and I have had our share,
Comrade mine,
Of the fishing bill-of-fare,
Comrade mine.
There was never any doubt,
If the crabs and shrimp held out,
But we'd get our share of "trout,"
Comrade mine.

A day will come, I know,
Comrade mine,
When the tide will ebb and flow,
Comrade mine,
And some other hand will guide
The craft in which we ride;
We'll be on the "other side,"
Comrade mine.

Still, as long as water's wet,
Comrade mine,
And an outing we can get,
Comrade mine,
You and I will make a date,
And we'll cast our "shedder" bait
Where the weakfish congregate,
Comrade mine.



NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading, queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology, and Fish Culture will be answered.]

Rudyard Kipling an Angler.

Some years ago Kipling had an interesting tale in *The Fishing Gazette* of London, with the unique title, "On Dry Cow Fishing as a Fine Art." He tells it well :

The minnow and I and a rod went down to a brook to attend to a small jack who lived between two clumps of flags in the most cramped swim that he could select. As a proof that my intentions were strictly honorable, I may mention that I was using a light split-cane rod—very dangerous if the line runs through weeds, but very satisfactory in clean water, inasmuch as it keeps a steady strain on the fish and prevents him from taking liberties. I had an old score against the jack. He owed me two live baits already, and I had reason to suspect him of coming up stream and interfering with a little bleak pool under a horse bridge which lay entirely beyond his sphere of legitimate influence. Observe, therefore, that my tackle and my motives pointed clearly to jack, and jack alone, though I knew that there were monstrous big perch in the brook.

The minnow was thrown as a fly several times, and, owing to my peculiar, and hitherto unpublished, methods of fly throwing, nearly six pennyworth of the triangles came off, either in my coat collar, or my thumb, or the back of my hand. Fly fishing is a very gory amusement.

The jack was not interested in the minnow, but toward twilight a boy opened a gate of the field and let in some twenty or thirty cows and half a dozen cart horses, and they were all very much interested. The horses galloped up and down the field and shook the banks, but the cows walked solidly and breathed heavily, as people breathe who appreciate the fine arts.

By this time I had given up all hope of catching my jack fairly, but I wanted the live bait and bleak account settled before I went away, even if I tore up the bottom of the brook. Just before I had quite made up my mind to borrow a tin of chloride of lime from the farm house—another triangle had fixed itself in my fingers—I made a cast which, for pure skill, exact judgment of distance and perfect coincidence of hand and eye and brain, would have taken every prize at a bait-casting tournament. That was the first half of the cast. The second was postponed because the quill minnow would not return to its proper place, which was under the lobe of my left ear. It had done thus before, and I supposed it was

in collision with a grass tuft, till I turned round and saw a large, red and white, bald-faced cow trying to rub what would be withers in a horse with her nose. She looked at me reproachfully, and her look said as plainly as words : "The season is too far advanced for gad-flies. What is this strange disease?"

I replied : "Madame, I must apologize for an unwarrantable liberty on the part of my minnow, but, if you will have the goodness to keep still until I can reel in, we will adjust this little difficulty."

I reeled in very swiftly and cautiously, but she would not wait. She put her tail in the air and ran away. It was a purely involuntary motion on my part : I struck. Other anglers may contradict me, but I firmly believe that, if a man had foul-hooked his best friend through the nose and that friend ran, the man would strike by instinct. I struck, therefore, and the reel began to sing just as merrily as though I had caught my jack, but, had it been a jack, the minnow would have come away. I told the tackle maker this much afterward, and he laughed and made allusions to the guarantee about holding a horse.

Because it was a fat, innocent she cow that had done me no harm, the minnow held—held like an anchor fluke in coral moorings—and I was forced to dance up and down an interminable field very largely used by cattle. It was like salmon fishing in a nightmare. I took gigantic strides, and every stride found me up to my knees in marsh. But the cow seemed to skate along the squashy green by the brook, to skim over the miry back waters, and to float like a mist through the patches of rush that squirted black filth over my face. Sometimes we whirled through a mob of her friends—there were no friends to help me—and they looked scandalized ; and sometimes a young and frivolous cart horse would join in the chase for a few miles, and kick solid pieces of mud into my eyes ; and, through all the mud, the milky smell of kine, the rush and the smother, I was aware of my own voice crying : "Pussy, pussy, pussy ! Pretty pussy ! Come along then, puss-cat !" You see it is so hard to speak to a cow properly, and she would not listen—no, she would not listen.

Finally the cow "began to buck-jump, to stand on her head and her tail alternately, to leap into the sky, all four feet together, and to dance on her hind legs." Finally "she buck-jumped," and away went the cow, and the unique angling experience.

Notes on Trout Fishing.

Jake Walley kept a fisherman's headquarters on Trout Creek, about twenty miles above Deposit, N. Y. Trout Creek empties into a branch of the Delaware River at Cameronsville, and it was for years the best place to go for trout, for you always could get them. Jake told me when I was there that he had been having lots of fun with different anglers who came there, in telling them of a very large trout that made its home in a big pool within twenty rods of his house, and a great many hours had been spent by different fishermen in trying to get the trout, without success.

Henry Bergh came there and stopped with Jake; he was the man that started the raid upon cruelty to animals. Jake thought to have some fun with him about the big trout, and told him the location of Mr. Trout. Bergh said, "I will get him in the morning." He got up at 4 o'clock A. M. and went down to the place, saw the trout, baited his hook with a lively grasshopper and threw in, but the trout paid no attention. He tried for some time with no luck, then laid his pole and line down and began throwing in lively hoppers, and after a while the trout began to go for them; then he put on a fresh hopper, and in a short time the trout took the bait and he pulled out the old fellow and took him up to the house. Jake said: "Well! I have had lots of fun with that old fellow, but now it is ended, and if I had a chromo I would give it to you." Mr. Bergh worked over one hour in getting the big trout, and he was a three-pound fellow. One thing about this story is that it is true.

[Dr. Bergh simply surface-baited or chummed the pool, a practice followed daily in season, both on fresh and salt water. Some years ago an angling friend of ours was bantered by a country landlord to try his skill upon a certain wily old trout. Instead of grasshoppers, our friend lured and caught the big brook beauty with a young field mouse, to the astonishment of the landlord and the admiration of the native "pole" fishermen. This city angler knew a thing or two about catching "educated trout." When after them it was not unusual to see him throw his flies so they would delicately catch on a small branch overhanging a pool. The angler would remain motionless for at least three minutes, and then, with a gentle twist of the wrist, detach the flies from the branch, and they would fall upon the pool as lightly as a live

insect. Again, this friend of ours would often, when fishing down stream, halt at the head of a long but gentle rapid, procure a chip or stout leaf, placing upon it his cast of flies (he used but two), then let the little raft drift with the current. When the chip or leaf reached a likely spot a slight twist of the wrist would bring the flies into the water. He was a successful angler. There will, probably, be nothing new in these practices to old trout fishermen, but it is well to put them on record for the benefit of those whose fishing knowledge and opinions are defined by that growling old Doctor's "string," "worm" and "fool."—ED.]

Mr. Baylis, in *THE ANGLER*, mentions about trout fever. I remember once, when fishing in a stream a few miles from Unadilla, N. Y., I was walking along where the bank was about ten feet above the stream. I looked down in the creek and saw three large trout near together and threw in my baited hook and they paid no attention to it. I made up my mind I would have them any way. I took off my hook and put on a snare made of brass wire and carefully put it down in front of the largest one, and I was in such a tremble I could not hold the pole still. I laid my pole down and took out my pipe and sat down for half an hour, until I got over the trout or "Buck fever," and then went to work, and in a few minutes I had all three of the trout. Mr. Banks, of Bainbridge, N. Y., was with me at the time. I have had that kind of fever a good many times.

[Has it never struck our old friend of the mountains that the peculiar trembling sensations, and accompanying fever which he experienced, were caused by a guilty conscience battling against the practice of snaring trout?—ED.]

To be an expert trout fisherman requires a man to thoroughly know and understand his business, just the same as in any commercial line. Any man engaging in the mercantile or hotel business must know how and what to do to suit his customers, and to know the particular wants and ideas of his patrons. To be a successful fisherman, it is necessary to know the habits of the fish you are after, what they live on, and habits of feeding, and it requires a certain amount of science to get at these facts, as at different seasons they require different kinds of food, and it is quite a study to find it out.

I don't believe much in what is called luck in

any kind of business. I have been called by my friends a lucky man in fishing, but I claim that my success has been owing more to observation and experience than anything else.

In the first place, get the right kind of rod, line and hooks, and then the right kind of bait, and when fishing in the streams keep as much out of sight as possible, and keep so that even your shadow, or even the shadow of your pole, doesn't strike the water; then, again, choose the right kind of day. I claim when the wind is southerly is the best time, especially for trout. My favorite hook is the "Sproat," being more sure of not losing my fish with that make of hook, and I am never in a hurry, but take plenty of time in luring my fish.

All of my fishing has been, as a general rule, with bait. I found, in fishing in the Yellowstone River, when I tried the fly rod, that, as a general thing, I got smaller trout than with bait, so I gave it up and stick to the old cane-pole, line and bait, and my experience so far is that, when fishing in company of expert users of the fly, when we get home I generally have double the weight, but do not exceed them in number of fish caught. I claim it requires science when fishing with bait or fly.

B. P. VAN HORNE.

CHICO, Montana.

The Direful Pyloric Cæca.

The annexed letter explains itself. The effect on the club members, described so graphically by our correspondent, of our brief monograph on "American Trouts," meets with our earnest sympathy and equal regret. Sometimes we personally feel as "The General" did, when we are compelled to use technical language in describing our native fish, but duty must be done, even when the fish won't bite:

MR. EDITOR: I congratulate you—you have struck it at last. In your glorious article on "The Specific Characteristics of *Salmo mykiss Macdonaldi Subsp Noi*" (*sic*), you have touched a chord that will vibrate in every true angler's breast. Its effect must be felt by this time in the office. They tell me that over in Avenue C and on the Bowery men are rushing through the streets without their hats or coats offering three dollars and seventy-five cents apiece for copies containing it. I read it to the club and the results were marvelous. Bradford was the first to succumb. The Max-iliary

extension beyond the eye and hyoid teeth finished him; if he had only lasted as far as the gill rakers he might have been revived. When the Drummer heard that the caudal was moderately emarginate, he went out and banged the door behind him, he was so excited. Fleehunter fell into ecstasies over the poetry in the fourth paragraph.

"Bright golden yellow," he exclaimed—"beautiful! beautiful! 'crimson dash under the lower jaw'—it makes me think of autumn and the setting sun; but stop, Primrose, that's wrong; the 'Sal o' my kiss' has that crimson dash over her lower jaw; I'm quite sure of that, begad."

I begged him not to interrupt me in the most interesting part, and went on while the General sat entranced. When I read about the round, dark, diffuse blotch on cheek behind eye, Fleehunter went out, too. Duffy and he had an altercation on New Year's, and Duffy made him so mad that he went down the cellar right away and chopped wood, and got a round, dark, diffuse blotch on his cheek behind eye. He does not like to have it spoken of. When I finished, the General drew a long breath.

"Exquisite," he said, "with one exception—pyloric cæca forty per cent.; too weak, too weak—ninety-five per cent. for me every time. Tell your friend, the Editor, that with this exception the article is simply superb."

MOSES PRIMROSE.

Why Lobsters Turn Red When Boiled.

We occasionally receive queries as to lobsters turning red when boiled, and anticipate our regular summer mail on this subject by giving an extract from Ree's Encyclopedia:

"The colour of lobsters before boiling is nearly black, but upon closer examination it is found that it appears of a deep purple; the colouring matter in many parts is too thick to admit the passage of light to the shell and back again; where it is thinner it constantly appears like a blue film. This is turned into pale red by boiling. Now this is accounted for thus: the colour is merely superficial; it is spread over the white calcareous earth of which the shell is composed; scraping or filing will entirely remove it; the action of boiling water does this in part. It effects also another change; it alters the capacities and form of the pores of the shell. By the first operation, the rays of light, which were absorbed in the dark colour, became reflected; and by the second, the colouring matter obtains the power of reflecting red rays rather than any other."

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.

This Department of *THE AMERICAN ANGLER* is opened in connection with our "Bureau of Information for Sportsmen," and will be devoted to meeting the needs of the sportsman tourist—where, when and how to spend an enjoyable outing, either for fishing or shooting. If you do not see what you want, ask for it. Your query will be promptly and cheerfully answered.

Planting Fish by Railroad Companies.

One of the most encouraging evidences that the supply of brook trout and other game fishes is increasing each successive year is the practical interest taken by railroad corporations in planting these fish along their respective routes. We know of but three companies who do this every season, but their number will grow as the fact gets to the knowledge of the executive departments that the patronage of the angling tourist is a factor of profits to the enterprising roads. The New York, Ontario and W. and the Erie companies have been doing this for some years, and the Lehigh Valley Route two years ago entered with zeal and intelligence on the same path. If these corporations will not only plant, but *protect* their fish, future fruitful outings of the angler will be assured. We append a letter on this subject from the Passenger Department of the Lehigh Valley Railroad:

NEW YORK, April 19, 1899.

MR. WM. C. HARRIS, Editor *AMERICAN ANGLER*,
239 Fifth avenue, New York.

DEAR SIR—Conforming to your request, I inclose herewith a list showing fish planted in streams and lakes along the line of the Lehigh Valley Railroad by the Fish Commissioners of Pennsylvania and New York States for the past two seasons.

We are very much interested in the preservation and protection of fish in territory through which the Lehigh Valley runs, desiring to keep up the character of this territory as the best sporting grounds for the real sportsmen; and we have received most cordial co-operation and assistance from the State Fish Commission of Pennsylvania, also the State Fish Commission of New York, in the planting of fish.

The Susquehanna River in Pennsylvania, and the Lakes Cayuga, Owasco, Seneca and Oneida in New York State, are well known by fishermen for the excellence of the catch therein.

Yours truly,

CHAS. S. LEE,
General Passenger Agent.

PLANTED IN NEW YORK STATE.

<i>Species of Fish.</i>	<i>Stream.</i>	<i>Location.</i>
Brook trout.	East Owego Creek.	Owego.
Trout fry.	East Owego Creek.	Newark Valley.
Brook trout.	Owego Creek and head waters Dudley Creek.	Richford.
Lake trout.	Owasco Lake.	Cayuga County.
Lake trout.	Owasco Lake.	Cayuga County.
Lake trout.	Owasco Lake.	Cayuga County.
Brook trout.	East branches of Owego Creek.	Berkshire and southern part of Richford.
Native trout.	Owego Creek and tributaries.	Richford.
Trout fry.	Owego Creek.	Caledonia Station.
Trout fry.	Wilson Creek.	Caledonia Station.
Trout fry.	E. Branch Owego Creek.	Caledonia Station.
Trout fry.	Owego Creek and tributaries known as Spring Brook, Michigan and Hartford Creeks.	Caledonia Station.
Trout fry.	West Owego and Owego Creek.	Caledonia Station.
Trout fry.	E. Owego Creek.	Caledonia Station.

PLANTED IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Brook trout.	Pine Ridge Run.	Ricketts.
"	Kelper Run.	Ricketts.
"	Yessen Brook.	Ricketts.
"	Deer Lick Creek.	Ricketts.
"	Lionsville Creek.	White Haven.
"	Mud Run.	Mud Run.
"	Irish Run.	White Haven.
"	Crysa Creek.	White Haven.
"	Wrights.	White Haven.
"	Fourth Run.	White Haven.
"	Little Wysox C'k.	Towanda.
"	Stony Creek and Drake's Creek.	Penn Haven Jct.
"	Meshoppen Creek.	Meshoppen.
"	Sherman Run.	Lopez.
"	Pigeon Creek.	Lopez.
"	Head of Stream.	Satterfield.
"	Red Run.	Wyalusing.
"	Tuscarora Creek.	Skidder's Eddy.
"	Osterhout Creek.	La Grange.

<i>Species of Fish.</i>	<i>Stream.</i>	<i>Location.</i>
Trout.	Stony Brook.	Mehoopany.
"	Scouton Brook.	Forkston.
"	Kasson Brook.	Forkston.
"	Farr Hollow.	Forkston.
"	Susquehanna.	Mehoopany.
"	"	Carney.
"	"	Mehoopany.
Brook Trout.	Santee Creek.	Lopez.
"	Lopez Creek.	"
"	Ellis Creek.	"
"	Cabin Run.	"
"	Rock Run.	"

Kenai Valley, Alaska.

The mouth of Kenai River can be reached *via* steamer from Seattle, Wash., to Cook's Inlet. The valley can be visited *via* the mouth of the river, boats and camp equipage being necessary. The country around Long Lake (the source of Kenai River and distant from its mouth about 135 miles) affords excellent hunting for three varieties of bear, called respectively the "cinnamon," "silver-tip" and "black." Moose, mountain sheep, grouse and "fool-hen" (a species of grouse) also abound, and the fishing is reported by our correspondent as being "superb." The above is in answer to a correspondent who fails to give his name, but our notes will not fall fruitless among the large and increasing number of sportsmen tourists using this department for information.

Trout Fishing in Idaho.

Permit me to call your attention to an error of detail in *THE ANGLER* for April, 1899. In the article "Where Trout can be Caught in Idaho" you mention Beaver Cañon. There is no accommodation whatever in Beaver Cañon, the depot being lately moved down the track three and a half miles, and now the place is called Spencer. There is a good hotel at the latter place, and teams can be hired at cheap rates.

Kilgore, twenty miles from Spencer, affords good fishing and shooting. Sheridan, thirty-two miles, also yields good fishing and fine shooting. At Shot Gun there is extra good fishing, trout there running as high as seven pounds. North Fork, Snake River, thirty-five miles from Spencer, is the most beautiful stream in Idaho; it is pure spring water, free from brush, no mud, and no hard banks to climb, and can be forded in quite a number of places. Last season the fishing was very good, and reports from there are all good.

I have just received the following letter from Mr. Rea, of Rea, Idaho:

"Come and visit me and bring your fishing tackle for trolling and rod-fishing. I will guarantee you a good time."

I heard from there on Monday, and the fishing is extraordinarily good, notwithstanding there is four feet of snow on the ground. If any parties wish more information I will be pleased to furnish it to them.

THOS. TINTON.

KILGORE, Idaho, April 11, 1899.

Hudson Bay and Strait.

The salmon swarm in all the waters emptying into the Strait. Sea trout are even more plentiful, and are of very large size, the maximum being about ten pounds. In the Koksak and George rivers salmon are also extremely abundant, particularly in the Copper Mine, Bacle's and Great Fish rivers.

Vancouver, B. C.

The fishing so far this season in the Province has been generally poor. So much snow water coming into the rivers has prevented the fish from running up, the water being too cold. Our fishing season, however, is not in full swing until the beginning of May.

HARRY BURGESS.

Lake St. John and the Saguenay.

One of the most romantic round trips ever planned for a summer outing consists of a triangular trail from Quebec to Lake St. John by a railway that crosses the Canadian Adirondacks for 190 miles; from Lake St. John to Chicoutimi, at the head of navigation on the Saguenay, by the last completed link of this railway, and back to Quebec by steamer through the deep rift cleft in the massive mountains of the Saguenay by the dark, majestic river of the same name on its way to the sea. From the mouth of the Saguenay, at Tadousac, the steamer's route to Quebec in its ascent of the noble St. Lawrence lies past the fashionable Canadian watering-places of Cacouna, Rivier du Loup and Murray Bay, the miracle-working shrine of La Bonne Ste. Anne and the lovely Isle of Orleans, the most magnificent view obtainable of rock-crowned Quebec being that to be had from the deck of the approaching steamer. What ideal camping sites for the artist, the angler or the hunter! This Lake St. John is the source of the Saguenay and the home of the famous ouananiche or fresh-water salmon, the greatest game fish in existence. The anglers loudest in its praise are those who have crossed the Atlantic or come from the Southern States to give it fight in the rapid waters of the great lake's discharge, or in its tributaries, some of which are over a mile wide at their mouths and hundreds of miles in length.

Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

A number of my friends and myself are going to spend our vacation at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, and would like to know what kind of fish and fishing we may find there? Also, what tackle would we need?

ALBERT HALLWORTH.

You will find excellent fishing, according to our reports, at Yarmouth for codfish at the mouth of Tusket River, distant about three miles from the town. Steam tugs can be hired at \$10 per day, and they will comfortably accommodate fifteen to twenty persons. The fish are large and abundant. If you desire, which no doubt you do, to get among the salmon and trout, we suggest that you run up from Yarmouth to Hebron, Deerfield or Carlton, and fish Tusket River and Lake, where you will find excellent sport for salmon and trout. These points are from five to thirty miles from Yarmouth by rail, or you can hire canoes and camp equipage at the latter place and reach the river and lake. The distance is about twenty miles. Between Yarmouth and Digby (about sixty-five miles) you will find a number of points along the line of the railroad where fair accommodations at low charges can be had, and excellent fishing for both salt and fresh water fishes. The hotel rates at Yarmouth are \$1.50 to \$2 per day, but good private board can be had as low as \$4 per week. The best season is from June to August inclusive, and the guides charge \$1.50 per day, including use of canoes. You should take with you the ordinary trout tackle and standard flies, tied on Nos. 10 and 12 hooks. A salmon outfit will doubtless be useful, for if you hunt for these fish you will find them, particularly in June and July. There is excellent salt-water fishing at many places between Yarmouth and Digby, and if you care to indulge in it, the usual striped bass bait, rod and water tackle will be necessary.

Within 100 Miles of Baltimore, Md.

I would like to spend about two weeks trout fishing in Frederick Co., or some place not more than 100 miles from Baltimore. Would you kindly inform me of some place where I could obtain good sport?

W. S. G.

You will find it difficult to get trout fishing of good quality within 100 miles of Baltimore, Md. The only report we have of that character, and we cannot vouch for it, is from Mechanicstown (about 60 miles), which states: "Fishing Creek is within one mile of this place and contains trout principally; usual baits; the early spring is best season for them; hotels charge \$1.50 per day and guides can be had." We have excellent reports from Oakland (246 miles), Mountain Park Lake (244 miles), and from Deer Park (240 miles).

Shooting and Fishing in Arizona.

Arizona is the home of large game. At least one-half of the State is an arid desert, but in the northern and northwestern sections it is well watered and among the hills and mountains large game find food and shelter. In the tributaries of the Colorado River there is found a large number of trout known as Colorado trout, a varietal form of the cutthroat trout, *Salmo clarkii*. It is this trout that is referred to in our detail reports, which we append. It grows to a large size, has considerable game qualities and is an excellent fish for the table.

At Bellemont, deer, antelope, bear and wild turkey will be found in the adjacent country, the two first-named most numerous. Hunting good.

Around Congress Junction there is fair shooting for quail and jack-rabbits.

Deer, antelope and jack-rabbits are reported as being numerous, with a few mountain lions, at Fairview.

Near Jerome will be found Peck's Lake, where ducks and quail are numerous. In Oak Creek, twenty-five miles from Jerome, there is good fishing for trout from June to August. October to April are the best months for shooting.

There is fair shooting for quail, ducks and rabbits (jack and cottontails), at Peoria.

No fishing can be found at Williams, but fair hunting for antelope, deer, bear, within twenty-five miles of station. The shooting for quail, rabbits and wild turkey is reported excellent.

In addition to the above-named localities, we select the following as affording good hunting facilities: Flagstaff, deer, antelope and turkey, and excellent trout fishing; Kingman, quail, deer and turkey, with some antelope; Reach Springs, quail, deer, bear, antelope and rabbits and a few mountain lions; Winslow, antelope, deer, turkey, ducks and good trout fishing; Gila Bend quail, ducks and geese; Texas Hill, deer, antelope and small game; Tucson, ducks, quail and snipe; Wilcox, deer, antelope, bear, quail and turkey, and at Yuma, ducks, geese, plover and hare.

At all the above localities the charges for board at hotels average about \$2 per day, and for guides \$1. The livery varies from \$2 to \$10 per day, according to team desired, and the drivers are generally good guides. The country is mostly Government land, wild, unsettled and open to all.

Shooting and Fishing in Alaska.

But little is known in detail of the fishing and shooting localities in Alaska, although the entire Territory abounds with both game and fish. Immense numbers of salmon, trout, cod, halibut, eulachon or candle fish, and other salt-water fishes are caught near the shores. Mountain sheep and goats, bear of three varieties, elk, wolves, foxes and the smaller fur-bearing animals are in great numbers. The tributaries of the Yukon River abound in grayling, and trout are abundant in all the streams of the interior. This river rises in the British Possessions and runs through nearly the entire Territory in a northerly direction. In addition to the grayling, which is the typical fish known as Back's grayling, the cutthroat trout or black-spotted trout (*Salmo clarkii*) is very abundant. It descends to salt water and grows to a very large size. The rainbow is also found, and the lake trout or togue has been discovered in the waters of Alaska, but is said never to visit salt water. Kanai Valley, where the Kanai River rises, is probably as fine a hunting and fishing district as exists in the Territory, or anywhere on the continent. It is reached *via* steamer to Cook's Inlet, and then by rowboat to Long Lake, a distance of 135 miles from the mouth of the river. The near-by streams from any stopping point on the steamship routes give abundant sport for visiting anglers and fruitful results to the field sportsmen, both of whom, when visiting Alaska, are advised to apply for routes (from San Francisco or more northern points) at the offices of the Western trunk lines located in the large cities of the East or West. The sportsman tourist cannot, however, fail to find excellent sport wherever he may be in the Territory.

Casting Records at Baltimore.

The records made at the tournament of the Maryland Sportsmen's Exposition, at Baltimore, April 19th and 20th, were as follows:

Fly-casting, fixed distance and accuracy: W. C. Goddard, 90 per cent.; Thos. Whistler, 85; H. J. Talbot, 83 2-3; C. N. King, 75 2-3. Accuracy, bait-casting: Jos H. Hunter, 68 3/4 ft.; Thos. Whistler, 65 1/2; H. J. Talbot, 40; W. C. Goddard, w. Dry fly-casting for delicacy and accuracy: W. E. Goddard, 93 per cent.; Thos Whistler, 92 1/2; W. J. Talbot, 92; W. C. King, 86 2-3. Bait-casting for distance and accuracy: A. F. Dresel, 72 ft. 9 in., score 97 per cent.; Jos. H. Hunter, 64 ft. 8 in., average score, 94. Ac-

curacy: W. E. Goddard, 93 3/4 per cent.; Thos. Whistler, 148 ft. 10 in., average, 168 ft., maximum; Hunter, 64 ft. average, 162 longest. Long-distance fly-casting: Goddard, 90 ft.; Dresel, 69; Whistler, 67.

The Sportsman's Bureau of Information.

This Bureau has been established to furnish detailed information, without charge, to sportsmen, as to the fishing and shooting localities in North America, including cost of transportation, hotel rates, names of guides and their charges, and if field dogs are furnished by them; cost of boats, livery and bait; where shooting and fishing are free or restricted; in fact, everything that is needed to make an outing successful and economical.

Descriptive books, folders, time tables, in fact, every kind of literature issued by transportation companies, can be had on application, free of charge.

Tickets over all transportation lines can be furnished by the Bureau; baggage will be checked from residence and sleeping berths secured.

The Bureau has now a number of the principal trunk lines of the country in full sympathy with and giving substantial aid in the conduct of its business, which is to serve primarily the interests of American sportsmen. We will be pleased to see or hear from you. Address or call at 239 Fifth avenue, New York.

Instructive Literature Gratis.

Application by mail or a personal call at the office of the "Bureau of Information for Sportsmen," 239 Fifth avenue, New York, will secure, free of charge to sportsmen, a copy of any of the publications named below. They give valuable information to the sportsman tourist. Send stamps if wished by mail; a two-cent stamp for each pamphlet.

Fishing on the Picturesque Erie, issued by the Erie Railroad.

Rural Summer Homes, issued by the Erie Railroad.

Summer Homes, issued by the N. Y., Ont. and W. Railway.

Shasta and the Crag, issued by the Southern Pacific Railway.

The Battle of Castle Crag; Vamos a Mexico; Hotel Del Monte; A California Fairy; Semi-Tropic California; Indio; issued by the Southern Pacific Railway.

Sportman at Del Monte, issued by Southern Pacific Co. Vamos a Mexico, issued by Southern Pacific Co.

The Land of Evangeline, issued by the Dominion Atlantic Railway.

Gateways of Tourist Travel, issued by the Grand Trunk Railway.

Wonderland, issued by the Northern Pacific Railway.

Hunting and Fishing in the South, issued by the Southern Railway Co.

Hunting and Fishing, issued by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway.

Colorado, issued by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway.

Gold Fields of Colorado, issued by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway.

Rhymes and Rockies, issued by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway.

Quebec and Lake St. John, issued by the Quebec and St. John Railway.

Conneaut Lake, issued by the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad.

A Colorado Summer, issued by the Santa Fé Route.

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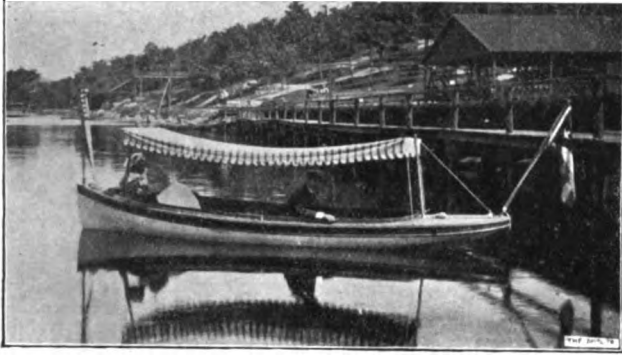
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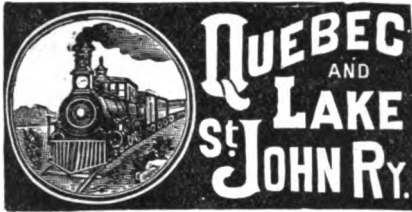
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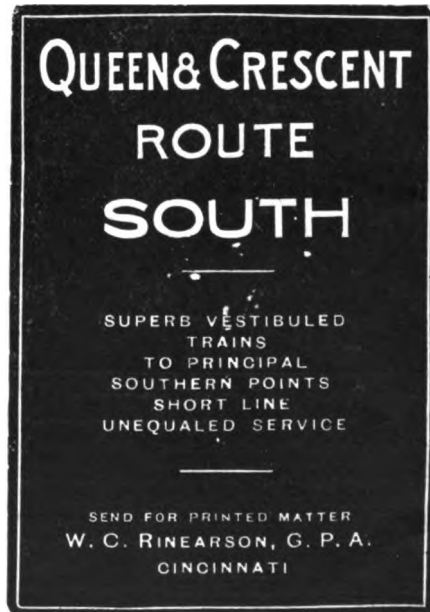
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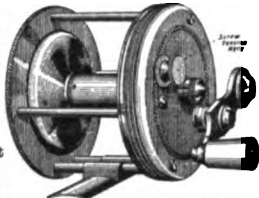
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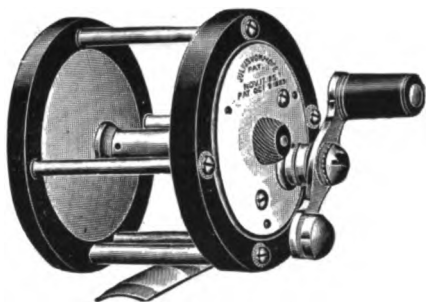
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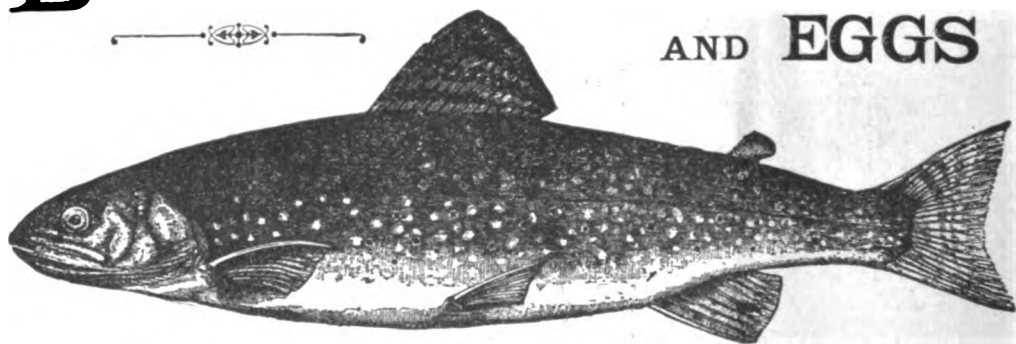
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AMERICAN ANGLER

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Pacific Coast Fishing

A Tussle With a Mascalonge

A Reminiscence of Big Lake, Minn.



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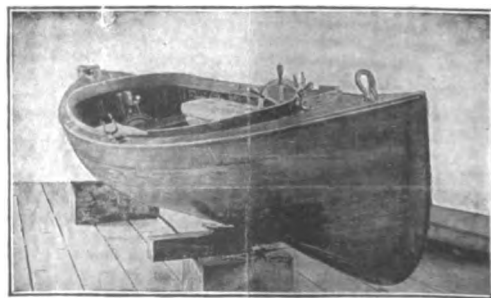
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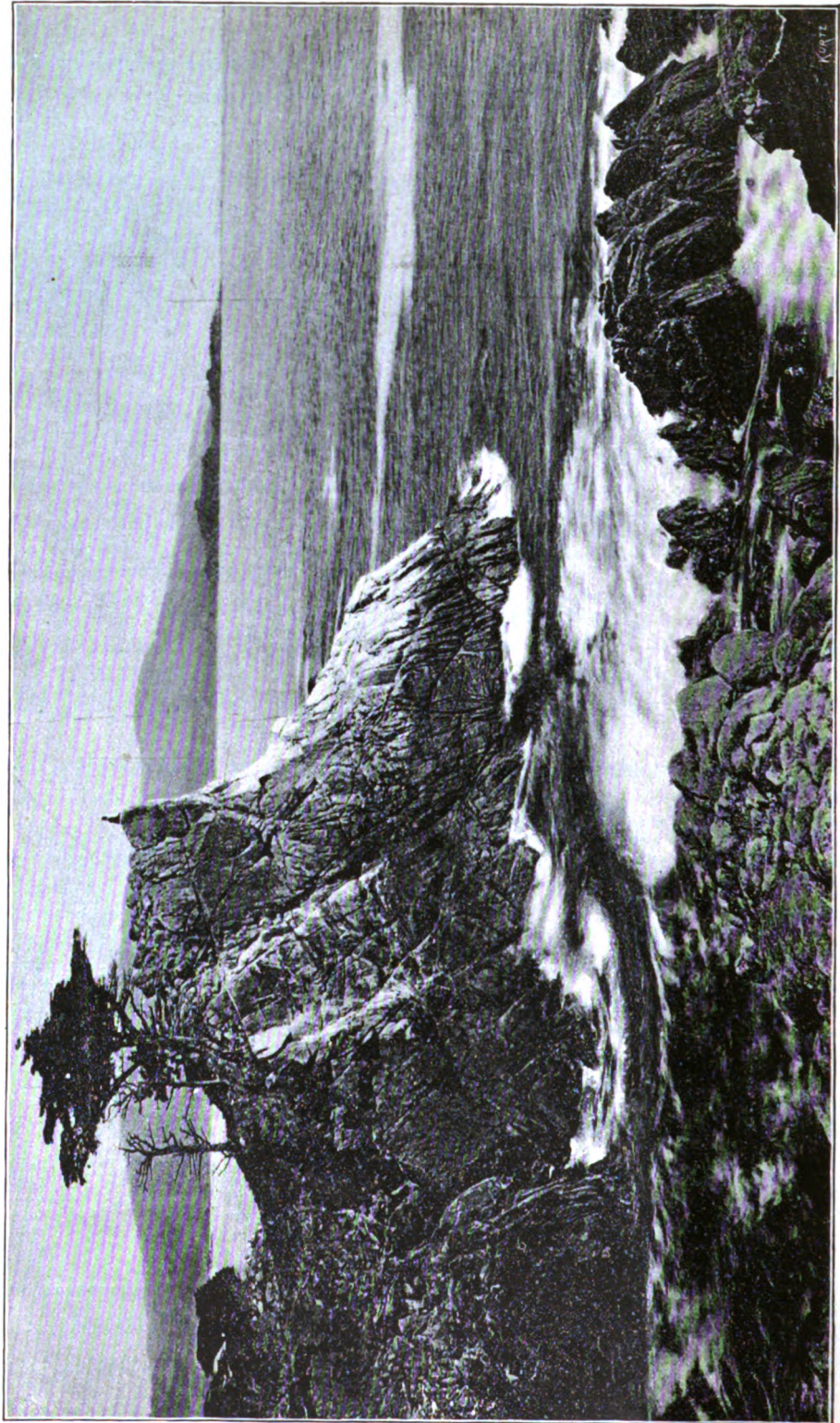


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A BIT OF CALIFORNIA COAST.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

VOL. 29.

AUGUST, 1899.

No. 8.

PACIFIC COAST FISHING.

THE DEEP-SEA FISHING OF SAN DIEGO AND SANTA CATALINA ISLAND—PROGRESS OF STRIPED BASS IN PACIFIC WATERS.

BY THOS. B. MERRY.



It was on the 19th day of February, 1853, that I, then a beardless boy of eighteen, landed in San Diego (what is now called "Old Town," about two miles from here), full of energy and youthful ambition. I sit down here now, a white-haired man of sixty-five, to scratch you off a few lines about our summer fishing on the Southern California coast. You hear people recommending Southern California to invalids for the winter months, but the real truth is that summer is the time to visit either San Diego or Catalina Island.

Forty-six years ago I worked on board of an old coal hulk at anchor at the Playa, and San Diego was a place of about 1,200 people. There was a one-company post at Fort San Diego, under command of Capt. J. Bankhead Magruder, afterwards famous as a Confederate General, and under him was Lieut. George H. Derby, famous in American humorous literature as "John Phoenix." On the peninsula where now stands the beautiful Coronado Hotel was a long, dreary waste of sand, sage brush and silence, where I used to go with Capt. Jacob Bogert, of blessed memory, to shoot quail and cotton-tail rabbits, when we had no ships in port.

Now all is changed. Here is a busy city with all the modern appliances of which electricity is the parent. Instead of the lumbering old *Goliath* that used to make semi-monthly trips between here and San Francisco, there are now semi-weekly trips by elegant iron steamers which have triple-expansion engines and reel off their fifteen knots per hour; and in addition to these there is a line of monthly packets to Yokohama, Shanghai and Hong Kong, each of which carries about 6,000 bales of cotton to the land of the little brown man, in addition to other cargo. This place is reached also by the Atchison Railway system, and the last eighty miles of it is right within sight of the white-lipped breakers that chant their eternal orisons to the great white throne. The man who comes this way from San Francisco by rail finds this ride beside the surf a most agreeable change from the arid and dusty journey through the great San Joaquin valley.

Of course, I would rather catch a dozen trout, of an aggregate weight of six pounds, with a fly at the surface of the water, than to haul in a hundred-pound jewfish after a half-hour's tussle in the salt water, but trout fishing is very poor after you leave Kern River behind you; and if sea-fishing is what

you are after, this is the place to come for it. Here you have the great black sea-bass, sometimes 300 pounds in weight; the voracious jewfish, the slim and savage barracuda, the "Lanky Bob" of the sea; the glittering and pugnacious tuna, fully the equal of his congener in the Mediterranean, and last, but not least, the game and beautiful yellow-tail, that affords a far greater degree of sport than the bluefish of the Atlantic waters.

In October, 1854, the steamship *Yankee Blade*, Capt. Henry Randall, left San Francisco for Panama with 800 passengers and about \$1,500,000 in gold dust on board. Sixty hours later, in a dense fog, through which she had been creeping along at about two-thirds of her speed, she ran on Point Arguello, about sixteen miles north of Santa Barbara. There were some sixty lives lost, but the survivors reached Santa Barbara safely. An expedition was fitted out at San Francisco on the schooner *Dancing Feather*, an old Boston pilot-boat, to wreck the steamer and recover the treasure, and I shipped on her as a deck-hand. Capt. James Fowler was in command. We had only been there at work about four days when on came a heavy southeasterly gale of wind, and we had to seek a harbor of safety, so Captain Fowler stood off shore about ninety miles southwest and then headed in due east for a small harbor on the west side of Catalina Island. And there it was that I had my first encounter with a yellow-tail, a grand-looking fish of sixty-odd pounds, and something that none of us had ever before seen. Captain Fowler was from Nantucket and Mr. Abbott, the mate, was from Hyannis, but neither of them had ever seen anything like this. He had the head and shoulders of a Sacramento River salmon, with the forked tail of the mack-

erel tribe. But we caught dozens of them and christened them "white salmon," for the flesh was in snowy flakes, like that of the striped bass.

Apropos of the striped bass, I would say that magnificent game-fish attains the grandest kind of proportions in these waters. It was in 1879 that the young fry were first turned loose in the Bay of San Francisco, and as long back as 1893 I saw one taken at Monterey that weighed twenty-six pounds when dressed. I can only attribute the marvelous growth of these fish in our waters to the fact that we have no menhaden oil industries here, or anything else of like character. The coast is very rocky for over 700 miles and the rocks are full of slugs, limpets, star-fish, hermit crabs and all the lower orders of marine animal life, thus affording ample food to the bass while he is growing. In the upper portions of San Francisco Bay—what are called San Pablo Bay and Suisun Bay—where the fresh water blends with the ocean tide, the striped bass affords good sport in May, June, October, November and December. He was not so quick about making his way northward as the shad (which attains its greatest perfection in the small rivers emptying into Puget Sound), but he will get there all right, after a while. I got a letter from a friend of mine living at Port Orford, about 675 miles north of here, in which he described having caught an eighteen pounder with tere-dos as bait, and said he believed he could have taken a dozen if he had only been able to get shrimp for bait.

The tuna is the great monarch of these waters, especially in the warm summer days, when the flying-fish are about. Of course, Mr. Doran and Charles F. Holder are the acknowledged chiefs of that branch of sport, and I don't pretend to air my abilities alongside of

them. Here we can either go down to the Atchison Railway wharf or take the ferry and cross over to Coronado, where they have built a pier that has given many a good day's fishing, without entailing the expense of boat hire. The catch for last Thursday was 272 barracuda, 103 groupers, 51 black sea-bass, 54 halibut, 18 yellow-tails and about 300 surf fish and cavallos.

Over on this side of the bay there is a small dock known as Jorres' Wharf, and there you will find every day from ten to thirty disciples of Izaak, the Gentle. On Friday the tide was just right for sport, high water a little after 2 P. M., in consequence of which three fine jewfish were taken from that dock inside of an hour, the successful anglers being George J. Connor, the well-known pool-seller, who got one of 126 pounds; Mr. C. C. Woodmansee, of Indianapolis, one of 151 pounds; and then, to cap the climax, Mr. Dibble, of Osceola, Ia., who has been spending the last six months here, reeled in one that weighed 277, and was nearly sixty inches in length. It was the largest fish I had ever seen taken with a rod and reel, and I expected to see the big brute snap the line every minute, but a forty-eight minutes' play tired him out, and he was brought to gaff and dragged out on the beach, being too heavy to lift into a boat.

As for me, I am, so far, content with hauling in sharks weighing from eight

to twelve pounds and giving them to the almond-eyed gentleman whose "smile is childlike and bland." I use an old Bathebara salmon rod that Fred Devine made for me twelve years ago, and with which I have caught salmon in Oregon and kingfish in New Zealand. It is a sturdy old rod. I brought it home on Friday night, after having caught five sharks, and the tip of it looked like a corkscrew. I hung it up, with the dowel end downwards, that night, and the next morning nobody could have told that it had ever been used. That Bathebara is great material. Here is a sample of the æsthetic conversation on Jorres' Wharf:

"Moses, what a bite I had!"

"Moses? Why, that must hev been a jewfish."

"Git outen my way, Bill Brown; yew doan' give me no room ter sling up when I git a bite."

"Say, Pete, did you git a bite yit?"

"Ya-as, lots of 'em."

"Ya-a-as, yew did—under yer hat."

"Tom, are you thirsty?"

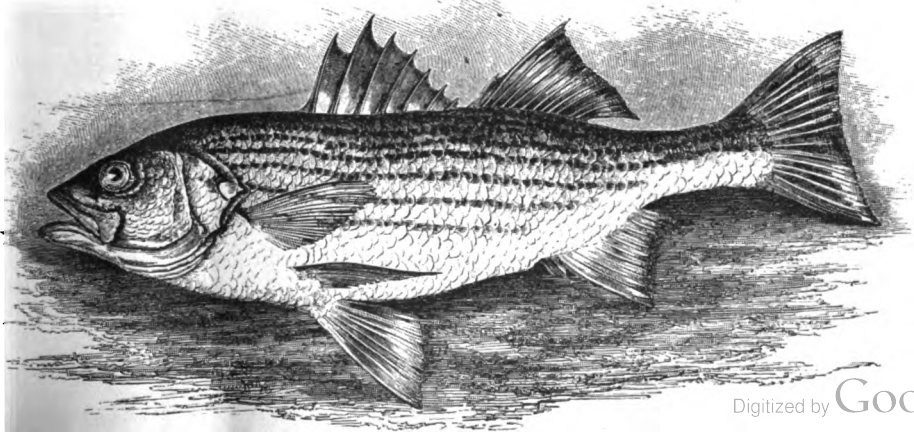
"No."

"Well, I am. Pass around the wh-at yer call it."

"Here's pretty good luck. Thus we cross the Yuba."

"By the piper that played before Moses, I had a bite that weighed a ton!"

"Yes, and you could prove it too, ef old Bill Jones was alive."



A BIG FISH AND A FAT BOY.

BY W. THOMSON.



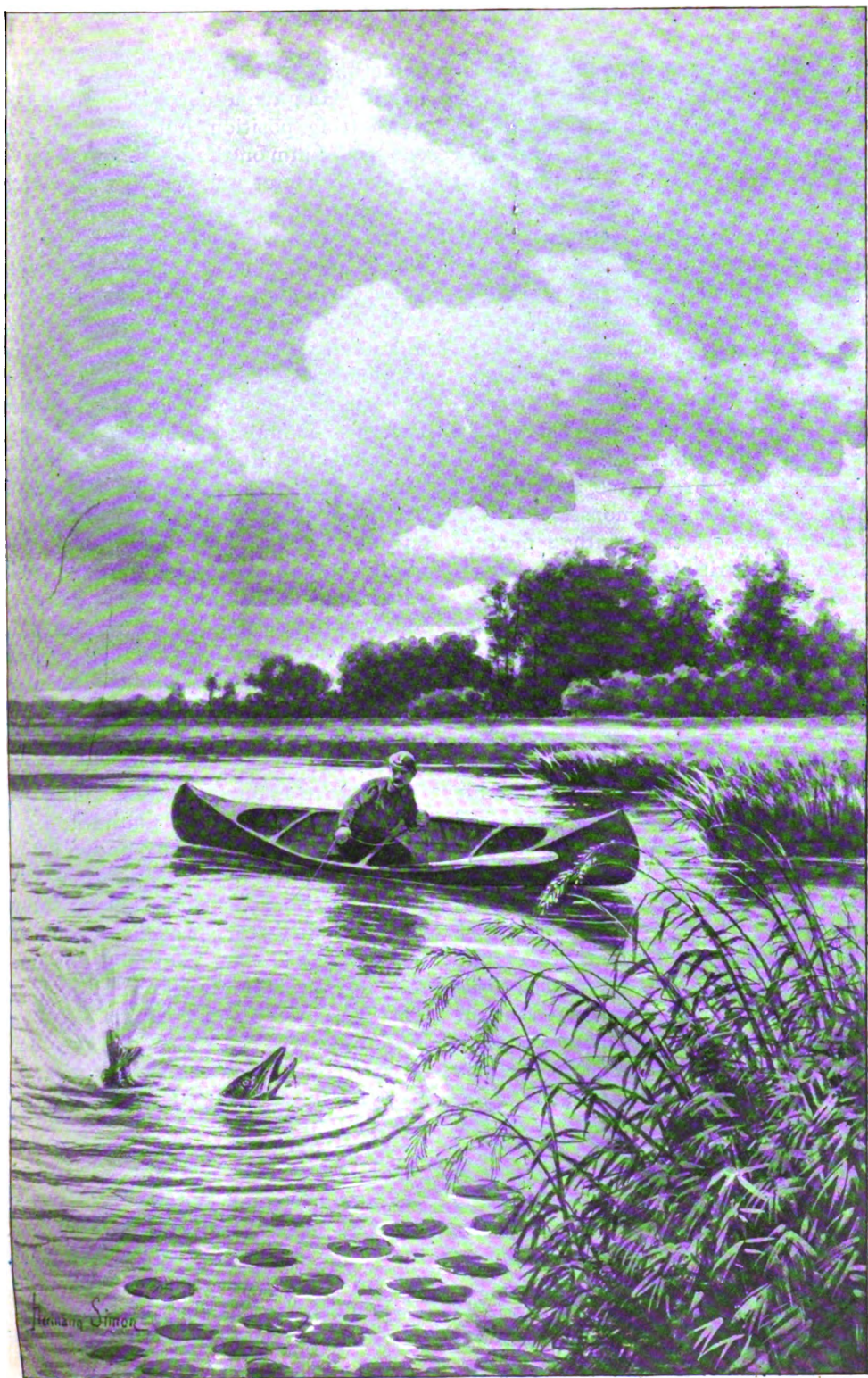
BETWEEN Port Maitland, at the mouth of the Grand River, Ontario, and the great dam at Dunnville, there is a four-mile stretch of deep, still water, which is, or used to be, a great place for mascalonge, pike, bass, sturgeon and pike-perch. One day, long ago, on a fine September afternoon, one of my periodical angling fits came on and struck in so deeply that I was bound to humor it or spoil. Now, being at that time full of life, fun and general deviltry, I didn't want to spoil. I much preferred humoring the complaint, and so I hunted up a young fellow called "Ben," who was my frequent companion in sporting bouts.

Ben was some sixteen years of age, and, oh, thunder, how fat he was! He was the son of the landlord of the principal hotel in the village, and supplied in his own person as valuable an advertisement of the excellence of his father's table as the rotund form of Master Squeers did for the cuisine of Dotheboy's Hall, though a slightly more truthful one. Ben was a good-looking, jolly, rosy and shiny boy, and would rather fish than eat. I can hardly put his angling proclivities in a stronger light than this. There was only one thing he preferred to fishing, and that was sleeping. I verily believe that boy, without half trying, could have gone to sleep while turning a somersault or wheeling a handspring! Next to a good soft bed, the church was his favorite place for calm and enjoyable repose. The "firstly" of a good old-fashioned sermon always sent him

off into a profound sleep, which he piously maintained down to "tenthly," and "in conclusion, my dear brethren," but the "amen" brought him up, all standing, wide awake, cheerful as a cricket and with a glowing sense of a religious duty properly performed.

It perversely happened, on the day referred to, that small boats were scarce, and as we were bound to go trolling on the part of the river named, we were obliged to put up with a big, clumsy, lumbering affair, a sort of young batteau, in which Ben had a half interest. We engaged a stout riverman to row us, and, as the speed was only two miles an hour, he proved equal to the task. This old craft had been used for carrying sturgeon, which were caught early in spring in immense numbers below the great dam, and its ingenious builder, in order to prevent the fish from flopping out too promiscuously, had laid, flatwise, inside of each gunnel, a board nine inches wide, thus partly decking the boat. The reader will see further along in my story that if this board had not been so placed, it (the story) would never have been written.

It was about two o'clock when we got fairly aboard and started on our way down stream. I carried my usual stiff trolling rod, with a hundred yards of braided line and a medium-sized, heart-shaped spoon, revolving around a triangle of stout Limerick hooks, while Ben had a handline nearly as thick as my little finger and a great old-fashioned wabbling spoon, to which was attached a single very large hook. As is usual in a stream like this, when a long rod with the lure running close to



A HARD FIGHT.

the weeds is matched against a hand-line, all the luck fell to the rod, for while I caught two mascalonge of twelve and seventeen pounds, one large pike and four bass on our downward trip, Ben had not the sign of a rise. But, strange to relate, he kept awake all the way down, and was unusually alert as we turned to go up. His faith in the wabblers was quite unshaken, and he prophesied great things for it on the upward trip. Nevertheless, Dame Fortune remained constant to the rod, and I really began to feel ashamed of my luck, as, within half an hour of turning, I took three more mascalonge, one of them being a monster of fully thirty pounds. I then, with a magnanimity and spirit of self-sacrifice which none but an angler can appreciate, offered Ben my rod, although I knew he would break it. But by this time he had become so thoroughly disgusted that he would not take it, saying that he had done enough work for one day, and would now enjoy a little rest, so, tying his big trolling line around his leg, with the spoon coming along far astern, he lay down at full length upon the gunwale board, put his hands under his head, and in ten seconds was fast asleep.

We pursued the even tenor of our way, and I took two more nice bass without disturbing Ben's peaceful slumber. We had got about half-way home, and Benjamin's melodious snoring was keeping tolerably good time with the oar strokes, when suddenly

something jerked his tied leg off the board. He gave a loud yell and sprang to a sitting position, but there was not enough of him on the board to preserve his equilibrium, and, with a wild clutch at empty space, overboard and straight to the bottom he went. Here was just where the beauty of his oleaginous mass came in. Such a chunk of fat could by no means stay down, and in a moment he bobbed to the surface resplendent and shining as a giant roll of butter in the sun. The boatman and I were so convulsed with laughter that we could not lift a finger to help him, but he managed somehow to scramble aboard unaided. And now occurred a curious thing. That game leg was nearly jerked overboard again. The balance of Ben's corporosity did not follow suit this time, as he was now in the center of the boat and very wide awake indeed—awake also to the position of affairs, as he shouted :

"Boys, it isn't a snag at all, but a big mascalonge!"

And sure enough it was. Ben had caught a twenty-eight pounder, or it had caught him. I hardly know which had caught the other napping, but, at all events, Ben, with some help from us, got the rude disturber of his dreams on board, and a happier youth did not exist that day in Her Majesty's Dominion. The mere exuberance of his joy kept him awake for the rest of the trip, and it was not until after supper that he dropped to sleep again, with the big fish lying at his feet.



ON THE WHITE RIVER OF INDIANA.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

I in those flowering meads would be.
These crystal streams would solace me.

—Isaak Walton.

LAKE fishing compared to river fishing "is as darkness unto day." The even, still, unchanging surface of the lake and its never-changing environment,

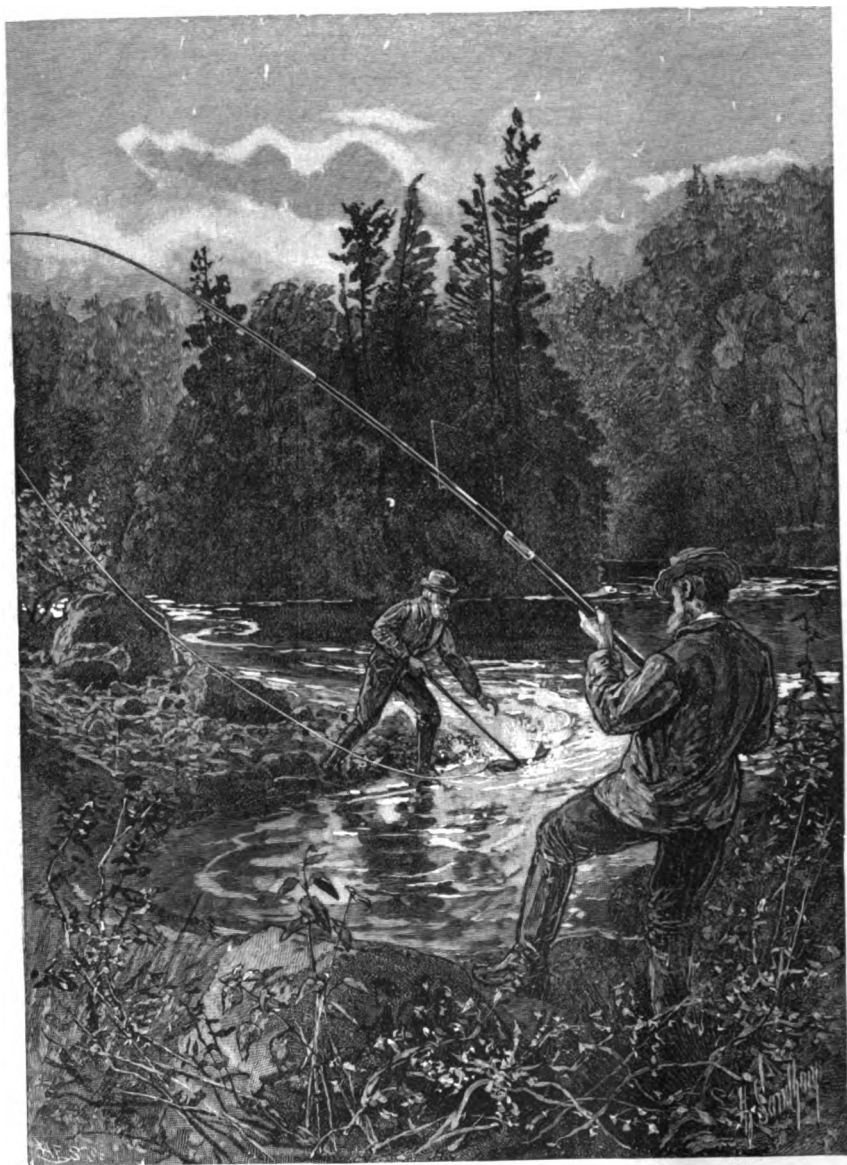
its lack of life and activity, except when sudden storms toss it into a non-fishable condition, when compared to the beauty of river, stream or brooklet, purified by the cleansing current, reinforced by springs and tributaries, and beautified by riparian charms, is, to me, as death to life. To the true angler the enjoyment of an outing is derived in as great a degree from the environment as from the capture of his quarry.

The change of scene, now to the right a meadow with its lark and flower, to the left a towering bluff, now a wood

with beautiful flowers, plant shaded, and protected by the generous giant of the forest, whose lofty top bows graceful acknowledgment of the breeze, now a stretch of sandy beach, now a grassy bank, all blending and in accord with the music of the ripple and the quiet of the pool, is wherein lies the chief joy of angling.

Again, the river fish partakes of the life and vigor of the stream, and affords far greater sport than the inhabitant of the still, sluggish lake or pond. The unanimous judgment of all who have caught him is that the *Micropterus dolomieu* of White River is the gamiest of his species, and that the river is one of his most beautiful homes.

Ten years ago, on a day in August, Mr. M. D. Butler, Mr. G. A. Millard and the writer left the beautiful little



GAFFED.

city of Noblesville, twenty miles north of Indianapolis, on the White River, for a trip to "Broad Ripple," a distance of twenty-five miles, in quest of the small-mouthed black bass. A number of the good citizens of Noblesville "saw us off" and wished us good luck.

The weather was fine and the river in best condition. We had with us: each man his own rods, tackle and blanket, with potatoes and coffee sufficient for supper, breakfast and dinner. We traveled light. I was at the oars at the start, and our rule was for two to cast and one to row, thus giving each man one hour at the oars and two hours with the rod. We passed down the stream about three hundred yards when Millard struck and landed the first bass. It was only a three-quarter-pound fish, but was game. Pending this operation, Butler hooked a "red-eye" (rock-bass), and with one of that gentleman's gentle strikes landed it against the back of the oarsman, from whence it dropped into the boat, and was of course immediately replaced in the water. Between this point and the confluence of Cicero Creek and the river, two miles below, we secured five bass, none, however, more than one and a quarter pounds in weight. All, however, were game, and afforded fine sport.

We beached the boat at the mouth of Cicero Creek, and from the east bank of the river Butler and Millard cast into the pool below. The place looked the ideal habitat of the small-mouthed black bass. The river at this point is eighty feet wide, clear and deep, necessitating a cast of not less than fifty-five feet. Butler and Millard here exhibited their skill in long and delicate casting, and from my position in the boat one of the most beautiful sights I have ever witnessed was before me. On the left was a gravelly beach, upon which

the anglers stood, making steady, measured and beautiful casts into the pool; on the right, below the mouth of Cicero Creek, there is a meadow, and below a beautiful forest, and opposite this forest is a considerable hill, and as the river gently curves to the right, a quarter of a mile below, its bank brings to view a thicket of willows, back of which is another forest. The sun was breaking through the trees on the right, and its light fell in streaks and spots upon the opposite bank, giving it here and there a white smoky appearance. The quiet was unbroken save by the passing of a train of cars in the distance, the occasional whistle of a bob-white and the delicate murmur of the ripple. I doubt if much more beauty was ever exhibited to the angler. I mean quiet beauty, not grandeur. Cast after cast was made, with a regularity of curve and accuracy seldom excelled, and, though strikes were not infrequent, no fish was hooked. Thirty minutes passed; we could tarry no longer, so all got aboard and we pushed on down stream. On examination it was found that in making the back cast the barbs of the hooks had been left in the bar which rose abruptly and high behind the casters, hence the inability to secure the fish. I don't remember just what was said when the discovery was made, and possibly it is well that I do not.

A large boulder lay in the middle of the stream just at the bend of the river above mentioned, and, as we drew near, Millard laid a brown palmer upon its top, with the deftness that a butterfly alights upon a flower, and gently drew it into the water. A rise and strike followed, and it was settled then and there that we were to have another fish. *Micropterus* was evidently mad. He had been fooled, and, with a mad rush,

started up stream, but when within twenty feet of the boat he turned down the current, and, upon being checked, jumped into the air and madly, but vainly, attempted to shake the hook from his jaw. Two more rushes and two more jumps and he was gently drawn into the landing net and soon placed upon the string. He weighed one and a half pounds and was a beauty. Butler took a smaller fish from the other side of the same rock. Millard now took the oars and I the rod. The fishing for the next two hours was good, and we took several fine fish.

Arriving at a bar of beautiful white, clean sand on the side of the river just as the darkness was about to meet us, we determined to embrace this place of all places for nocturnal abode. We soon had a fire and the water on to boil. Meantime Butler had spied a sort of bay just across the river, and thought he saw a bass looking for a "buck-tail," so we picked up our rods and started for him. He was there close to a log that lay in the water and wanted that very buck-tail that Butler so generously offered. He made a hard fight, but was soon on the string. He was the most influential bass that had been taken that day; he weighed two pounds two ounces. We went back to our fire at once and enjoyed fish, potatoes and coffee to the utmost. I succeeded in this same pool in landing a big-mouthed black bass (*Micropterus salmoides*). He weighed a trifle over a pound, but, like all of his genus, had little game in his make-up and came in like a log. Our bass saved that afternoon numbered eleven, and together weighed eleven and three-quarters pounds. It was now dark, and we wrapped up in our blankets and gave an imitation of going to sleep. At 11 o'clock I awoke just cold enough to need a few drops of old and

well-established cough medicine, which it is always well to have at hand. It is also a specific for snake bites, and hence doubly useful. I poured out a small libation by the light of the burning embers, when, to my surprise, I had four rises, not fish from the river, but men from the blankets. No one suffered from cold contracted on that trip. We went to sleep in a very few minutes to the noise of the screech-owl, the bull-frog, the katydid and the ever-moving river. The night was beautiful, cool and clear. The moon was at the full and shone full and fair upon us, so full and so fair that had the ancient theory of the cause of insanity been true we would surely have been lunatics by morning.

There was no disturbing element of any sort, and we slept well, to awake before 4 in the morning, just as the sun was preparing to clear up the atmosphere for the day. It was yet still and gray, but beautiful. A slight fog was visible, the night birds were going to their day roosts, and the early bird was beginning to look for the worm. A large aspen just in the rear of our sleeping place lent weirdness to the surroundings by its moaning and quaking. To me there is nothing more weird than the sounds produced by the wind blowing through an aspen tree.

We soon had breakfast and were ready for the start. Millard began casting while I was still in the water pushing the boat from the bank, and he landed a half-pound bass before Butler and I were seated. After placing this little fellow in the water we congratulated each other upon this being a day for fish. However, we did not get a rise after this, of any kind, for nearly two hours, and began to grow disheartened, when, as we passed a log projecting from the bank, Butler made a long

cast at it, and was rewarded by a heavy strike and a strong pull. A fine bass was soon landed. Just below, Millard cast in among the branches of a fallen tree, and as his line straightened out and his rod assumed the curve, of all curves the most graceful, remarked, "He is a junker." Millard had been used to trout fishing in New York, and was not aware of the strength and vigor of the White River bass, and, by hold-

pushed on to Eller's Bridge, four miles away, taking the while several more fine fish. Here we put in for lunch. This meal we cut short, as we were satisfied that there were several bass about the log just above the pier of the bridge that needed our attention. We got four fine fellows there, none weighing less than three-quarters of a pound. Below this bridge about three hundred yards is a deep pool filled with large boulders,



ing too tight a line on this fish, let it break away. It showed its side but once, but it is certain that it was a large fish. Millard did not make the same mistake again during the trip.

We soon came to Connor's Pool, a stretch of deep clear water, three-quarters of a mile in length, shaded by a bank fifty to sixty feet high. Here we always expect good fishing, and we were not disappointed. We took eight fine bass, got a drink at the spring and

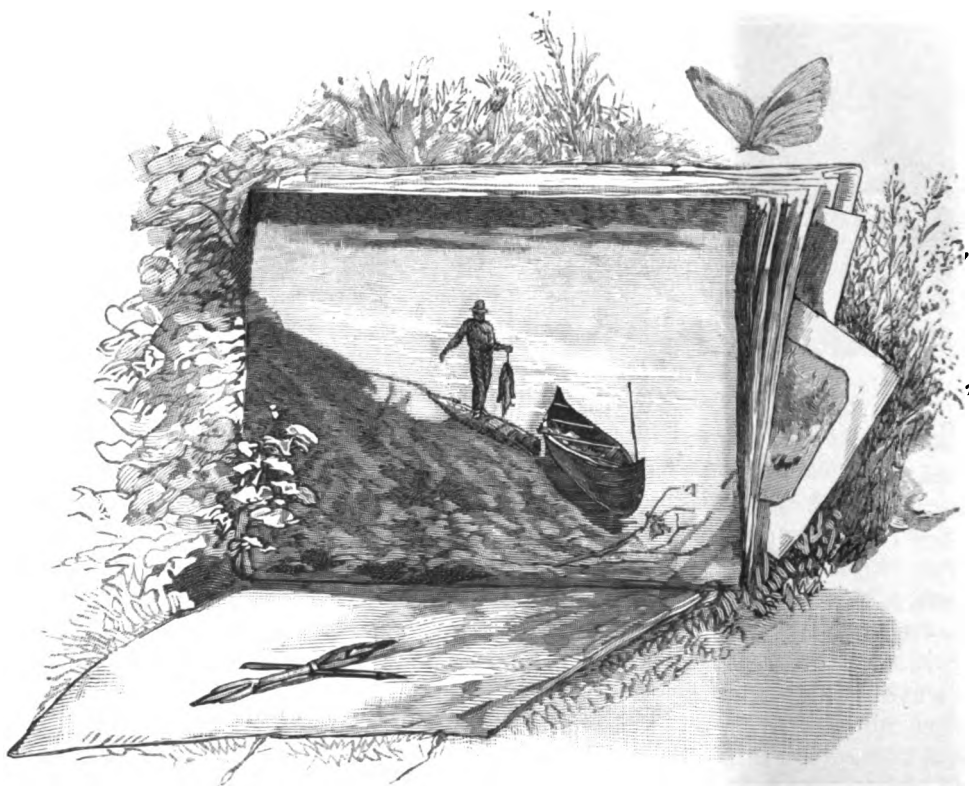
and as we were passing through this, casting at every rock and beside every log, we noticed a swirl about a hundred feet down stream. We pushed gently in that direction, and Butler, making the longer cast, dropped his flies just in the right place and remarked, as a fish rose and struck, "He's got the buck-tail." He was a fine fish and weighed three and three-quarters pounds, a trifle large for a fight. But he had taken the stretcher fly—a silver doctor, not the

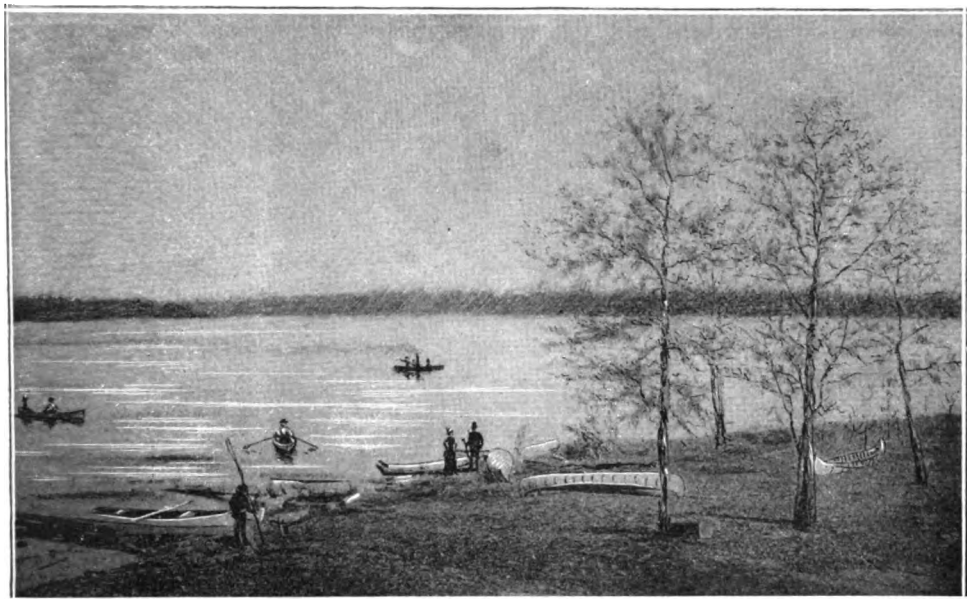
"buck-tail," and Butler was disappointed. This was the most distinguished bass captured on this trip.

We passed on down the river through Whitesel's Pool, Stipp's Ford, Farley's Pool, to the iron bridge at the north end of Catfish Pool. These are all good fishing grounds, and yielded handsomely, but Catfish Pool is the place *par excellence* for bass. Here in half an hour, within one-half a mile of river, we took five bass that weighed within one ounce of two pounds each, and they were the gamest lot of fish I have ever seen in any water. We had now taken all the fish we felt justified in taking, and did little fishing from here to Broad Ripple, but enjoyed the trip immensely. How-

ever, at "Dawson" nothing could keep Millard from capturing a one and three-quarters-pound fish. Arrived at Broad Ripple at 7 o'clock.

We caught in all sixty-one bass. We strung forty-three that averaged over three-quarters of a pound each, keeping none under one-half pound. A one-and-a-half to two-pound fish makes the liveliest and longest fight. There is little fight in the big-mouthed black bass, compared with that of the small-mouthed. We passed twenty-nine bait fishermen on the trip, who had possibly altogether fifty fish of all kinds, large and small. We used exclusively the artificial fly.





A REMINISCENCE OF BIG LAKE, MINN.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago I started from St. Paul with a prospecting party for the Red River Valley. In those days there were no stage coaches. There were very few houses a hundred miles north or west of the embryo capital of Minnesota. The Red River Trail drew out its sinuous length over an unexplored prairie to Pembina on the Canadian boundary, 400 miles away, and over this route we made our tedious and lonely journey, not without danger of molestation from marauding bands of Indians. Camping the first night at Big Lake, some twenty miles from St. Anthony Falls, we found a single settler located near the shore. He was sole monarch of the solitude. The lake was nearly circular—one of those beautiful gems for which Minne-

sota is so famous—and its pebbly shores were encircled with a belt of lily pads, whose pure white blossoms breathed fragrance into the atmosphere like the floral wreath of a rural bride. While hunting for agates among the rounded stones on the margin, a crank and dilapidated dugout was discovered among the alders, and simultaneously the splash of some sort of large fish on the outer rim of the pads suggested sport and its most favorable opportunity.

If a person could have walked with an elfin tread over the green enameled platform of those broad floating pads, he would have speedily discovered their glossy surfaces to be populous with the lower orders of animal creation; slippery green batrachians, filmy spiders, wrigglers, caddis flies, beetles, ephemeras, and a whole menagerie of creeping and winged insects. He would have

soon learned why the big fish were thus patrolling the outer rim of the circle and foraging along the border. A little scrutiny would have shown him that the lesser world of inferior things is like the higher realm of human existence; that there are reckless, careless and self-opinionated among all classes; that many are self-willed and venturesome; that often, when we are in the midst of fullest enjoyment and the confidence of apparent security, danger lurks; that death is hidden among the flowers and beneath the cloth of gold. Unwary frogs would leap from the pads into the pellucid depths, and awkward bugs tumble over the edges into the drink, hardly touching the surface of the water ere they were swallowed into the capacious maw of a gigantic bass. Meanwhile their unsuspecting comrades foraged for sweets among the coronals and petals of the delicious lilies, and sauntered under the umbrages of the wax-like calices and waltzed about the shiny floors of the broadening leaves, destined, possibly, to pass off next into the abyss of fate.

It was at the first flush of the long summer twilight which lingers far into the night of the northern sky, and all of our prospecting party were tired with an unwonted tramp, for they had not yet become hardened to the average of thirty miles per diem (which afterward became their regulation march). An early bed offered greater attractions than angling. Not one had contemplated trying his luck until the next morning, and quite likely the most interested of the party would have continued to loll on the grass in camp and listlessly watch the intermittent splashes of the fish around the lake, had not the already heightened interest been enhanced and intensified by the shadowy apparition of the pioneer settler creep-

ing through the brush toward the water.

He held in his hard-fisted grip a ponderous wattle, with the tip projecting forward as he strode, and when he reached the margin of the water he waded boldly in among the pads up to his middle, and, lifting the pole with both hands, slung it first backward over his shoulder and then forward toward the water with a mighty "swish!" Some large object gleamed momentarily from the end of the transitory radius which his heavy line described, and, cutting an impalpable perimeter in the air, came down upon the bosom of the lake *kerswosh* just outside the pads! It was a whole frog which he had on for bait, and its dangling legs were tremendous to behold. The astonished spray which the blow threw up had barely time to reflect the crimson of the glowing West ere there was a great commotion in the water and a struggle for the pole; but presently, with one mighty heave, the doughty fisherman bent his inborn force, and high in air another object sped brushward, and like a collapsed meteor fell with a sickening thud into the woods behind, far out of sight. A protracted investigation discovered a three-pound bass, "big-mouth" variety, and no mistake, for the whole frog was in it! This same un mutilated frog answered for a second fish, and as promptly a second fish answered to the bait.

A repetition of this extraordinary achievement stirred the latent enthusiasm within my own breast and kindled the fire of the ardent angler. My tired limbs forgot their fatigue, but my hands and genius had not forgotten their cunning. Hastily rummaging through my camp kit, I found a trolling spoon and line, and rushing down to the canoe I jumped into it and shoved out into the

IN CAMP, AFTER A DAY'S SPORT WITH ROD AND GUN.

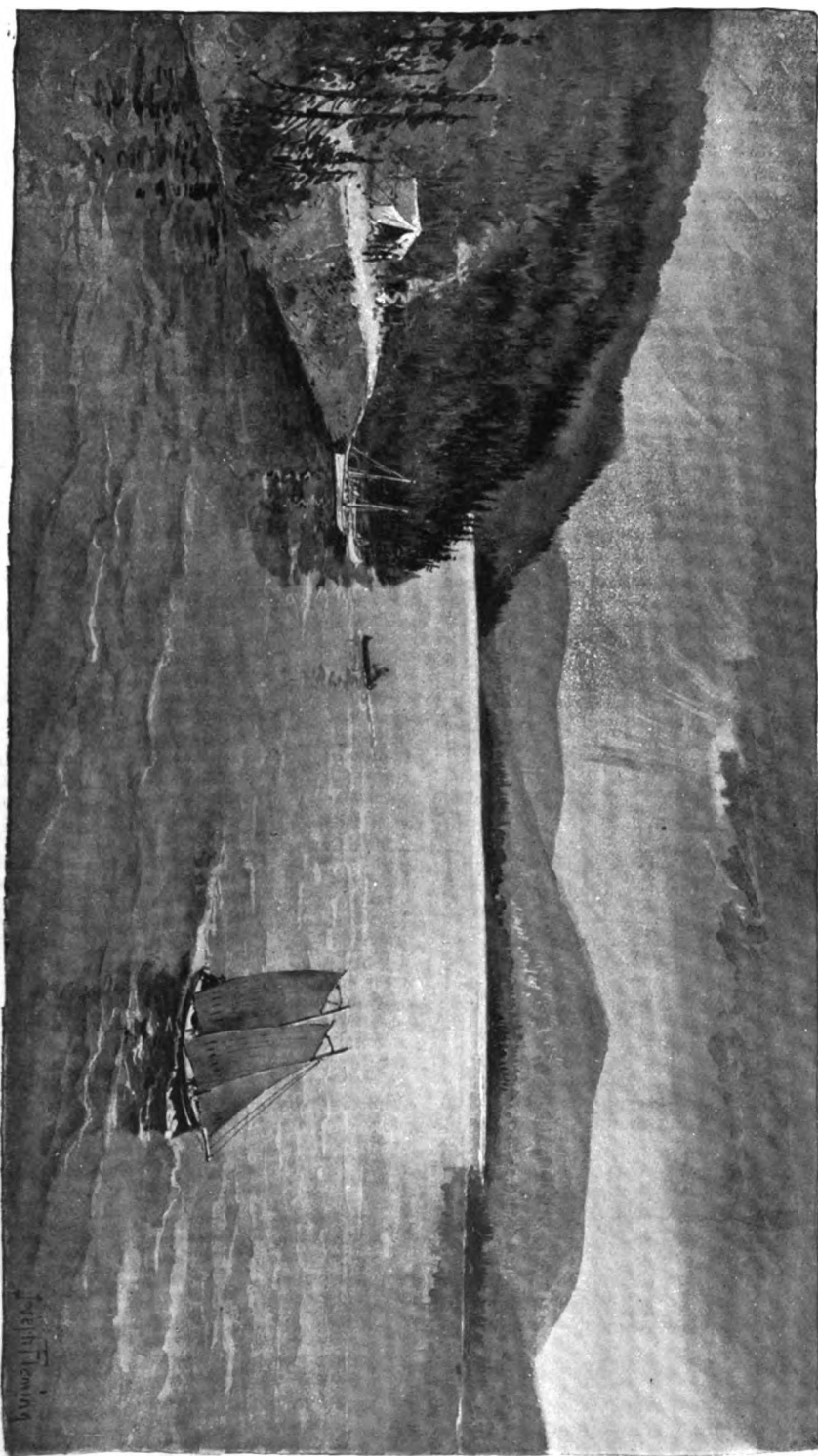


lake. The wind was blowing briskly off shore, so, laying aside the paddle, I let her drift across and paid out line as she went. The dugout was so narrow that I could not sit in it squarely; but lying sideways on my hip I did the best I could, and presently got a thumping strike. My position was so awkward that I couldn't half see behind. I couldn't see my fish unless the boat was moving sideways, but I managed to haul in by a sort of hand-over-shoulder manœuvre, and finally got him into the boat. I managed to get three fish in

going once across the lake, and as the supply was ample for our breakfast, I left the canoe on the lee shore and walked back to camp.

Those were the first bass I ever caught in my life, and the sensation was overpowering. I don't know if Big Lake still keeps up its reputation as a fishing resort, but it fairly swarmed with black bass in those days, and I envy the old pioneer the sport which he might have had if he had only known how to make the most of it.





A NORTHWESTERN LAKE.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading, queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology, and Fish Culture will be answered.]

The Strawberry Bass in New Jersey Waters.

The New Jersey Fish Commission are earnest and energetic in their work and practical in its object. They are planting new (to this section) forms of fish life in the State and wisely choosing the best of the Western fish for the table and the rod, not neglecting that toothsome fish, the white-bellied channel cat, with which the old residents of the city of Philadelphia regaled themselves at "The Falls," with "muffins and coffee" as a *menu* supplement. The white bass or silver bass, very closely allied to the striped bass of our waters, the strawberry bass, a delightful breakfast fish, and the pike-perch or wall-eyed pike, or Susquehanna salmon, so called along the river of the same name, have all been planted in the various waters of New Jersey, and as the stock was of breeding maturity a large increase will doubtless be assured. Mr. Chas. A. Shriner, the efficient Fish Commissioner and Game Protector of the State, has the following interesting notes on the strawberry bass in his official report of May last :

"The strawberry bass is known throughout the West by a number of different names. It is frequently called the calico bass, and this name is more appropriate than any other, when the appearance of the fish is considered. It is also known in the West as grass bass, bitter-head, lamplighter and bank lick bass; in Lake Michigan it is invariably called the bar-fish, and in the southern part of the West it is referred to as goggle-eye or goggle-eyed perch. As a matter of fact, the strawberry bass, like the rock bass, the crappie and other similar fish, belongs to the sunfish family. The strawberry bass is of a bright gold and black, with numerous varying shades, being one of the most beautiful of fish. It is fond of grassy bottoms and quiet and clear water, and objects to mud. Although specimens weighing two pounds have been found, it is seldom that the

fish attains a size of more than one pound. It is very gamy on the hook and rises readily to the fly. It is frequently confounded with the crappie, a fish it very much resembles in general appearance and structure, the principal differences being that in the crappie the white predominates where the gold is found in the strawberry, and that the latter is not fond of muddy bottoms, as is the crappie. Professor Kirkland, in George Brown Goode's 'Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States,' speaks as follows concerning the strawberry bass :

"The grass bass has not hitherto been deemed worthy of consideration by fish-culturists; yet, from a long and intimate acquaintance with its merits, I hesitate not to pronounce it the fish for the million. It is a native of our Western rivers and lakes, where it usually resorts to deep and sluggish waters; yet in several instances, where it has found its way into cold and rapid streams, and even small-sized brooks, it has adapted itself to the change, and in two or three years stocked to overflowing these new locations. As a pan-fish, for the table, it is surpassed by few other freshwater species. For endurance and rapidity of increase it is unequalled. The grass bass is perfectly adapted to stocking ponds. It will thrive without care in very small ponds of sufficient depth. It will in no way interfere with the cultivation of any number of species, large or small, in the same waters. It will live harmoniously with all others, and, while its structure and disposition restrain it from attacking any other but very small fry, its formidable armature of spinous rays in the dorsal and abdominal fins will guard it against the attacks of even the voracious pike."

Near-by Black Bass Waters.

I would like to learn the names of some of the bass fishing grounds within reaching distance of N. Y. Am a novice at this and know only one or two places. By kindly letting me know if such a list is to be had, and if so, where, you will greatly oblige
B. F. B.

We take pleasure in naming a score or so of the localities of black bass waters within easy

reach of New York City, and if our correspondent desires information in detail respecting any of them, we will cheerfully furnish it. Woodbury, N. Y.; Whitney's Point, Wellsville, Valley Cottage, East Branch, Fish's Eddy, Cadosia, Washingtonville, Syracuse, Theresa, Rouse's Point, Westport, Ticonderoga, Tonawanda, Sodus Point, Salamanca, Saugerties, Ronkonkoma, Redwood, Port Jervis, Phillipsport, Hancock, Oswego, Niagara Falls, Ogdensburg, Lyons, and hundreds of other localities where black bass are caught in more or less numbers. Within a radius of fifty miles of New York City our correspondent will find black bass in Greenwood Lake, Rye Lake, at Bound Brook, in the Ramapo, Passaic and Hackensack rivers, at Garfield, Lakewood, Lyndhurst, Suffern, etc., etc.

A Canadian Outing.

Will you kindly give me such information as you may possess as will enable me to select a place to spend the summer with wife, and possibly one or two others, in Canada? I want as good trout fishing as may be obtainable, without undue expense or hardship, and, above all, the best and earliest shooting. I have heard the Muskoka section highly spoken of. Data as to R. R. fares, hotels, guides, etc., will be appreciated.

L. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

One of the most delightful spots we ever visited was the Canadian side at Sault Ste. Marie. We found excellent fishing, a good, clean, economical boarding house, and pleasant, social facilities. If you will write to the agent of the Canadian Pacific Ry., at the Sault, he will, doubtless, cheerfully give you detailed information, which we hesitate to do, as our visit there was in 1895. You are correct in your estimate of the Muskoka region (see Sportsman's Tourist Department), and if you will write to City Agent, Grand Trunk Ry., Dun Building, N. Y. C., you will get all the information you need as to cost of living, railroad fares, etc. The writer would gladly do this, but he is without data, being in the mountains of Sullivan Co., N. Y., among the brook beauties of this delightful section. We passed ten days at Lake St. Joseph, Canada, two years ago, and found conditions similar to those you wish. We caught black bass and trout on the same cast in the rushing outlet of the lake, within a stone's throw of our boarding house. Write to the Railroad Station Agent (a thorough angler and gentleman) at Lake St. Joseph, P. Q., Canada. He will promptly respond, and "he knows it all," and doesn't hesitate to give it to his brother anglers.

In Northern Wisconsin and Michigan.

Lake Winnebago, May 15.—During the past week the following catches of fish were made here from Lake Winnebago: Frank Parker, Fond du Lac, together with W. C. Houston of Chicago, caught 40 white bass; Lawrence Martin, Fond du Lac, 20 lbs. of perch; Col. N. Boardman, Fond du Lac, 19 perch and white bass; Chas Dins, Fond du Lac, 37 perch and white bass.

Metropolitan, Mich., May 15.—The following are some of the catches for the past week. There are many others whose names I could not get, but it is safe to say there was double that amount caught: B. Dial, 37 brook trout; W. Daly, 3 brook trout; F. Dixon, 33 brook trout; J. Westman, 27 brook trout; C. Solberg, 25 brook trout; W. Phillips, 25 brook trout; W. Davis, 65 brook trout; Alex. Campbell, 60 brook trout; C. Havens, 17 brook trout; J. Skog, 20 brook trout.

Iron River, Mich., May 15.—The following catches have been made the past week: Ralph Herbert, 36 one day and 30 two other days; H. Davidson, yesterday, 40 or 50; Rob't Barnum, yesterday, 25; Chas. Miller, yesterday, 15 or 20; C. Windsor, one day, 25; Rev. Mr. Cash, one day, 21. The above being trout caught in Iron River, within four miles of the village.

State Line, Wis., June 9.—A. H. Burton, N. Muller and F. Lisco, all of Chicago, caught some very fine bass, pike and pickerel at Lac Vieux Desert. A Mrs. R. W. Hampton, of Antigo, Wis., also caught a fine lot of bass, pike and a 24 lb mascalonge at the same resort.

Three Lakes, Wis., June 10.—Wm. Grau, of Milwaukee, fished here four days last week, at the South Side Gun Club Resort, and made a very fine catch of pike, black bass, pickerel and mascalonge, the greater number being pike, the largest of which weighed 8 lbs.

Pelican Lake, Wis., June 19.—Orland Fricke, Antigo, Wis., caught a ten-pound mascalonge. J. W. Tedford and J. Gorman, Chicago, made a good catch of pike. Arthur Taylor, Rhinelander, Wis., made a good pike and perch catch. Mr. Hommel, Milwaukee, made a good pike catch June 19. Marvin Hughett, Jr., of Chicago, caught a 25-pound mascalonge this morning.

Manitowish, Wis., June 12.—Dr. Cleveland and party and Mr. Solomon, of Chicago, made a very fine catch of mascalonge, and Mr. Dodge and party, of Oak Park, Ill., made a

good bass catch, and J. W. Donnel, a good catch of mascalonge, last week.

Antigo, Wis., June 16.—During the past week Mr. A. L. Schrader and Mr. F. Krahn made a very fine catch of brook trout, and Mr. J. C. Spencer and Mr. V. Graves also made a very fine brook trout catch.

Cable, Wis., June 12.—Harry Moore and a companion made a very fine catch of brook trout in the Nemakaqon River, also John S. Isted, Frank Ackerman and L. Redfield, and John Shoaf also made a good black bass catch in Cable Lake. J. Gurley made a good brook trout catch in Nemakaqon River, and B. F. Fox caught a number of pickerel, pike and crappies during last week in Nemakaqon Lake. On May 30 John England caught a mascalonge weighing 30 pounds at Nemakaqon Lake.

On Friday, June 16, Frank Ackerman caught in Nemakaqon River a number of trout. On Sunday, June 18, Harry Moore made a fine catch of trout. On Sunday, June 18, J. S. Isted, Cable Lake, made a pickerel catch.

6 miles; but Paradise River and its branches are said to be the best waters for trout, with an occasional salmon. Our report says: "The month of May is best, but the trout fishing is good until September."

Wolfville—Trout are said to abound in Davidson Lake, 8 miles distant; also in Black and Fork rivers, the first named 5 miles and the latter 10 from Wolfville. Near all the waters named are farmhouses, where board can be had for from \$4 to \$5 per week.

We could name scores of other trout waters in Nova Scotia, but the above will probably meet the needs of our correspondent, to whom we suggest that a clipping be made of these lines and forwarded to the General Passenger Agent of the Windsor and Annapolis Railroad (see Official Railroad Gazetteer) at Kentville, Nova Scotia, for verification and addenda. He will promptly and cheerfully answer.

Our correspondent should take with him a well-stocked fly-book of the standard trout flies, dressed on hooks No. 8 to 12.

Trouting in Nova Scotia.

I should be glad to learn anything I can about the best localities for trout fishing in Nova Scotia, way of getting there, and whether I should have to camp out or not; also what kinds and size of flies to use.

R. H. W.

We have never fished the trout waters of Nova Scotia, but have reports from the localities named below that indicate excellent fishing. Camping will not be necessary, as the waters are near the towns named, which are all reached by the railroad.

Ellershouse—There are four lakes within $3\frac{1}{4}$ to 4 miles where trout abound. The favorite ground for local anglers is Grassy Place, in Pine Lake, five miles distant.

Enfield—Two lakes and one river are near by, the Shubenacadie River being only $\frac{1}{4}$ mile distant. It has some salmon in it, and is said to be much frequented by the officers of the British Army. The fishing in Grand Lake is reported as very fine in the spring for trout.

Mulgrave—The Mulgrave lakes are located within $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 miles, and trout are reported as "very abundant" from June 20 to September 20.

Paradise—The Annapolis River and Starratt's Brook are near station; Paradise River, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile; East Branch, 3 miles; Paradise Lake, 5 miles; Lilly Lake, 5 miles; Eel Weir Lake,

An Outing in the Northwest.

Will you kindly give me information as regards cost of transportation from Chicago to suitable places for a summer's outing either in northern Michigan, Wisconsin or Minnesota, also hotel rates and desirability of the respective places for fishing and outing? As I desire simply a plain outing, to be out all the time roughing it, rather than inactive indoor social amusements, the popularity of the place as a social center need not be considered.

CARTHAGE, ILL.

T. E. G.

There are many localities you can visit and have excellent sport in the States you name, one of which at once is suggested by a personal visit made several years ago. It is Three Lakes, in northern Wisconsin. You can get all the fish you wish and have just the surroundings that your queries call for. At the places below named you can duplicate the conditions existing at Three Lakes. They are all in Wisconsin. Bangor, for brook trout and pike; Boscobel, for same fish; Fox Lake, same fish; near Stoughton, wall-eyed pike, strawberry and silver bass, also black bass and pike; and Crooked Lake, $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Troy Centre, is said to be the finest ground in Wisconsin. Write to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Ry., Chicago, Ill., for rates of fare and Shooting and Hunting Guide along the route of the railway.

"H. A. L." is informed that a rod of natural bamboo weighing twelve to sixteen ounces will be serviceable during his contemplated Florida trip. He would require a multiplying reel of the best make, holding not less than 200 yards of No. 12 Cuttyhunk or similar make of line.

Not All of Fishing to Fish.

A correspondent, who signs his brief note "An Ardent Amateur," wants to know the literal meaning of the phrase, "Not all of fishing to fish." He will doubtless thoroughly learn and appreciate its full meaning and sentiment when he reads the annexed note, by A. W. Cheney, our State Ichthyologist, written many years ago to *THE AMERICAN ANGLER*:

"To an angler the pleasure of the rod and reel are far-reaching and have no boundary save when the mind ceases to anticipate and the brain to remember. I have had the grandest sport on a midwinter's night with the snow piled high outside and the north wind roaring down the chimney, while I sat with my feet to the blaze on the hearth, holding in my hand an old fly-book. The smoke from my lighted pipe, aided by imagination, contained rod, fish, creel, odorous balsam, drooping hemlock, and purling brook and ruffled lake. I seemed to hear the twittering birds, leaves rustled by the wind and the music of running water, while the incense of wild flowers saluted my nostrils. The heat of the fire was but the warm rays of the sun, and the crackle of the burning wood the noise of the forest. Thus streams that I have fished once or twice have been fished a score of times."

Eight pike, weighing sixty pounds, were caught in a few hours from Tomahawk Lake, Wis., on May 15th.

Flies for Nova Scotia Waters.

R. H. W., of Astoria, L. I.—The flies necessary for salmon and trout in the waters of Nova Scotia are the standard makes, such as Seth Green, Abby, grizzly king, professor, etc. These for trout and for salmon, Jock Scott, Silver Doctor, etc. Any reliable fishing-tackle dealer will make up a proper assortment suitable to your wishes and pocket. There are about 1,500 different dressings for salmon and trout flies, including mongrels, that have grown and are growing rapidly, to confuse the mind of the angler without adding to his success on stream or lake.

Around Richmond, Va.

Am going into Virginia (Richmond) soon for a stay, and would like to know what sport may be had in the eastern portion and along the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. C. B. D.

You will find the James River, which runs along the western side of the city of Richmond, a very fair water for the large-mouthed black bass, and the Chickahominy, twenty-five miles distant, is also good for the same fish that are caught in the river, weighing up to six pounds. The black bass are locally called "chub." Along the route of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway are numerous waters where black bass and trout abound. You will find fair quail shooting on the farms adjacent to Richmond.

Best Flies for the Beaverkill.

A correspondent asks us to name the best flies to use on the Beaverkill River, of Sullivan County, N. Y.

We recommend the Seth Green; the Beaverkill, body wound with silver tinsel; the Professor (red tail) and the different colored hackles (particularly gray and black), tied "buzz" or bunchy. Of course, every angler has his preferences, born of special good luck on certain occasions, and will probably differ with us; but, in truth, our many years of trouting has convinced us that size, not color, is mainly to be considered, not ignoring the fact that the method used in manipulating the flies upon the water is the primary factor of success.

Some Canadian Lakes.

I am told that there are large catches of black bass and salmon made on some Canadian lakes near the border of New York State. Please give me some information through your "Sportsman Tourist" as to where the Rideau, Newboro, Beverley and Charleston lakes are, and the kind of fish caught in each. What is the best way to reach them? E. G.

PHILADELPHIA, June 23.

Rideau Lake is seven miles from Perth on the Canadian Pacific Railroad. It contains black bass, lake trout, whitefish, pickerel and pike, all of which are said to be abundant. Charleston Lake is about twelve miles from Mallorytown on the Grand Trunk Railway. It contains black bass, pike, perch and masca-longe, and the fishing is reported as "first class." We have no record of the fishing in Beverley or Newboro creeks, but hope that some of our readers will furnish it for the information of all angling tourists.

Spearling Fish—"A Good Time."

A friend and I wish to go, about August 15, '99, to spear fish in South Dakota, and from there get horses and go to Sheridan County, Wyoming, where we have a friend on a ranch. Please advise as to roads, outfit, game, fish, and places of interest that we can visit. Can we go by the Great Lakes and return some other way, and about the cost of said trip? Also anything we should know to have a good time.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

J. C. C.

As your object is to spear fish wherever you find them, you are placed outside the pale of angling fellowship, and I decline to answer your queries. Consult the poachers and pot-hunters of your section, who will help you to have what you call "a good time."

W. C. H.

Where to Get the "Wannanish."

Dr. W. H.—In reply to your inquiry we state that the best locality in Canada for you to get the ouananiche is in the Grand Discharge, the outlet of Lake St. John, and at the mouths, or above them, of the rivers emptying into the lake. Trout fishing also is very fine in the adjacent rivers. The route there is from Quebec to Lake St. John, where you will find a good hotel. Your outfit should consist of a seven-ounce fly rod, a 40 yd. reel, 40 yds. of letter "E" silk waterproof line, with the usual assortment of flies tied on No. 6 to No. 10 hooks. Any of the fishing-tackle dealers will give you the proper patterns. If you are a bait fisher-

man you will buy a bait rod about the same weight as the fly rod and a dozen or more hooks, such as those mentioned for flies. In addition, both for fly and bait fishing, you will require a dozen strong trout leaders.

Black Bass in Western New York and Pennsylvania.

Would like to know a good place for black bass within five or six hours by rail from Buffalo. C. C. D.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

If you wish lake fishing we suggest that you try Lake Chautauqua, making Jamestown, Pa., your headquarters. Mr. Cheney, who represents the Fish Commission in that section, will doubtless cheerfully post you in all the details. Or, if you like stream fishing, the Oswego River, three to five miles above Oswego, will, no doubt, give you all the enjoyment you seek, when using either the fly or natural bait. Again, you will find excellent black bass fishing at or near La Salle in the Niagara River, where the bass are said to be numerous. Good fly fishing is reported to us from the American side of the Falls, from Port Day to Gill Creek and around all the islands in the vicinity. At Ogdensburg, in the St. Lawrence and Oswegatchie rivers (both close to city), and in Black Lake, five miles distant, the fishing is reported very excellent for eight to ten miles either up or down the river; and in some seasons mascalonge are caught of fair size and numbers.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.

This Department of THE AMERICAN ANGLER is opened in connection with our "Bureau of Information for Sportsmen," and will be devoted to meeting the needs of the sportsman tourist—where, when and how to spend an enjoyable outing, either for fishing or shooting. If you do not see what you want, ask for it. Your query will be promptly and cheerfully answered.

The Spider Chain of Lakes, Wisconsin.

One of our readers asks us to tell him something about the lakes named in the above caption. We have never fished them, but can vouch for the accuracy of description and experience as told in the annexed letter from Mr. Frank C. Kuhns, of Chicago, a personal friend and earnest angler, who has visited the lakes named and wrote us his experience:

After talking about our contemplated trip all winter to the lakes of Wisconsin, the time at last arrived for us to take our departure. J. R. Stone and myself left Chicago a day ahead, leaving on the 7:30 train on the night of the 3d, arriving at "Mill" at 10 P. M. Wm. Warner, of Northampton, Mass., joined us, and a right royal fellow he turned out to be. At Rhinelander the conductor informed us that the train would make a stop of three hours, on account of a sink hole having caved in further up the road. We took advantage of this and went up to the hotel and had a first-class dinner and were very nicely entertained by the landlords. Rhinelander is a very thriving place, and its people are very energetic.

At Tomahawk Lake we were met by Mr. Patrick, who keeps a tent hotel on this beautiful sheet of water, and a good place it is to stop at. What he don't know about cooking is not worth learning. Having remained over night with him, we thought we would put in a few hours fishing (until our train came along bearing the balance of the party). We met with indifferent success, although we were informed that the fishing was good. We rented three boats and hired one of our guides, "Bob" Conklin, and at 2 o'clock the train arrived, and we met the balance of our party, consisting of R. J. Street, Dr. Perkey and his son, and last, but not least, S. M. Sutherland, who is always *chef* and deer hunter of the party.

Arriving at Echo Lake at 4 P. M., and in a driving rain storm, we made a short portage through the woods to the lake, and placing our boats in the water we began to load up for our trip up the lake to our camping grounds. After several trips to and fro we finally succeeded in getting everything safely landed. Although wet through to the skin and having to pitch our tents in the rain and sleeping on wet blankets the first night, we all seemed to enjoy it, and not a kick or a grumble was uttered. Having had a pretty hard night's tussle with Morpheus, we awoke early, and after partaking of a fine breakfast, gotten up in Sutherland style, we were in pretty good shape to begin preparations for a two weeks' outing. By night bunks and floors had been placed in our tents, tables built, and, in fact, everything done to make one as comfortable as though he were in his own castle.

Saturday morning most of us started out to the various lakes to do combat with the finny tribe. The day's catch was a large one, and continued to increase each day. Saturday evening we were joined by W. F. Monroe, who remained with us four days. The mosquitoes took possession of him on his arrival, and entertained him in their accustomed style. Having come to the conclusion that he was no true sport, he departed for Chicago, promising to go again in the fall. Dr. Perkey and his son, who were taken home sick with typhoid fever, and W. Warner took their departure on the same train, thus leaving but five of us in camp, besides our two guides.

The fishing in Spider Lake (so named by its having so many bays) we found to be the best for mascalonge, three of us in one day taking sixteen that weighed from ten to twenty pounds. There are several beautiful places for camping around the lake, and from it Long,

Fisher, Turtle, and Bow lakes are easily reached. In going from Echo to Spider, up the Spider River, a distance of about three miles, two short portages of about fifty rods have to be made on account of the rapids. It is rather hard work portaging heavy boats, and I should advise anyone going there to get just as light-built boats as possible. Long, Fisher and Rice lakes are all good ones, and fishing is exceptionally fine in each.

We kept no account of the number of fish caught, as it would be impossible to do so. Sutherland, Street and myself have fished the Eagle Chain, Vieux Desert, Tomahawk, St. Germain, Trout, Gilmore, and numerous others, for the past eight years, but nowhere did we have near the success as at Spider River chain. The bass run larger than any lakes we ever fished in. There are two small lakes just east of Echo, a short portage taking you into them, being joined by a very narrow, crooked stream. These two lakes have no name, but the fishing in them is grand, especially the further one. The mascalonge run small in these lakes, from two to eight pounds, but the bass outweigh anything I have ever seen. Stone, in two hours' fishing, catching five that weighed twenty-one pounds, with minnow bait, the latter being caught in great numbers in the small stream connecting these two lakes. Pike are caught in vast numbers in all lakes, and they are unusually large; we caught hundreds of them with live bait. We found No. 6 Skinner spoon the most killing bait for mascalonge and a small gold Hamilton spoon for bass.

Too much praise cannot be given to these waters, and most of our party will go again in the fall. Plenty of ice can be had at Mercer Station, near Echo Lake. James Lawson, a guide, has an ice-house there; boats also can be rented at Mercer. Joe Odgers, one of our guides, who resides at Mercer, is a first-class man, and knows these lakes thoroughly. Conklin is another good guide.

Fish and Fishing in New South Wales.

A glance at the map of New South Wales shows at once the remarkable indentations of the coast line, forming so many capacious estuaries on the eight hundred miles of seaboard, more or less. The rivers falling into these are unimportant, but inside the narrow entrances splendid sheets of almost land-locked water are available for certain kinds of sea fishing,

though it is not always calm water. The "Southerly Buster" frequently troubles these smooth lagoons, and many a boat has been swamped and the lives of its too adventurous occupants placed in jeopardy, not only from the peril of drowning, but by reason of the hungry sharks which infest the seas. On a hot day you can always see the dark dorsal fins hovering near the surface of the water, ready to snap up any tempting and succulent morsels of flesh, whether human or otherwise.

Fish, fresh from the sea, is naturally an article of diet in such places. Fried garfish, schnapper, whiting (so called), flatheads and several other strange fish are placed on the table, of which I consider the garfish by far the best eating. It is one of the pipe fishes, a smaller relative of which species we see occasionally in European seas, invariably swimming in front of mackerel shoals. There are great quantities of a small oyster, too, in the estuary, which can be had for the trouble of gathering from the rocks and *algæ*. The *sepia*—one of the common cuttlefish of the coast of New South Wales—is much used for bait.

Rowing out half a mile from the shore, you take up a position in the more open water; but no length of line is required as out at sea, for the inner waters have no great depth. But I do not mean to convey that no motion is perceptible, for there is quite enough motion at times to upset a weak stomach, and somewhat provoking it is, the more exposed parts invariably attracting by far the best shoals of fish. I believe flathead, however, can be found at any time, though it is not a fine fish by any means. The underneath parts are nearly white, whilst the head and back are of a somewhat dull brown color. The head is flat, and there are poisonous thorns on the back, which inflict a painful wound. They lie at the bottom, but struggle with some determination as soon as hooked. When biting freely it is not uncommon to capture from thirty to forty pounds weight; but as food they are, in my opinion, somewhat insipid. Shoals of black bream are likely to be met with also; you can see them swimming about in schools. I think, on the whole, these afford better sport than the flatheads. There are yellow-tails and catfish, which are of no earthly use, and a kind of flounder, which is called, in a grim kind of irony, a sole. I never saw a true sole in Australia. Of course, for the majority of the larger fish in the Pacific, it is necessary to go

outside the headlands and work the deeper waters of the open sea.

Although it is pleasant to seek the cool sea breezes in summer, the winter time is the best for fishing in Australia. In March the mosquitoes are a fearful torment, and every uncovered part is ruthlessly attacked. Some people even become frightfully disfigured by these little pests. Eucalyptus oil has been recommended as a safeguard, but, personally, I found it quite ineffectual. Hands and face and neck also get blistered and peeled by the combined action of sun and sea breezes; in winter these evils are experienced to a lesser extent.

In the colder weather, I believe, shoals of mullet of more than one species—comprising, too, heavy fish—enter the rivers, and afford excellent sport, but they are uncertain in their arrival, and retire from waters frequented by mankind. In Port Jackson they are rarely seen: sharks are the chief inhabitants of these lonely waters.

Manifestly the waters of New South Wales are not the most attractive in the world to the angler. The fish are either useless, malicious or "ornary." We should prefer some other location. The same writer notes an interesting fact which is phenomenal of many parts of the United States, especially of the Florida peninsula, as well as of Scandinavia and the lakes of Switzerland, namely, the immense deposits of shells along the seashore. He says:

Here and there are bare patches of ground in some spit, jutting out into the river, with heaps of shells scattered about—a last trace of the nomadic aborigines. They formed a temporary encampment in this manner by the water-side, eating the oysters and other *mollusca*, wherever these were available, and leaving the shells behind, in the same way that the prehistoric races did in Scandinavia and in the lake dwellings of Switzerland. Not any natives remain in New South Wales now. In 100 years all have disappeared, though, perhaps, it is less than fifty years ago since blacks might have been lurking behind these spreading fig trees, waiting an opportunity to hurl their dangerous boomerang at the too inquisitive stranger.

Sea Trout, "Mud Trout," and Salmon in Newfoundland.

June 15th was a general holiday, and, as usual, hundreds availed themselves of the opportunity to take a run in the country and enjoy a day's fishing. There were about twelve

hundred passengers on the various trains, and most of them were trouters going to the various stations along the line. It is said that no country in the world has, in proportion to its size, as many ponds, lakes and rivers as Newfoundland, and many of them are along the line of railway, and all of them are more or less stocked with fish. So that, on a general holiday, there is always a stampede for the ponds, and each one, from the one three or four miles distant to those from eighty to a hundred miles away, on these occasions has its visitors, and many good creels of fish are the result of the day's sport. The trout are very numerous, and are locally known as "mud trout." I am inclined to think that it is the same as the American brook trout, but of this I am not so sure. It differs from the local brook trout, inasmuch as it grows much larger, is more game, and its flesh is of a rich red color, with a delicious flavor. But on this occasion there were not many large catches reported, as the day was too calm and bright; nevertheless, there were hundreds of dozens brought in.

Large mud trout are not easily to be caught, though small ones are abundant. In many of the lakes near St. John's are to be had fine large Loch Leven and rainbow trout. The former are caught in Quidi Vidi Lake (about five minutes' walk from town), and they attain very large size in our waters. The rainbow are not so large, but afford much better sport, as a two or three pounder fights well, and dies gamely. Many of our anglers devote their time and attention to them until about the middle of July, when they seek the haunts "where the sea trout jumps crazy for the fly." Sea trout and salmon come up the rivers about that time, and then the sport royal begins. The whole island is indented with deep bays, and these again have streams flowing into their headwaters, and in most of those streams are to be had such trout and salmon fishing as the venerable Izaak never dreamed of. One day last year the writer caught at Placentia three dozen sea trout, ranging from one half pound to two and one-half pounds each, and three salmon, the largest of which weighed eight pounds, and gave the best quarter of an hour that up to that time I had ever enjoyed.

Later in the season (Aug. 25th) I had the best hour's fishing that I ever enjoyed. We were at a place called Old Man's Bay, on the south coast of the Island, and we struck the river about 5:30 P. M. There were seven rods

all told. We fished in a small space, barely room enough for half at a time, but as quick as we could throw out we caught from one to four sea trout, and the largest, by actual weight, tipped the scales at 4 lbs. 1 oz. The trout were simply beyond count, and were "crazy for the fly." We caught enough to supply the whole ship's crew for some time, and also to distribute to friends at our next port of call. It would seem like slaughter, but it is likely that there hasn't been a hook dropped there since, and the trout not disturbed, except by poachers who haul them in nets for commercial purposes. If an angler could strike a good time, the trout running, and favorable weather, I think I am safe in saying that nowhere in the world would he get better fishing than in the many lakes and rivers in Newfoundland.

W. J. CARROLL.

St. JOHN'S, N. F., June 16th.

Trouting in Vancouver—A Pacific Coast Fly.

Messrs. Matherson and Bales, of the steamship *Empress of Japan*, Mr. Murdoch Cameron and myself proposed trying a small lake about seven miles north of Moodyville, on the northern shore of Burrard Inlet. The lake is but little fished, both Seymour and Lynn creeks being much handier to get at, consequently the fishing in the lake is very good.

We left Vancouver at 1:15 P. M. on the steamer *Senator* and our walk commenced about 2 P. M., all the time on an up grade. Our route was through some splendid scenery, and after about a four-mile tramp we were right in among the mountains. At 5 P. M. we reached the lake with our nautical friends a trifle blown, but very keen to get to work. In about ten minutes we got to business. The evening fishing was fine, the trout rising all round us and taking very freely, and averaging about a pound in weight. I found a fly of my own dressing very effective, and think that in other lakes with dark water similar to this it would do as well. Will give you the pattern at the end of this letter. After two hours' good sport we made our way over a pretty rough trail to Scott's Ranch, where we camped for the night, the house being built right over a stretch of the upper waters of Seymour Creek, and when the river is in good condition good fishing is to be had right from the doorstep.

We found everything snug and warm when we got there, Cameron having gone on ahead and got the fire going and the "billy" boiling.

After a good hearty meal we sat around a while smoking and yarning, Cameron giving us some fearful fishing yarns. At 3:30 A. M. we were astir and ready for breakfast, Bales proving himself to be a first-rate cook, giving satisfaction to all—no easy task! Breakfast finished, back to the lake, and in a few minutes I had the pleasure of killing the first fish, and shortly afterwards Cameron had a fine tussle and landed a beauty of about three pounds (a rainbow). Until 9 o'clock the sport was grand, and all were very well satisfied. We had a surprise, too, in the shape of a very sedate-looking brown bear, who stopped and surveyed Matherson with great interest. It was not twenty yards from him. Shortly afterwards a deer jumped onto the trail right ahead of Cameron, and there are any number of cougar in the neighborhood of Scott's Ranch, where the country is hardly hunted at all, and it is full of young grouse. We were loath to leave, but two of the party were bound for China in the morning, so the evening's fishing had to be omitted. Our friends, Bales and Matherson, took aboard their ship a fair basket of trout and a good impression of British Columbia fishing.

I dressed some flies according to your patterns in one of your issues of the *ANGLER*, and found the Reuben Wood and Seth Green very good flies. The fly I mentioned before has a mixed wing of dark turkey feathers and gray and white mottled, out of the mandarin duck; light brown hackle; light orange body of chenille brown, with green tail.

HARRY BURGESS.

The Sportsman's Bureau of Information.

This Bureau has been established to furnish detailed information, without charge, to sportsmen, as to the fishing and shooting localities in North America, including cost of transportation, hotel rates, names of guides and their charges, and if field dogs are furnished by them; cost of boats, livery and bait; where shooting and fishing are free or restricted; in fact, everything that is needed to make an outing successful and economical.

Descriptive books, folders, time tables, in fact, every kind of literature issued by transportation companies, can be had on application, free of charge.

Tickets over all transportation lines can be furnished by the Bureau; baggage will be checked from residence and sleeping berths secured.

The Bureau has now a number of the principal trunk lines of the country in full sympathy with and giving substantial aid in the conduct of its business, which is to serve primarily the interests of American sportsmen. We shall be pleased to see or hear from you. Address or call at 239 Fifth avenue, New York.

Publisher's Department.

A number of anglers known to us, who have visited the Muskoka region, reached by the Grand Trunk Railway from Toronto, are gathering their *impedimenta* for another summer outing in this region of lakes and fish. This picturesque country has equal attractions for the general tourist, as well as the sportsman. It is aptly called "The Highlands of Ontario." The lofty hills, often towering to mountain heights, and the low-lying and seemingly interminable chains of lakes, with their environment of dense evergreens and lofty forest growth; the pure air with its brace of balsam at every inspiration; the innumerable islands, of size from "a wheelbarrow to a Minnesota wheat farm," as an angler tersely termed them, and the many waterfalls and rapids—all these, combined with superior hotel and transportation facilities, are attracting tourists from every part of the world. To the sportsman, be he a rodster or a field shooter, no section of Canada offers more fruitful results. Big masca-longe, pike, black bass, pike-perch (*doré*), rock bass, and our native brook beauty, the red-spotted trout, are found wherever the outer loiters for a day's angling; but he is not apt to tarry long, for hither and yon, by a short carry or watercourse, he can feast on pastures new and fruitful. The field sportsman will find on these lakes and hills the dun colored wild deer, an occasional bear, with a fair chance in the remoter sections for caribou and feathered game; the grouse and duck particularly are near the door of his tent or on the waters of the lake upon which he has camped. A visit to this Muskoka region is inexpensive and the accommodation excellent and reasonable.

* *

Some years ago the writer went into the woods ten miles from Kalkaska, Mich., in search of the grayling and found them in all their beauty and gameness; and we hear that the upper Manistee River, a few miles above our former camp, is still well stocked with them. That outing was a grand one, for it included trips to Boyne Falls, where trout are plenty; to Cadillac for pike, wall-eyes, rock and black bass; to Elk Rapids for black bass, with little tours for the brook beauty to the adjacent trout streams; to Harbor Springs, where Boiling Springs and Roaring Brook gave us trout galore; to Le Roy, where "bronze-backers" are in numbers; to Mackinaw City, where the lake trout, surnamed the "gray trout," "forked-

tail," "togue," "tuladi," *et al.*, were caught by trolling over the grand waters of the big lake; to Petosky, for another round with the black bass and pike, and to a half dozen other fruitful waters, winding up at Reed City, where we basketed trout and grayling from the Hersey River and black bass from the Muskegon. We spent a month among the game fish of this State, and every water we visited was along the route of the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad. Our outing covered six weeks, with a cornucopia unloading health, fishing and happiness upon us all the time; and our contentment was not decreased by the outing being a very inexpensive one, the charges for railroad fares, hotels, guides, boat, bait and livery being very moderate in that section.

* *

Many Eastern anglers have an idea that a visit to the Pacific Coast streams and coast waters in the summer season would be attended by discomfort from the very hot weather that prevails. The reverse is the fact. We made a trip from Portland, Ore., to San Antonio, Tex., a few years ago, in the month of August, over the Southern Pacific system; and at no time in California was the heat so oppressive as it is during the months of June, July and August in the city of New York. This extended outing afforded many enjoyable and exciting experiences with the black-spotted trout (*S. clarkii*), the rainbow, including the Kern River and golden trout, as well as the big game-fish of the Pacific, all of which are found along the coast range and in nearly every stream that courses down the hillsides of the State. We will be glad to furnish special data to all inquiring sportsmen tourists as to the fishing and shooting facilities of the Pacific Slope.

* *

But few Eastern anglers realize the astonishing abundance of game fish in the secluded streams of the northern range of the Rockies, particularly the mountains of the British Possessions. Some years ago we visited the middle section of the State of Montana, and found waters the surface of which foamed with trout, grayling and river whitefish, for an area of ten feet, when our flies were cast upon them. Such an experience can be duplicated in hundreds of localities across the British line. Even in the Canadian National Park, now visited by thousands of tourists annually, virgin waters may still be found, and a tramp and camp of a few miles will place the sportsman among the

big salmon trout of the lakes and the smaller black spotted cutthroats, which are found in every river, brook or rivulet; and the foothills and mountains, down which the ceaseless waters flow, will yield to the rifle the bear, the elk and the deer. We have not space to enumerate or describe the thousands of such localities situated in every western province of the Dominion, but will be glad to give details when asked, or to send descriptive books of this grand hunting territory, lately issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Railroad literature for sportsmen fifteen years ago did not exist. It is now in full fruition. But few transportation companies have failed to realize the profit to their roads of the constantly increasing numbers of sportsmen tourists, and we have now on our desk some scores of guide and descriptive books of territories whereon fish may be caught and game may be killed. They are all of value, but one of the best edited and most serviceable has been issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, which can be had either at the office of this magazine or from the railroad offices in Chicago. Space forbids an extended description of the many waters along the route of this favorite railway system, but we cannot omit mention of the following localities, where great sport with the rod can be had: In Wisconsin trout can be caught at Ashland, and a trip of a few miles will yield them in abundance. At Bangor the scores of this fish have been exceedingly large, and good shooting can also be found. There is also excellent fishing for pike

and black bass near by. Good black bass fishing is found at Winneconne, Stoughton, Union Grove, Wauzeka, Portage, Sauk City, Oconomowoc, McFarland, Middleton, and at hundreds of other localities. Trout may also be had at or near the following stations: Sparta, Tomah, Tunnel City, Noguebay Bay, Richland City, Melvina, Kilbourn, Boscobel, and many other localities.

Instructive Literature Gratis.

Application by mail or a personal call at the office of the "Bureau of Information for Sportsmen," 239 Fifth avenue, New York, will secure, free of charge to sportsmen, a copy of any of the publications named below. They give valuable information to the sportsman tourist. Send stamps, if wished, by mail; a two-cent stamp for each pamphlet.

Fishing on the Picturesque Erie, issued by the Erie Railroad.

Rural Summer Homes, issued by the Erie Railroad.

Summer Homes, issued by the N. Y., Ont. and W. Railway.

California for Health, Pleasure and Profit; The Sportsman at Del Monte; Indio; Battle of Castle Crags; Vamos a Mexico, issued by the Southern Pacific Railway.

Evangeline's Land, issued by the Dominion Atlantic Railway.

A Highland Holiday, issued by the Grand Trunk Railway.

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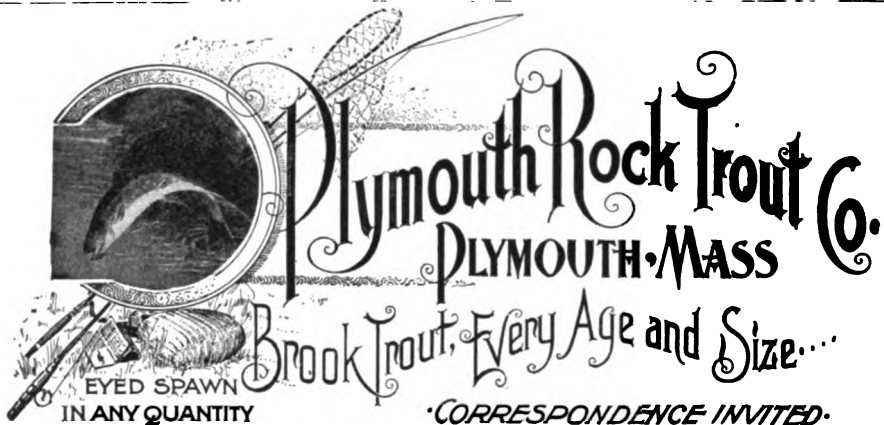


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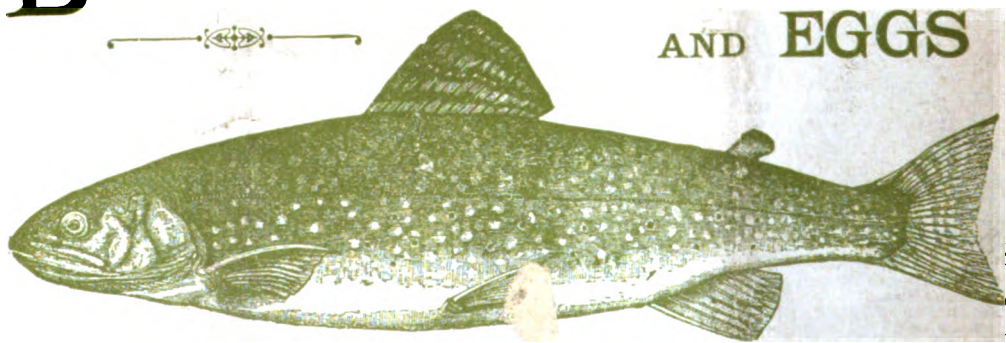
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AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS~Editor.

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By William C. Harris, Editor of THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

"THE FISHES OF NORTH AMERICA" is issued in forty monthly parts, each part containing two fish portraits on heavy plate paper, size 12x19 inches. This publication, which may be said to be the life-work of Mr. Harris, who has spent many years in its preparation, occupies a field entirely its own in ichthyic literature. In fact, no previous publication has appeared that attempts to cover so large a field, or present so great a number of portraits of American fishes, eighty or more of which, colored as in life, will be given in the book, which will also contain about 1,000 drawings in ink of different species of fish.

The portraits of fishes are first painted in oil, at the moment they are taken from the water, before their color tints have faded, then lithographed on stone in colors, of which as many as fifteen (15) different tints have been required to reproduce the exact tone and mellow transuasion of color so frequently seen in many species of fish when alive. So closely has the oil effect been followed that an expert cannot distinguish the painting from its copy at a distance of ten feet. This accuracy in reproduction of the canvas renders the lithograph still more attractive when framed. A full set of these portraits forms an art collection, which as works of reference, will become invaluable.

The cost of this work, when completed, will be at least fifty-five thousand dollars (\$55,000). The paper, press-work, type and general mechanical execution is the best that can be obtained, and neither labor nor money will be economized in the effort to make the publication unequalled in angling or ichthyological literature.

This work, while educational to the student of

Natural History, appealing directly to the tastes and intelligence of every one interested in the literature of animated nature, is issued primarily, for the craft of anglers, of which the author has been a member for more than a third of a century. In this connection the *New York Herald*, in an extended review of Mr. Harris' work, states:

"The fisherman who sees any part of this superb work will resolve to own it all, even though he has to sell part of his outfit to get the money."

Of its standard value as a text book on the natural history of fishes, Professor S. Garman, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Mass., writes the author:

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No. 12.

THE ART OF MODERN BAIT-CASTING.

BY FRED. GARDNER.



BAIT-CASTING, when skillfully practiced, is not only a most scientific, but probably the most pleasurable mode of angling, for the greater majority of Waltonian followers. A knowledge of how to cast a bait with a short rod and multiplying reel is worthy the careful consideration of the seeker after outing pleasure and pastime. The methods employed in this art are very simple and easily mastered, providing it is practiced with an outfit especially designed for the purpose, as it brings the angler almost immediate reward; while, on the other hand, they become very annoying, perplexing and in many instances disgusting, when attempted with improper angling implements. In fact, it is impossible to become a successful bait-caster without such a complete and well arranged assortment of tackle as is necessary to enable the angler to successfully practice the art—tackle that must be especially adapted and designed for the purpose, which, when in use, gives the sportsman only unalloyed pleasure.

A perfect knowledge of how to cast a bait one hundred feet, with a rod from six to six and one half feet in length, with a quadruple compensating reel, and a bait not weighing more than one-quarter of an ounce, is the end to be attained. Unless the angler possesses these

requirements, the sport will not only become disgusting and tiresome, but will have the effect of driving him back to the primitive ways of pot-fishing.

After the rudimentary principles, such as getting the line out without allowing it to overrun, thumbing the reel properly, and retrieving and spooling the line, have been acquired, bait-casting then *resolves* into *nothing more* nor less than trolling. Trolling, known the world over for years as the most successful mode of taking fish, is, then, the principle of bait-casting. But trolling in the art of casting is shorn of the fatigue and monotony of sitting quietly in a boat and being pushed over the water in order to play the bait; it gives the angler absolute and entire control over the bait and enables him not only to cover a large area of water, but to drop it in out-of-the-way places, frequented for hiding by game fishes watching for their prey, where it would be an utter impossibility to troll.

From the most careful observation of anglers who call themselves bait-casters, I have come to the conclusion that about nine out of every ten know absolutely nothing of the fine points of the art. Science is thrown to the winds, and often a frog as large as would cover a man's hand is cast, creating a splash and a thud when it alights, that would strike terror to the gamiest fish that swims. It is, however, not my province in this

article to criticize, but to point out the proper methods to be employed, learned from practical experience.

The capacity of being able to cast a very light bait adds great independence to the art, as the angler can select from numerous artificial lures, such as spoon hooks, phantom minnows and the like. Again, when using either the minnow or frog as a casting bait, it will be found that with the smaller frog or minnow,



—Casting to the Left.

the best results will be had. Thus it will be seen that it is most essential in this sport to be able to cast a light and delicate bait perfectly.

Time was when the rod-makers could not be induced to make a bait-casting rod less than eight feet three inches in length, claiming that in constructing a rod of shorter length, the strength, durability and action would be sacrificed.

Not so at present, however, for of necessity (at least in the West), the six or six and one-half foot rod has come into general use among expert casters, and has proven beyond dispute that the old-timers were wrong.

A very desirable rod of this length is now in use; it is made of Bethabara wood, with shortened and thick German silver ferrules and shortened reel-seat, thus throwing all the wood construction possible into the rod. A rod of this character, being so short and weighing hardly five ounces, can be handled at any angle desired and in the most complicated surroundings.

I have a rod of this wood weighing four and one-half ounces, six feet four inches in length, and have tested it in many stubborn fights with game fish to its utmost capacity, and it has now my entire confidence and admiration. It is invincible, and I should not care to admit that it divides honors with any other wood that grows.

Regarding the reel, too much care cannot be exercised in the selection of this implement of the bait-caster's outfit, if delicacy, accuracy and distance are to be considered in casting light baits. The old-style multiplier has been superseded by the quadruple compensator, and it is conceded by experts to be the only desirable reel to use.

No ordinary reel has the power or strength necessary to withstand the enormous task which the bait-caster's reel is called upon to perform in casting and retrieving the bait, and, like the rod, it must be especially adapted for its purpose.

The best reel has steel pivot (conical shape) bearings, which reduce the friction to a minimum, a thumb-screw adjustment making it possible for the reel to be adjusted so it will revolve quietly, run smoothly, and start with the slight

est effort. A screwdriver and a small can of oil should always be included in the kit, and the reel oiled not less than once a day. A forty-yard reel is the best size to mate with the rod described, being light in weight; lightness of tackle being the chief object of the expert angler. The check and drag with which most reels are provided should never be utilized in making a cast, the thumb being the cardinal feature of success in this sport. The check, if on the rear plate, is a practical idea to prevent the reel from revolving when not in use. The drag in bait-casting should be an unknown quantity, as its use, if persisted in, will ruin any bait-casting reel manufactured. I have removed drags from my reels, believing them to be not only nonsensical, but a detriment that should be abolished.

As with the rod and reel, the line that is desirable for this sport has a separate individuality which adapts it to the requirements of the caster. The main feature of its manufacture is being braided nearly square and becoming perfectly round in use instead of flat, the last-named being the worst feature with most braided silk lines when used for casting. A line with a breaking tension of six pounds is sufficiently heavy to compete with the heaviest of fish if properly handled, for the finer the line the better it will cast when using a light bait. Under no circumstances should the bait-casting line have an enamelled or water-proof dressing, as lines of that description harm their casting or spooling qualities. In spooling the line, special attention should be paid not to overlap, as disastrous results will surely follow. Consequently, when retrieving the line, grasp the rod with the fingers directly under the reel, allowing the upper rim of the reel to nestle in the palm of the hand, and use the

thumb to lay the line on the reel-spool, and never attempt to cast with the line spooled imperfectly. By a little practice the line can be laid perfectly and very rapidly. Thumbing the line when casting is a feature that must never be belittled, and under no circumstances should the angler make a cast without gently dragging the line with his thumb while paying off the reel-spool.

The reel in bait-casting belongs on the top or upper side of the rod, and not on the lower side as in fly-casting. This arrangement simplifies the matter of controlling the line with the thumb. The angler, by being particular when making his initial attempts at thumbing the reel, will soon do it instinctively; and, when acquired, it is done unthinkingly, as the mind, in this sport, should not be on the reel, but have other matters of pleasing importance to occupy it. Thumbing the line as it pays off the



—Casting to the Right.

reel, and spooling it perfectly in retrieving it, should never be neglected; this rule must always be followed to insure good results.

Baits that can be used in this sport are practically unlimited, as any bait ever known to have been taken by a fish can be utilized. If fishing for bass, a 4½ Skinner spoon is one of the best killing baits that can be used. A specially constructed spoon, with a hinged device which allows the spoon to lie back against the line in making a cast, thereby offering no air resistance, is manufactured, and is entirely practical. The phantom and quill minnows are also lures worthy of the bait-caster's attention. The invincible live minnow and the deluding influences of the live frog, when delicately dropped from a distance of about one hundred feet, by the skillful bait-caster, in the immediate vicinity of a game fish, are too well known to need any explanations or comments. It will therefore certainly be admitted that the bait-caster is not limited in the item of bait.

Any bait, whether artificial or natural, that shows a tendency to kink or twist the line in retrieving should be overcome by the use of swivels, as a kinked line will not cast properly, and will lead one into the most annoying complications.

Any good hollow-point hook is desirable in this sport, the snell gut hook probably taking precedence.

The methods of bait-casting, when understood and practiced, with proper tackle, are very simple and easy of accomplishment.

The rod, reel and line, together with a compact landing net, make up the main features of the outfit. The landing net should be fitted with a twenty-four-inch minnow dip net, which can be used in catching frogs, as well as in landing the fish. A small variety of spoons, phantom and quill minnows, a few hooks, swivels, connecting links and split shot make up the balance of this very complete and interesting outfit.

There are in casting the bait three styles, known as the left to right, right to left, and forward cast. After mastering these, the other details that may be necessary in casting can be easily learned. In starting the right to left cast, the tip of the rod should be held well up, and the angler should rely on the spring of the rod to quietly and delicately throw the bait. This spring can be produced by a slight movement of the forearm and wrist only. Arm force does not aid the bait-caster with a rod designed to properly cast a bait, but detracts from the work the rod is supposed to perform.

The rod in the cast is held at a side angle of about 45°, with the elbow nearly touching the body. As the rod and bait rise on the first of the circle, make sure to take advantage of the upward spring of the rod and let the bait go, for by holding onto the line until the tip of the rod has reached the 45° angle on the opposite side, the bait will be thrown down instead of up and forward. Particular attention must be paid to this point, as it has proven the stumbling block to many tyros in the art.

The left to right cast may seem more difficult to master, but there is much of fancy in this, for again the well-constructed rod helps out. The same principle is used as in the right to left cast, the only difference being a back-hand motion. The forward cast is used more in wading than from a boat, and the bait is started from the rear, with the rod pointing over the shoulder at the same angle as is used in the other two casts.

Casting should be practiced with the left as well as the right hand, and anglers will find it a very desirable acquisition, as one rests the other; furthermore, being able to cast with the right and reel with the left, or vice versa,

greatly assists the angler, as the rod does not have to be changed from hand to hand in retrieving the line. When casting from a boat never stand up, as it establishes a bad precedent and exposes one to the quick perceptions of game fish.

Taken as a whole, this scientific method of taking game fish becomes a most delightful auxiliary to an outing, and is in every respect worthy of the exalted position it now holds among the many devotees of the true art of modern angling.



THE FISH TREE.

BY JOHN E. GUNCKEL.

FOR many years the great cry among the angling fraternity has been that our favorite waters are rapidly being depleted of food fishes; that the commercial dealings therein are crippled, and the lakes, rivers, streams are almost denuded of fish. To remedy this and again replete the fresh waters is a matter that has been discussed by our most learned fish culturists, and, at the last annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society, the subject was ably handled by many distinguished men. While they were devising ways and means to meet this evil, in my yard was growing a fish tree.

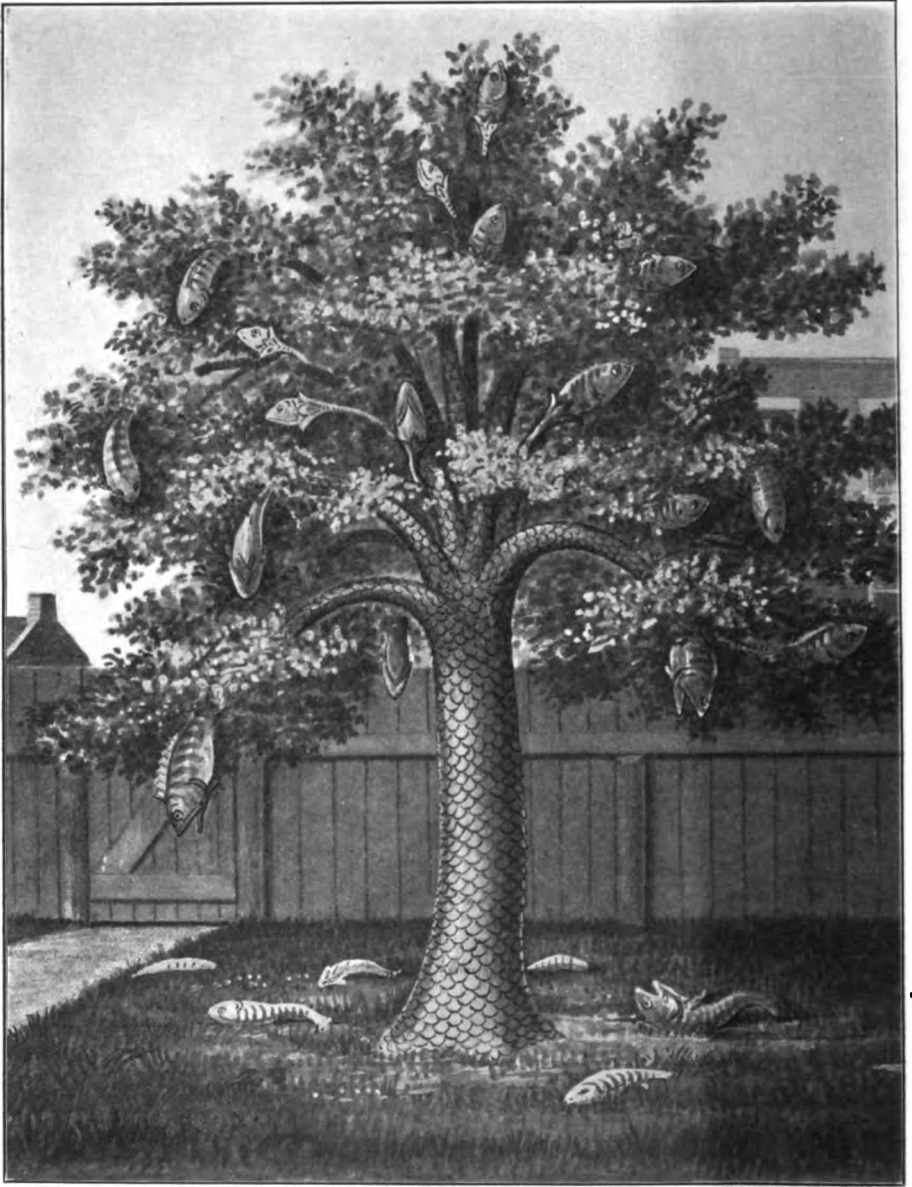
Some years ago, observing that the Government was taking particular pains to distribute seeds of various kinds to those who wanted them, or who were

"politically related," I opened correspondence with the honorable representative from the Ninth Congressional district of Ohio, and in time succeeded in procuring a number of strange-looking seeds, unknown to our rural cousins. They were labeled "Fish Seeds," with directions reading :

"Plant all in one hill. The tree will produce a variety of fish whose flesh contains the nutrition upon which all the phenomena of life are based—sweet, savory, brain-making food."

The seeds were planted, as directed, in a soil selected from marshy lands, and dampened daily with river water.

June's sunshine made the earth warm and July's rains encouraged the slowly appearing sprouts, and when August tinted the lawn with a harvest ripeness the seeds produced a tree high enough to show that the bark was to be scaly,



THE FISH TREE.

and the leaves the shape and form of fish-scales. Autumn's winds and changing temperature made the growing tree solid and tough, and when winter chilled the air and covered the earth with snow and frost, the tree closed its scaly bark and slept.

A year passes and another spring rolls round, with summer's sun opening the silent streams and quiet lakes and giving new life to all nature. The fish tree grew as no other tree ever grew before. A perfectly rounded trunk, branches broadly reaching toward the sky, and upon nearly every twig a blossom, which shed its petals, in time, leaving fruit, in the shape of fish. Sunshine and rain, assisted by occasional irrigation, soon caused the fruit to develop; and when the harvest apples appeared in the market and the May cherries were gone we had fish on the tree, the most delicious and nutritious fruit ever produced, coming and going as the season advanced.

Strange to note, not a grasshopper or a fly ever ventured near the tree but it was quickly taken in. There was a pleasant odor, which came from the tree with every gentle breeze, resembling the perfume which comes from Castalia's famous water-cress. When the wind blew cold from the north and east the fish were motionless; but when the south and west winds sang their songs through the heavily laden branches, the fish were lively and their

scales a brighter color. Men of science, men of learning in the art of fish and fishing, men whose business lives were spent in the propagation of fishes, visited the tree. Fish culturists from Washington, D. C.; Northville, Michigan; Glenn's Falls, New York; Put in Bay, Ohio; Cold Spring Harbor, New York; Wood's Hole, Mass.; United States and the State Fish Commissioners, and delegates from our angling fraternity.

In reply to the official report made to the Government, the following explains itself:

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 21, 1899.

J. E. GUNCKEL, Toledo, Ohio.

MY DEAR SIR: The report of the success of the seeds sent you received. The seeds were recommended as excellent, and I am pleased to learn they proved to be as advertised. Your report will be filed with the Honorable Secretary of Agriculture, and will, doubtless, appear in his "Year Book." I have just seen Col. J. H. Brigham, and he says the fruit should not be gathered before ripe.

Yours very truly,

JAMES H. SOUTHARD.

Upon the return of Mr. Southard to his home, the citizens of Toledo and Northwestern Ohio tendered him a public reception, and on this occasion presented him with a magnificent cane made from a limb taken from the fish tree.

To satisfy any doubting minds, I take pleasure in inclosing a photograph of this tree.



MAKING ARTIFICIAL FLIES—AMATEUR WORK.

BY THOMAS S. MORRELL.



THE method I use is somewhat different from any I have seen in print, and I think superior to the old method in neatness and durability. I use the fingers only, dispensing with the vise. I discard wax; do not soak the gut nor bite it into ridges before fastening to the hook.

Having all the materials before me, I select the hook, length of gut, tinsel, duffing, silk, hackle and wing feathers. I take a two-ounce vial, fill it quarter full of nicely broken gum shellac; then nearly fill the bottle with alcohol, and shake until thoroughly dissolved. The cork has a sharp-pointed stick running through it so as to just immerse the point of the stick into the liquid.

Take the hook by the left thumb and forefinger by the bend, the barb pointing downwards. Touch the shank all around down to the edge of the fingers with the shellac. Then take red sewing silk, fine but strong, and wind from six to a dozen turns, according to size of hook, from the fingers to the end of shank; turn over one loop and draw tight. Now place the silkworm gut under the shank and wind down to the fingers tightly and closely.

Take two half hitches, and again anoint the length of the part wound, with shellac; lay it away ten minutes and it will be dry enough to proceed. Take a piece of gold or silver tinsel, four to six inches long; fasten one end by two half hitches just below the snell to the hook, and wind down on the bend one-quarter

of an inch; then back again and fasten as before, leaving the end of the tinsel hanging loose. Take two or more fibers of feather and fasten on top for a tail, just above the tinsel; see that it sets straight and well up.

If you intend the body to be slender, fasten a small piece of floss silk of the color you intend the body to be, and wind with the silk thread to within a quarter inch of the end of the shank. If you intend a full body, take a short piece of worsted yarn and fasten to the hook just above the tinsel, and wind smoothly and evenly to a quarter of an inch of the end of the shank; fasten, and cut off the end of the yarn close. Now wind back your silk thread, closely and smoothly, so as to entirely cover the worsted yarn, to the tail. Then take the tinsel and thread together and wind tightly back towards the end of the shank, leaving as much of the silk body visible as you think best to make a good finish; take two half hitches after touching the thread with shellac, draw tight, and cut end of tinsel off closely.

Now take the hackle you have selected, clip off the tip-end fibers and fasten just where your thread hangs, or, if you choose, a quarter of an inch lower, in which case wind back your thread and take a half hitch at the desired point; fasten the hackle by the stub where you clipped off the fibers, and wind with both hackle and thread, closer as you approach the end of the shank. Fasten by a half hitch of the thread, and cut off the stub of the hackle closely. Touch the thread with shellac, and take one more half hitch. You are now ready for the wings.

Most trout flies have only one wing,

but the best and most difficult to make are the two-winged. We will suppose only one. Take the feather or feathers you have selected and lay the stub end on top of the shank, the tip of the wing pointing away from it; hold in this position by the left thumb and forefinger. Touch your thread with shellac and take two half hitches drawn tightly, then turn back the wing over the hook; touch the thread again with shellac, and take two half hitches over the bent feathers and around the hook as closely to the end as you can and not slip off. See that the wing sits right and does not lie too flat on the back. Draw very tightly and cut off the thread close, and your fly is complete, except the loop in the gut, which can be made either before or after the fly is made. To make this loop the gut must be soaked fifteen minutes. This is known as the reversed wing fly.

The two-winged fly is not usually made by reversing the feathers, although it can be so made. Each wing is put on separately; and it is much more difficult to make the head small. Neatness of finish requires that the head should be very small. This is always the great trouble with beginners. It is the correct thing for trout flies, but salmon and bass flies are often made with large heads. For trout flies, nature should be copied closely, but the large flies for salmon, bass and pickerel resemble no living insect, and the amateur can suit his own fancy. Trout flies are rarely made with mixed wings, and are worthless when so made. For salmon and bass the mixed wings or wing is very beautiful and most attractive.

It requires the eye of an artist to mix colors rightly either in painting or fly-making, and it is best, though many colors are used, to have one color predominate in each fly.

Have five or six colored feathers before you; clip off, say, a dozen fibers of each, and separate each fiber carefully. Make as many flies as you have colors, and lay a fiber of each color on each pile. Try to have the fibers of equal length. Now, if you wish your fly to have, say, a bluish shade, take double the number of blue fibers (or even more) to any other color.

We will suppose you have tied on your silkworm gut, tail is fixed, body made (the latter being of the same color that predominates in the wing), hackle on (you can make it the whole length of the body, or at the head to represent legs only), and all ready for the wings. Roll all the piles of fibers together in one bunch carefully, so that the stub ends are even. You can tie them together if you choose, but this is not my practice. Touch your silk thread attached to the shank of the hook with shellac for about an inch, spreading it on the thread smoothly and evenly. Place your bunch of fibers on top of the shank and fasten by two or three half hitches drawn closely and tightly. After the shellac has thoroughly stiffened, say ten minutes, clip off the stub of the feathers closely and cover with the silk thread. Touch the head all over with shellac and the fly is complete; or you can make a head by taking a few turns of peacock herl, which is common in both salmon and bass flies.

For bass flies I usually dress the top of the wings with dark brown feathers, and for salmon flies with golden pheasant. Both are matters of choice or taste. The very gay flies should be on large hooks, the modest colors on medium size, and the very plain dark colors on small hooks.

The wings for most flies either for trout or salmon should stand well up. Most flies have the wings too flat on the back, which I think a mistake.

The plain hackles are sometimes very successful in waters rarely fished or in preserved ponds; but in much-fished streams, where the trout are educated by great experience, only the young fry from four to six ounces can be so easily seduced. Neatness of finish, smallness of size, and a copy as nearly as possible of the natural fly latest on the water will call up the old patriarchs and be conducive to a full basket. There are a

few flies that are almost always successful, because the natural fly they represent is more or less constantly on the water. The hackles may do very well on some days and in a particular state of the water and atmosphere when the trout cannot see clearly; but on bright, clear days and low water, you must imitate nature closely to deceive the wary trout. This is my experience, and is not theory or book education.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN—FISHING IN THE GLOAMING.

BY M. M. BACKUS.

Scene.—Island of Diadama, four miles from Lake View.

Persons.—Our angler and his boatman in a skiff.

August 15th. A bar runs out from Diadama, north, veering a little west, for half a mile, some three rods wide, with four feet of water falling off on either side into as many fathoms; its bottom is agates and pearls, its water crystal.

We are not going to describe it; if you would know what love is, go, look into the eye of a gazelle; if you would feel the witchery of enchantment, come and see Diadama Bar.

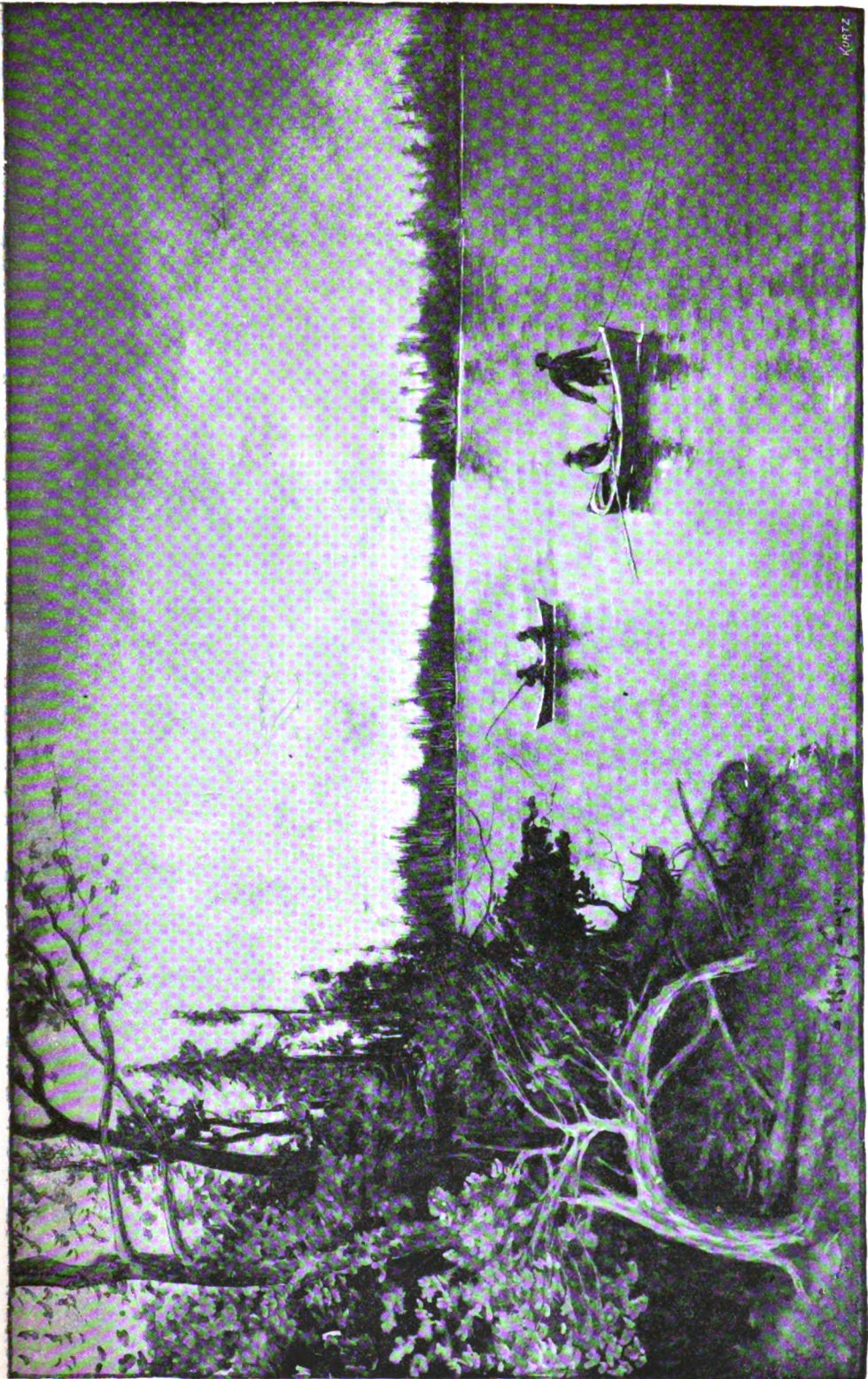
It has been hot all day with little wind, and we have been loafing around here till late in the afternoon. Joe is good at loafing, and I like Joe. To be good at loafing you must begin early; and then at fifty, if you are a perfect man, you would rather fish than work, and rather eat than fish, and rather sleep than all the rest together.

Joe has taken all the degrees in this Masonry, and is now a Royal Arch. I have begun late in life, but under his tuition am making rapid strides; but life is short.

Loafing is not a cardinal virtue; rather it is an alternate one. You practice it when you can do no better. All men have not this grace. Riches cannot loaf, its heart is too heavy with gold; high places cannot loaf, its soul is consumed with ambition; dullness cannot loaf, its head does not feel it, when it is full of it. Loafing is a term of polite contempt, used freely by the men of this world, who always make haste to dismiss every virtue and every praise with a bit of cheap slang. Now, in the humble dialect of the angler, loafing implies endurance, letting patience have her perfect work, bidding our time.

We have been bidding it for the last two mortal long hours, swinging idly here and there in this boat, and now it is six o'clock. I am looking up at Joe; his large blue eyes are gleaming with some strange fire, and his honest broad nostrils expand just like those of an old warhorse that is sniffing the sulphur and the carnage of battle. I never saw a warhorse do that or anything else. But Gen. Grant said it is a fact, and there was no bigger man than Grant. Joe speaks:

"The time is come; you are going to see the glory of Diadama to-night."



WHERE THE BASS ABOUND.

We stop to explain. Glory is an attribute of Niagara, and of Pike's Peak, and of Barnum's white elephant. There is one glory of the sun, another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; but glory up here in the Back Bay means a big haul of fish. Now for Joe again:

"You are going to see the glory of Diadama to-night. The south wind draws down the channel, and there's a current over the bar. The sunlight comes well aslant, and it's all like molten gold on the surface; you can see nothing below, and the fish can see nothing above. The time is come. Fish in the gloaming."

He takes an oar for paddle, and puts the boat noiselessly in a chosen spot; then creeps like a cat to the bow—he's heavy, but he can do it when he's after fish—and softly puts the anchor down; then back to his seat.

I take up the Henshall and in an instant am struggling with a two-pound bass.

"Joe, they are here."

"Yes, sir; and there goes my rod, smashed in the middle."

"Save the fish, Joe, and take my Henshall; I'll use the salmon rod. Fish honest, and do it well."

As fast as we could land them, five minutes per bass, the work went on till dark, till after dark an hour and a half, and then it ceased; and then a season with chub, one to two pounds, and then they ceased; and then a season with perch, eight ounces to a pound, and then they ceased; and then one little rockie, and then we ceased.

"Joe, it's pitch dark; no moon; sky is ink; hold up! How many?"

"Forty bass, sir, if I kept count right; should average two pounds; of non-descripts a butter-tub full."

"Can you account for this?"

"Perhaps the bass get tired lying still all day down below, and come up here to wet their gills in running water; the chub and perch follow to see what's up. If it was a school, and they stopped here, that's one thing; but if they were swimming along over, you must reckon 'way up in the thousands."

No place for our feet in the bottom of the boat, waterlogged with fish; we stretch our legs along the seats. I am tired. The steady dip of the oars under Joe's untiring arms invite to repose. I muse. Presently there's a thumping under the ribs; conscience speaks.

"Sir, is not this pot-fishing?" I begin to make excuse: "It is the first and only time; it was honest, with hook and line."

And then I thought I saw a mighty company of brother anglers hover like a cloud around me, and, seeing the abundant proofs of slaughter, cry out and call on Walton and Juliana Berners, and all the saints in our calendar.

"Smite him for a Paynim; he has besmirched the Banner."

When the thunderbolts are uplifted it's time to repent, and to be quick about it. All good men repent, when they're cornered. My head bows low down upon my breast, my face suffused with tears, my hands clutching for the rosary, my fingers feeling for the beads, when—*presto*—the Guardian Angel of our Golden Luck, hastening to avenge his high prerogative to give as he pleased, pours a flood of electric light upon the mimic scene—and that baseless fabric of a hypocritical fantasy melts into thin air. Our heart smiles—then laughs—then guffaws.

"Wake up, sir; we are at Lake View; you have been asleep an hour."

"What! and is it all then a dream? Oh, no; this is my boat, and there are the fish, and these are my own legs,

stiffened with this night air, inside of their overalls, and these are my very overalls, smeared with bits of bait and fish-scales from the waistband down to the boots."

Kind friends take the rods and the

tackle-bag; lift me out and congratulate. Helping hands drag the skiff up the ways into the boathouse. Then to a light supper, to bed, and to pleasant dreams.

My benison on thee, Diadama!



ANGLING WORTHIES OF THE OLD TIME

BY S. C. CLARKE.



THE town of Newton, Mass., where I was born (now a large city), was then full of trout streams and of perch ponds, and I began to fish at an early age. My cousin, Jean McLellan, was one of my first companions in the sport. In that time, say 1812 to 1820, anglers were scarce and were looked upon as idlers. The solid men of Boston, however, did not disdain to go down the harbor fishing for cod, that being considered an industrial pursuit.

I was at the Boston Latin School, the oldest institution of learning in the United States, from 1816 to 1820; and used to ply the hook and line from the wharves and bridges, for cod, haddock, striped bass, flounders and smelts, in season and out of season, even taking the chances of a whipping for truancy.

The most distinguished anglers of that day were Messrs. David Eckley and Augustus Thorndike, of Boston, who were fly-fishers for trout, and even went to Scotland for salmon, it being supposed that the Canadian fish would not rise to a fly. The same error has prevailed, we know, as to the salmon of the Pacific coast. The Russian Consul at Boston, Mr. Eustaphieve, was also an expert angler with rod and reel, and it used to be said that he had killed a five-pound shark in that way, but few believed it. I have lived to perform the feat many times. Daniel Webster was also a well-known angler in the New England trout streams. For myself, I could not afford to buy a brass reel, and so built myself one of wood.

At fifteen I went to work to earn my

living, and so gave up angling till about 1840, when I went to Chicago to live—at that time a paradise for men of the rod and gun—and I had my fill of fishing and shooting for the next ten years. There were many fine sportsmen and excellent dogs, for game was so plenty that a pointer or setter of good blood could be trained in two or three days.

I had two brothers in Chicago, both of whom were fond of shooting and fishing. Besides these, my chief companion was Dr. John T. Temple, from Virginia, who was the best all-round sportsman I ever met. I have seen him kill eighteen out of twenty woodcock in rather thick cover, and "he never tired of angling," as Father Walton said of a friend. Dr. Temple is now with God. Another of my companions, equally good with rod and gun, still survives in Wisconsin—Mr. J. E. McClure. I have seen him kill two deer with one rifle ball, and four grouse with two barrels. I knew him once to drive from Fox River to Chicago in a summer day, forty miles, and kill seventy-five grouse on the way, all on the wing, over his dogs. Dr. Temple and I took with rod and reel in one day, in the Columbia River, 250 pounds of black bass and pike.

McClure built a skiff, which we took on wheels to a beautiful lake in Northern Illinois, where a boat had never floated. In our first day on the lake we took fifty black bass, averaging three pounds in weight, and about as many other fish—perch, bream and pike.

Another fishing companion of mine was a man named Delano, who kept a hotel at Ottawa, on the Fox River. I fished there with him three days in the month of April, and with rod and

reel we killed four hundred black bass, so abundant were the fish fifty years ago in the States of Illinois and Wisconsin.

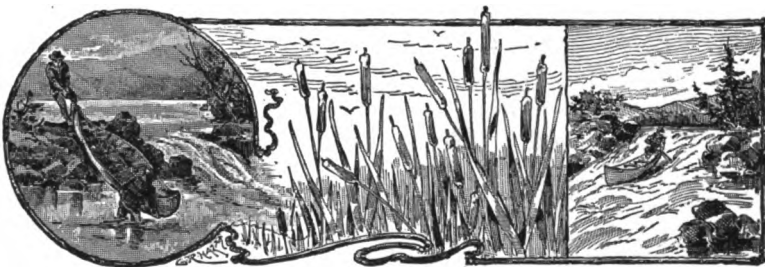
In 1850 I became a married man and gave up fishing until after the death of my wife in 1859, when I lived in Newport, R. I., and fished a good deal there and in the Provinces for trout and salmon.

In 1870 I went to Florida for the winter, and afterwards for ten winters, where I found the best sport with rod and reel that I have ever had. My fishing companions there were Henry Lawrence of New York, S. Coates of Rhode Island, and Arthur W. Benson of Brooklyn, the last of whom recently died in Florida. They were all skilful anglers with rod and reel. Mr. Coates killed at Narragansett Pier, where he caught some of the heaviest striped bass on record. Another angler whom I met in Florida was S. Jones, of Philadelphia, who, about twelve or fourteen years ago, killed in the Indian River the first

tarpon ever taken with rod and reel. This I had from two witnesses of the capture. The fight lasted, I think, two hours, and the fish weighed about 120 pounds.

Another sporting friend of mine in Boston, in early life, was Henry J. Sargent. He was a good trout fisherman, and a fine shot who trained his own dogs, and he had some of the best setters I ever shot over. He, also, is gone.

Did you ever meet a famous Canadian angler by the name of H. H. Killaly? I once passed two weeks with him on the Restigouche; there were four of us in the party, and Mr. K. killed more salmon than the other three—sometimes twelve or fifteen a day. He was a jovial Irishman, and up to the time of his death was, I suppose, the best salmon fisherman in the Dominion. After fifty years of hunting and fishing, apparently an amphibious man who lived half the time in the water, he took cold in riding in a stage coach in Canada, and died of pneumonia.



NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading, queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology, and Fish Culture will be answered.]

Care of Tackle in Winter.

There are some phases, and occasionally unpardonable ones, in the general "make up" of an angler, which usually indicate his temperament and the lines he is apt to follow when he goes a-fishing and in the care of his tackle. We have the impetuous, enthusiastic angler who dashes into the planning of his first outing, and into the stream, when he gets there, with the glow of the sport radiating, as it were, from every pore of his body, thoughtless of every condition except that of being afield and of catching fish. His reel, rod, and water gear are all awry, for he has given little thought or attention to his tackle during the winter, and is often compelled to buy a new outfit, though the old one would, with care, have lasted several seasons. One of his companions on the outing, it may be, is of a more sedate turn of mind but not less sensitive to the enjoyment of his environment and pastime. One of his striking characteristics may be noted in the extreme care with which he tests his leaders before attaching them to the reel line, and the precise lining of the rings or guides of his rod. His entire *impedimenta* is in perfect order; the click of his fly reel emits no jar or rattle, but is perfect in cadence and in smoothness of action. His rod is straight as an arrow, and its ferrules are bright, and fit into each other with exactness, never becoming metal-bound. He has taken good care of his tackle during the off months of winter; and it would be well if all anglers followed his example, not only because of the economy of it, but in the increased pleasure of a projected fishing trip. For the benefit of the careless ones, we excerpt from a late issue of *Outing* a few practical directions on the care of tackle in winter:

The Rod—A well-made split bamboo or wood rod should last for years if proper care is taken of it. Each joint, after a day's fishing, should be wiped dry very carefully and bent into shape, if it has a set, before putting away; and a drop or two of sperm oil should be rubbed over the rod before going out again with it. When laying a rod aside for the season, it

should be carefully examined and all damages repaired; the ferrules and bands should be thoroughly cleaned and new plugs fitted to the joints. Take the rod apart, wipe the joints dry, and lay them away in their case in an apartment where the temperature will be dry and uniform, not over 50 degrees. If a case is used, do not tie the strings or bands too tightly; this would be likely to bend the tip and second joints. Under no circumstances let the rod stand near the chimney or furnace flue, and the other extreme of cold in a garret or outbuilding should be avoided. Changes of temperature destroy the pliancy and stiffness of a rod. To insure the continued equal distribution of strength the rod should be laid flat on the floor or a shelf, instead of being stood on end in a corner, and under no condition should it be left jointed and hung on pegs.

The Reel—Should be taken apart, thoroughly cleaned, and then oiled slightly. Put the parts together, and place the reel in a dry drawer or closet of moderate temperature.

Lines—All lines should be reeled off and stretched from end to end on a sunny morning, and left in the air for a few hours. They should then be overrun lightly with a bit of woolen cloth or chamois to remove any taint of mildew or other matter, and then be wound upon the reel, but not too tightly. If frayed portions are discovered, the line should be condemned, and the good parts kept for miscellaneous uses, which will be found frequent enough.

Leaders—Will keep for years if laid away in a dark place, where it is not too warm or too damp, but they should be tested before using, and stand a strain of four pounds for bass or trout and at least seven pounds for salmon.

Flies—The best thing to keep flies in is a pasteboard box, tightly and closely wrapped in a newspaper. They will then need no moth preventive. There is a moth-proof tin box sold by tackle dealers which answers a good purpose. An old angler recommends a flat cardboard or other box, with a thin layer of wool or wadding, upon which the flies are placed, cov-

ering them with a piece of cardboard, which, by means of corks at the corners of the box, is prevented from pressing on them. This cardboard box is then placed in a tin box.

Fly Books—Should be perfectly dry and wrapped tightly in a newspaper. If placed in a cardboard box, which is also wrapped in a newspaper, they will be doubly protected.

Hooks—Do not stick their points in cork and stow them away, for if the atmosphere is slightly damp, or the cork not absolutely dry, rust will occur. The best plan is to wrap the hooks in oiled paper (kerosene is good) before putting them away for the winter.

Bait-boxes and creels should be thoroughly cleansed with warm soda-water, and when dried it is well to sprinkle them with a little carbolic acid, or a wash of carbolic acid soap can be used.

A Fish Fable.

Once upon a time a nondescript fish was swimming in the waters of Lake Bumbazine when he chanced to hear two anglers conversing on the bank: "And when I struck," the first one was saying, "I thought I'd got the bottom of the river. He took me an hour and forty-nine minutes to land him, and he weighed thirteen pounds six ounces and a little over, and they all said he was the longest small-mouth bass that ever came out of the St. Iago River."

"I only know of one bigger," responded the second, "and that I caught myself in Lake Slamrango. He weighed a scant fifteen pounds two ounces, dressed, and when we opened him he had in his stomach a pair of white ducks, a tailor's goose and the horns of a steam ram."

Now, when the nondescript heard these words his soul was filled with envy.

"I'll break the record or bust," he vowed.

And he held his breath and began to swell. And he swelled and swelled to such an extent that the other fishes became seriously alarmed. They saw that before long he would be crowding them all out of the lake; so they passed stringent laws against inflation and made the study of Banting compulsory.

But the nondescript went on swelling until at last the strain was too much for his ribs and he injured his vertebral column and died of cerebro-spinal meningitis.

Some days afterward he was discovered floating on the surface by the two anglers.

"What a monster!" said the first.

"Perfect whale!" said the second.

"Bet a dollar he weighs over twenty pounds," proposed the first angler, generously.

"If you lump the smell in he'll weigh a ton," assented his companion.

"Black bass, too," said the first.

"Black as your hat," agreed the other.

"Small-mouth," said the first.

"His mouth's the only small thing about him," said the second.

And they spread abroad the tidings.

And that nondescript achieved in death the fame denied him in life, and is known to this day as the twenty-five-pound black bass of New England fame.

MORAL.—We are taught hereby that the fish liar is very like a whale: he comes to the surface to blow.

GUY HERNE.

The Evolution of the "Shedder Crab."

L. Van D., under caption "Baits Used in Salt Water," says:

"The shedder crab is a soft-shell crab whose shell has hardened to the condition of thin Bristol-board, so that when it is cut up and the outer covering removed, a thin, flexible and tenacious skin remains."

Now, if L. Van D. is correct in his diagnosis of the metamorphosis of the shedder, then I have been mistaken these many, many years. For I have done some salt-water fishing myself and used many hundreds of shedder crabs.

I have always understood, and I think that the facts will sustain me, that the shedder crab is so named because he is getting ready to shed his shell. The evolution of the shedder runs thus: hard shell, shedder, buster, paper shell, leather shell, hard shell.

Opinion seems to be divided as to the number of times crabs shed their shells. Some aver that they shed once a month, while others maintain that they shed only once a year. My own idea is that they shed when they get ready. The process of shedding being necessary to the growth of the crab, when the body becomes too big for the shell, the shell gradually is pushed off and a new one forms. When the shell has been dispensed with, the crab becomes that toothsome morsel known as the soft-shell crab of commerce and epicures.

The shell hardens very rapidly, which is a wise provision of nature, as in the soft-shell state the crab is entirely defenceless and becomes a prey to myriads of enemies, not except-

ing his pugnacious and predatory hard-shell relatives.

Kindly decide this important question, Mr. Editor, as it has worried me.

SAM SUM.

["L. Van D." was correct in his statement of the evolution of the crab, which, from the observation of specialists, is as follows: Hard shell, soft crab, paper shell, buckler or shedder (sometimes called "peeler"). Among many scientists, the crab is believed to shed its shell according to the exigencies of its growth, but Professor G. Browne Goode states that the blue, or commercial, crab of our waters casts its shell annually, and at nearly all stages of growth.—
ED.]

Osage Orange Wood.

I have experimented some with osage orange wood and am encouraged to try it for fly rods. I will gladly refer any readers, that wish, to a party in Texas who handles osage orange (or bois d'arc, as they call it), and who can supply the same. I am much interested in the use of various native and imported woods for rods, especially native. Can any readers of the *ANGLER* recommend any for experiment other than white ash, hickory, hornbeam, shadblow, red cedar and osage orange, all of which I have? Rumors of spruce, pecan, yellow pine, thornapple and sassafras have come to me at times, as also the Oregon arrow-wood.

J. A. W.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Cleopatra's Fishing Joke.

[Communicated.]

Shakespeare didn't invent it, for Plutarch gives it in full detail, rather spoiling it in the telling. It appears that one day Antony went out with his best girl, Cleopatra, and got so mad because he couldn't catch anything—she all the time making uncalled-for remarks, as women will—that at last he gave secret orders to a diver to put a dead *fresh* fish on the hook. This was done several times, till the lady saw through it—for Cleopatra was not easily to be fooled, according to all accounts. However, she didn't let on, and invited a lot of friends to come and see her and her "feller" fish on a future day. When all were assembled she chartered a diver to put a salted fish on Antony's hook—one that

had been brought, as Plutarch naively says, "from the Euxine Sea." This is Shakespeare's version:

Cleo. Give me mine angle, we'll to the river, there;
My music playing far off I will betray
Tawny-finned fishes, my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws and as I draw them up
I'll think them every one an Antony
And say, "Ah, ah, you're caught!"

Char. 'Twas merry when
You wagered on your angler, when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on your hook which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time! Oh, times
I laughed him out of patience.

* * * * *

Notwithstanding this joke is evergreen no matter where it is played off, it is curious to reflect how often it is repeated in some form in the experience of every angler. Who does not recollect the same thing gotten up for the English candidate for an Irish parliamentary seat in Lover's inimitable "Handy Andy"?

Live Eels for Striped-Bass Bait.

I wish to call the attention of those who fish for striped bass to my experience with the live eel as the most convenient and alluring of all baits. I think if my brother fishermen will give the eel a trial where there are bass they will receive most generous returns. While not claiming to be the first to use live eels, I have yet to see any account when or where they have been used so successfully. Sandworms have proved to be an attractive bait, but they were very perishable; and, thinking that live eels might prove a greater attraction, I obtained some small ones, from six to nine inches long, and used them for small bass. I kept the eels in a small car or box suitably made for the purpose. I afterwards obtained larger eels—say from ten to eighteen inches long—by setting regular eel-pots. These eels were used for larger bass, and were also kept in properly made cars.

Most of my bass fishing was done from a boat, taking the car or cars into the boat when on the move, and putting them back into the water when anchored or laid up for the night. Eels may be kept in this way for weeks, and perhaps months, even without food. I kept some of the smaller ones over a month without losing one.

The following are some of the results of

using the smaller live eels, six to nine inches long. On one day I took six bass weighing two, two, three, four, four, and another, the longest, five pounds. The following day I took nine fish ranging from three to sixteen pounds, and on another day three bass from three to sixteen pounds. Then there appeared indications of the arrival of larger bass, and I used larger eels; the other fishermen, seeing my success, also took to the same bait. The first large bass was caught early in September by a brother angler and weighed fifty-one pounds, and a few days later another of fifty-three pounds, followed by a forty-pounder. In addition I got two more of forty and forty-eight pounds respectively. I used a light rod and reel with a nine-thread line and a 6.0 hook; and after the fish had taken out some 500 feet of line I reeled him in against a strong tide and gaffed him.

In looking over my record, I find that I caught with this bait over fifty bass averaging eight pounds, during a period of about forty-five days, from early in August to the end of September. I credit most of my success, together with that of my companions, to the use of live eels for bait.

In using the eel I hook it upwards through both jaws a little in front of the eyes; and in most but not all of my fishing with the eel, I troll it out from the boat in the tide run, which is strong enough to prevent the eel going to the bottom or tying itself in a knot. I use a dry towel or cloth in handling and hooking on the eel, which prevents unnecessary squeezing, for the livelier they are the more alluring to the bass.

I caught a number of bass by casting out the eel and slowly reeling it in; and, even where there is no current, either in casting from the boat or shore the live eel will be found to give the best returns of all bait now used.

To give an illustration from the fishing of one of the most expert soft-crab fishermen of my acquaintance, I induced him to try a live eel about sixteen inches long, and he soon caught an eighteen-pounder, and up to this time he had caught nothing over seven pounds. All my friends who have used the bait assert that it has proven the best of all. Live eels enough

for the day's use can be taken in a pail or basket, and kept alive if protected from the sun.

MEGALOPS.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

The contests of the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club closed on October 1, for the season of 1899. The Club Medals were awarded as follows:

LONG-DISTANCE (single-handed rods, length limited to 11 feet).—Championship medal, W. D. Mansfield; first-class medal, A. E. Lovett; second-class medal, T. W. Brotherton.

ACCURACY.—Championship medal, C. G. Young; first-class medal, Chas. Huyck.

DELICACY.—Championship medal, W. D. Mansfield and C. G. Young; first-class medal, H. F. Muller and A. E. Lovett.

LURE-CASTING.—Championship medal, W. D. Mansfield and T. W. Brotherton.

The general average medal was won by W. D. Mansfield, with a total of 496 points (about 10 per cent.) over the next highest contestant.

The Smyth medal for the greatest improvement in any one of the fly-casting events went to T. W. Brotherton on improvement in long distance.

The longest cast made during the season of 1899 is that of W. D. Mansfield, 133 feet, which stands as the world's record, and was made at Stow Lake, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, July 30, 1899.

The Wanderings of a Porpoise.

A sperm whale porpoise was seen many times in the Ottawa River a few seasons ago. Naturally it frightened those who attempted its capture. This creature made an inland journey of about eight hundred miles, and it must have been accomplished over dams, barriers and up strong rapids. This fish is now probably landlocked in about the same locality. G. B.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

Mr. Searles, of Marion, Ind., caught in Tomahawk Lake, Wis., on Aug. 9th, four mascalonge, weighing respectively 25, 16, 12 and 5 pounds.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.

This Department of **THE AMERICAN ANGLER** is opened in connection with our "Bureau of Information for Sportsmen," and will be devoted to meeting the needs of the sportsman tourist—where, when and how to spend an enjoyable outing, either for fishing or shooting. If you do not see what you want, ask for it. Your query will be promptly and cheerfully answered.

Greenwood Lake, N. Y.

Greenwood Lake during the fishing season is visited by thousands of anglers, and we receive numbers of inquiries as to the best points of the lake and the best methods of fishing them. We now give a map of the lake, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the Erie Railway Company, and such detailed description as will be of value to the visiting angler.

The map shows the general outlines of the lake, the location of the reefs and sunken islands, and the best grounds for trolling, casting and still-fishing. At both ends of the lake the favorite grounds are within the dotted lines shown on the map. In the intermediate portion the fishing is along the shores—fifty feet from the banks.

Starting from the lower end of the lake, the angler will find excellent fly-fishing for black bass immediately below the outlet of the lake. This portion is but seldom fished, and generally yields a half-dozen of fair-sized small-mouthed black bass. Leaving the outlet, the fly-fisher will find it wise to wade into the lake from the south shore and make his casts, taking his way around the point in the northwest and then moving to the southward for a half mile or more. We have made many fine creels along this course, wading out to waist depth, thus duplicating the delight experienced by many anglers who do not enjoy fishing, either with bait or fly, from a boat.

Close along the shore, from the dock at Glens Station (the first railroad stop above the outlet) to the Sterling Forest dock (the terminus of the railroad), will be found some of the best black-bass grounds in the lake. One of the reported excellent points lies close along the railroad track on the inside of Cranberry Marsh. If trolling, the boat should run about fifteen feet from shore, and then turning go an additional fifteen feet, using about one hundred feet of

line. At each end of Storm Island is a reef lying in about ten or twelve feet of water. These reefs are said to be excellent grounds for any kind of fish now in the lake. And farther out where the water runs suddenly deep, are good spots for still-fishing in the hot August days when the bass and pike-perch seek the deep waters.

From the Sterling Forest station north to the Brandon House, is excellent trolling and casting ground, the shores for some distance being rocky and precipitous, with occasional coves and landing places where the noon hour can be spent amid an environment more picturesque than found elsewhere within fifty miles of New York City. We have taken eighteen black bass, averaging over a pound in weight, in an afternoon, when casting a small spoon (about the size of a dime) along and within three feet of the shore. One of the best points for casting or trolling in this locality is around or from a large rock just below the Brandon House.

The deep water on the western side of Chapel Island (just above the Brandon House) yields on propitious days excellent scores for either black bass or large pickerel. Just above the island is the entrance to the right arm of the lake, the bottom of which is mainly weedy and muddy. It is here the large-mouth congregate, and we have taken many of them with a brown fly, to which they rose freely. The bass, however, of this arm of the lake are sluggish in action and are reeled to the net with their big mouths extended and all vitality expended in their first dash to free themselves. The sunfish in the arm grow larger and are more game than the bass. We are told that pickerel and perch abound here; if this is so, they have increased in late years, as we have found this arm of the lake occupied almost entirely by large-mouth bass and sunfish. We quote from a recent article evidently written by a close angling observer of experience and a gift to record it:

"Draw a line straight down the lake from Windermere Dock until it intersects a line drawn from Willow Point to the Brandon House Dock; at this intersection there is a reef in about 10 or 12 feet of water which is excellent casting or trolling ground for small-mouth bass. On the Brandon House side of this reef, still-fishing pays best.

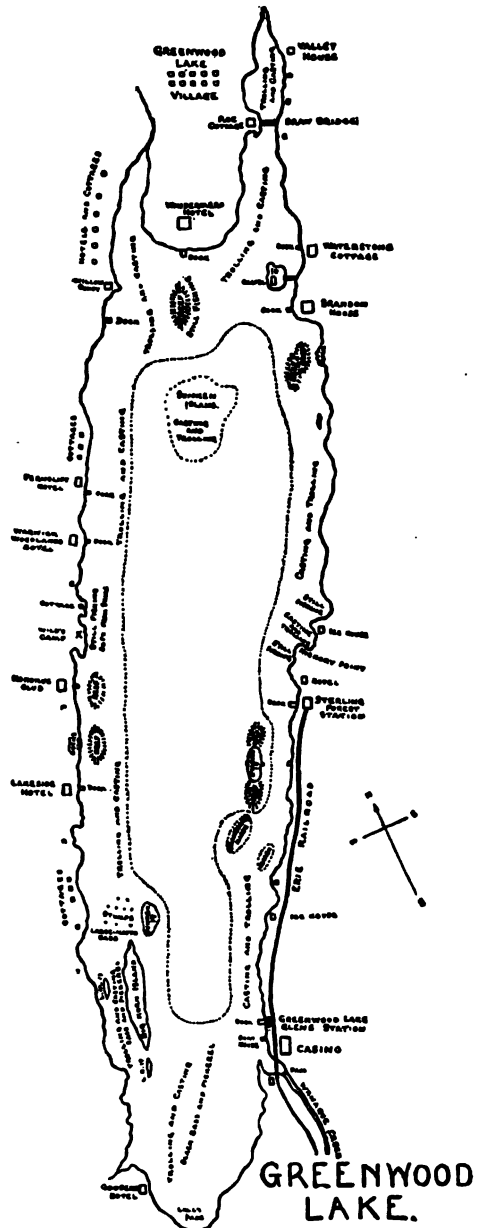
"Continue down the lake on the line drawn from Windermere Dock until it intersects a line drawn from Ferncliff Hotel Dock to Brandon House Point. This intersection is at the upper end of a sunken island; all around this island there is first-class fishing.

"Down the western shore from Willow Point to Wild's Camp, the shore and bottom are rocky. This is good ground for trolling and casting, but keep within 50 feet of shore. Off Wild's Camp, 30 feet from shore, is a perfect piece of water for still-fishing.

"About 125 feet out from Hohokus Club Dock is State Line Reef, lying in about 10 feet of water. About half way between the Hohokus Club and Lakeside Hotel there is another reef about the same distance from shore at a point where a large rock shows through the trees. On these reefs a good catch of small-mouth bass can generally be made. Around these reefs and thence down the shore to the stumps at the head of Big Horn Island, there is good ground for casting and trolling. Among the stumps at the head of the island is probably the best piece of water in the whole lake for large-mouth bass, and the largest fish have usually come from this locality. There is also any quantity of pickerel. On the outer edge of the stumps are two channel-sticks, and 30 feet out from these there is a small sunken island. Here, above all others, is the place to look for big fellows. All around Big Horn Island, Little Marsh Island, Little Rock Island and the entire lower end of the lake, are the very best grounds for trolling. The bottom is grassy, with clumps of weeds, and toward the shore are lily-pads. This water is alive with large and small-mouth bass, pickerel, and perch."

A number of years ago an attempt was made by the State to introduce the brook trout (our native red-spotted), the rainbow, and the lake trout. It was, of course, a failure, as the water was not adapted to them; and the fry, and even the planted fish, speedily fell a prey to the black bass, pickerel and perch. Happily the business of planting is now in the hands of

the Erie Railroad Company; and the fish and fishing in the lake have increased in numbers and character very greatly during the last three years, owing to the practical manner fol-



lowed in planting annually the species of fish for which the water of the lake is most suitable. During the last four years there have been planted: 1,750 adult wall-eyed pike or pike-

perch, and 2,000,000 fry of the same fish; 278 adult white or silver bass (a most excellent pan fish); 1,300 adult and 5,000 fry of the black bass; 161 adult pickerel; 150 adult channel catfish (the best of pan fishes); 375 adult yellow perch and eight adult white perch. The policy adopted in planting adult fishes secures the speedy and prolific increase of the deposited fish.

Mountain View, N. J.

Can you give me some information as to the hunting in the vicinity of Mountain View, N. J., and the charges for living, guides, hotels, etc.? F. O. L.
NEW YORK CITY.

The grounds around the railroad station at Mountain View are reported as being fairly good for quail and rabbits. December is one of the best months to visit this section, and guides are not needed. The country is varied in character, being open, wooded, rocky, hilly, wet and dry. But few property-owners object to hunting, but it is best to ask permission, as the courtesy pleases the farmers.

Elizabeth City, N. C.

"Rust-a-bout" is informed that he will find excellent shooting in the vicinity of Elizabeth City, N. C. The shooting grounds are either adjacent or within easy driving distance of the city. The quality of the shooting depends, as in most other locations, upon the character of the breeding season and its results, but it is generally good in this vicinity. The game consists of snipe, quail, duck, fox, deer and bear, the quail and squirrel being naturally most abundant, but occasionally bear and deer will be found by an energetic and industrious Nimrod. Dogs for "fox driving," a sport very generally followed a few years ago, and doubtless yet, can be had; and the visiting sportsman will find his resident brethren brimful of good feeling and hospitality. The country is open, wooded, wet and dry, and the landowners expect the courtesy of being asked for permission to hunt. Our correspondent writes us:

"At Currytuck Sound (within easy reach) duck abound in immense numbers; fair deer-hunting can be had in Tyrrel County, not far off; some bear are found at night up the numerous creeks, and waterfowl abound in season at Nagshead, four hours' sail from here."

In New Mexico.

"Tourist" is informed that there is excellent shooting at Chaves and at Española, in New Mexico. Our latest reports from these places are as follows:

Chaves—Abundance of game near station and seven miles due south and north. South best for turkey, deer and bear; jack-rabbits are also numerous. November, December and January are the best months; livery, \$1.50 to \$2 per day; hotels cheap; Indians or Mexicans can be hired as guides at moderate charges; no trained dogs; country dry, wooded, rocky and hilly; free Government land. Excellent shooting.

Española—The favorite grounds are the Santa Clara and Santa Cruz cañons, the nearest being twelve miles from railroad station. Bear, quail, grouse, rabbit, deer and turkey are found, but in greater numbers at Santa Clara, and deer and turkey are most numerous. April, October and November are the best months. Livery (Mexican teams), reasonable; hotels, \$2.50 per day; no professional guides or trained dogs for hire; country diversified; hunting free; Government lands and Indian Reservation. Shooting is "pretty good."

Preservation of Game in Newfoundland.

1. No person shall hunt, kill, wound, take, sell, barter, purchase, receive, give away, or have in his possession, any ptarmigan or willow grouse (commonly called partridge), or any other kind of grouse or partridge, or the eggs of any such birds, within this colony between the twelfth day of January and the fifteenth day of September in any year, under a penalty of not exceeding one hundred dollars, or, in default of payment, of imprisonment not exceeding three months: Provided it shall not be held unlawful to sell, barter, purchase, receive, give away, or have possession of such birds, where the party against whom a complaint is made shall prove that the said birds were killed between the fifteenth day of September and the twelfth day of January next succeeding: Provided further, that any person who shall actually have in his possession at or upon the twelfth day of January aforesaid, any ptarmigan or willow grouse shall be allowed to offer for sale such ptarmigan or willow grouse until the twenty-second day of January in each year.

2. No person shall hunt, wound, kill, take,

sell, purchase, or give away, or have in his possession, any curlew, plover, snipe, or other wild or migratory birds (excepting wild geese), or the eggs of any such birds, within this colony between the twelfth day of January and the fifteenth day of September in each year, under a penalty of not less than twenty-five dollars nor exceeding two hundred dollars, or, in default of payment, of imprisonment for a period not exceeding three months.

3. No person shall hunt, take, kill, wound, sell, barter, receive, purchase, or give away, any wild rabbit or hare, within this colony and its dependencies, from the first day of March until the fifteenth day of September in any year, under a penalty of twenty-five dollars, and, in default of payment, to be imprisoned for a period not exceeding one calendar month: Provided, that it shall not be held to be unlawful to sell, barter, receive, purchase, or give away, such wild rabbit or hare in any case where the party against whom a complaint is made shall prove that the said wild rabbit or hare was killed between the fifteenth day of September and the first day of March next succeeding: Provided also, that with the permission of a Magistrate such rabbit or hare may be taken alive at any time and in any district for the purpose of propagating the species.

4. Stipendiary Magistrates may, in their respective districts, by printed public notice, prohibit the destruction of rabbits or hares within any part of such district, to be described and limited in such notice, for such time as may be deemed necessary for the propagation of such rabbits or hares in such parts of districts, under a penalty not exceeding twenty-five dollars, and, in default of payment, to be imprisoned for a period not exceeding one calendar month.

5. No person shall take, kill, wound, or destroy, any otter or beavers, within this colony, between the first day of April and the first day of October in any year, under a penalty of twenty-five dollars, and, in default of payment, to be imprisoned for a period not exceeding one calendar month.

[Sections 6, 7, 8, 9, provide the manner of executing the laws.]

10. Any person, except a traveler on a journey, found, on Sunday, carrying fire-arms, shall be subject to a fine not exceeding forty dollars, and, in default of payment, to imprisonment for a period not exceeding one month.

[Sections 11, 12, 13, 14, relate to the execution of the laws.]

TROUT AND SALMON.

No net, trap, weir or any other contrivance whatsoever shall, in this colony or its dependencies, be used, set or erected in any river, brook or stream, above where the tide usually rises or falls, nor in any pond or lake, for the purpose of taking salmon, trout or other fish of any description, under a penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars and confiscation of such property: Provided, that whenever any net may be set or placed in any river, brook or stream, a distance corresponding to at least one-third of the width of such river, brook or stream, shall be left open in the center for the free passage of salmon or trout.

No person shall, by spearing, sweeping or hauling with any net or seine, take, or attempt to take, any salmon, grilse, char or trout in any bay, cove, river, brook or stream, nor in the pools of any river, brook or stream, nor in their estuaries, nor in any pond or lake in this island, under a penalty not exceeding two hundred dollars.

The use of lime, explosives, or other deleterious compounds for killing or catching fish of any description, shall at all times be prohibited in all inland and coastal waters of this colony.

The estuary or mouth of any river, brook or stream, shall be reckoned to begin at that point where the flood tide generally reaches and affects the specific gravity of the waters in any such river, brook or stream.

In every mill-dam, rack or frame work, erected or built across any pond, lake, river, brook or stream, where salmon and trout have been known to enter, there shall be put a proper pass-way or fish-ladder, not less than four feet in width, capable of allowing salmon and trout of any size to enter the waters above, and subject to the approval of the Department of Marine and Fisheries.

Any logs or timber of any description which may be so placed as to impede the passage of salmon or trout in a river or stream, shall be instantly removed; and no saw-dust or mill rubbish of any kind shall be cast into any river, brook, stream or water-course.

No net shall be moored or set in any harbor, cove, creek or estuary, or on or near any part of the coast of this colony or its dependencies, for the purpose of taking salmon, nearer to any other net previously moored or set for a like purpose than one hundred yards for a single net, nor three hundred yards for a double net or fleet of nets.

No person shall catch, kill or take any salmon

or trout in any river, brook, stream, pond, or lake in Newfoundland, between the tenth day of September and the fifteenth day of January next following in any year.

No net shall be used for taking salmon in any river, brook, stream, lake, water-course or estuary, nor within the three-mile limit of this island, the mokes, meshes or scales of which shall be less than five inches.

No person shall buy or sell, or have in his possession, any salmon or trout which have been taken contrary to the provisions of these rules, and every salmon or trout so taken, bought or sold, may be declared forfeited to the complainant by any Justice.

No net or other such contrivance for the purpose of catching salmon or trout, or likely to bar any passage for such fish, shall be set in Harry's Brook, in the District of Bay St. George, or within fifty fathoms of its mouth.

The Great Okefeenokee Swamp.

Down in the wire grass where the stately Georgia pine mingles with the spreading magnolia, lies the great Okefeenokee Swamp, larger in extent than any county in Georgia, and surpassing in wild desolation the Dismal Swamp of Virginia. No white man has ever traversed its hidden recesses, and even the Indian, when he roamed unmolested the broad savannahs of the wire grass, shunned it as a land which the Great Spirit had made to tremble under his curse. The fish and game so abundant and varied, possessed but little attraction for him, and he preferred the open plains and the waters of the Altamaha, the Alapaha and the Satilla. When the Indian had disappeared, and the lands were divided out among the whites, no application was made for this wilderness. No man wanted it at that time, no one would have it as a gift, hence it came to be regarded as no man's land.

It is a dense swamp, as impenetrable as the jungles of India, where the pine and the cypress and the maple and the black gum and the tupelo are clad with dark gray moss; and around their trunks the pliant rattan, the clambering bamboo, the deadly poison oak, the running fox grape, and the thorny touch-me-not twist and cling and climb.

Briars of rank growth and the gnarled roots of the sun palmetto and tufts of luxuriant wire grass afford a hiding place for moccasins and scorpions and spiders. Where the undergrowth is not so dense near the margin of the sluggish

waters, the footfall of man or beast makes the earth tremble for a half dozen yards in every direction; and still nearer, the quagmire becomes so yielding that, in the expressive language of a native, "it would bog a saddle blanket."

In the waters huge alligators, almost as large as their cousins of the Nile, lazily float about, watching for their prey; and it is abundant, for trout, and pike, and jack, and bream—the best fish that ever swam—swarm in the waters like grasshoppers on the plains. The fisherman who has the hardihood to wade through mud and slush and face the weird loneliness, as well as the growl of the bear and cry of the wildcat, is more than repaid. With a pole no longer than a buggy whip, a line half its length, and a few worms, a half hour's work will secure a bountiful dinner. And any man who could not appreciate a half dozen of those breams, nicely browned, flanked by a "gopher" loaf and two cups of steaming coffee, ought to be taken up and sent to school. He is not educated.

Through the hummock the bears have made winding paths, and along the margins of the lakes the otter slides are numerous. Wading about in the shallow streams the long-necked crane and the dun-colored Indian pullet, without much exertion, secure their food; and perched upon a dead limb of some overhanging cypress, the fishhawk watches for a choice repast. The bald eagle, with its eight-foot spread of wing, soars above the tree-tops, ready to swoop down upon rabbit, squirrel or fawn.

In some hollow gum-tree the frisky cubs climb up and down, waiting for the old bear to bring back the sweets from some bee tree which she has nosed out.

In this vast jungle the roar of the thunder sounds louder and more terrific, and the flash of the lightning seems more lurid and destructive.

Woe betide the luckless adventurer who loses his way in this tangled wildwood, and is compelled to pass the night here. To the horrors of darkness and unknown danger are added the most blood-curdling sounds. The hoarse monotone of the bullfrog, the wailing cry of the catamount, the deep growls of the bear disturbed in his slumber, the crackling of the cane brake under the tread of the puma, the mournful hoot of the owl, and the despairing shriek of some animal that has fallen a victim to the wildcat are enough to freeze the blood and whiten the hair.

But there are some islands of high hummock in the Okefeenokee where the soil is rich, and

sugar-cane, corn, blackseed cotton, rice and sweet potatoes will grow in great perfection. There are indications that a few hundred feet below the surface there are immense coal beds.

There are nooks of high, arable land which make into the swamp, many of which are inhabited. These nooks, or inlets, of high land, are called "cow-houses." The name was given to them because in the old times, when the country beyond Altamaha was sparsely settled, the pioneers, who owned large herds of cattle, were accustomed to drive them into these inlets, where they could find abundant pasturage; and one man at the gap or mouth of the inlet could guard hundreds of head of cattle from straying off.

From the Walker cow-house the writer has seen men with as ruddy cheeks as ever were seen in the mountains, and they claim that it is as healthy as any part of Georgia. The people live in a primitive style, making an abundance of everything that is needed, provisions and fruits of all kinds. At rare intervals they come out of the cow-house to purchase their salt, coffee and tobacco, and to attend their church meetings. Should a stranger ever enter the cow-house he is entertained like a prince and urged to return. They are a big-hearted people, and the rights of hospitality are sacred among them.

Hillsborough County, Florida.

A correspondent writes: While nearly every section of the State makes pretensions of being the "only reliable and original Sportsman's Paradise," particularly those places which contain hotels presided over by imaginative landlords, I must say that Hillsborough County, with its forests, rivers and lakes, while not a sportsman's paradise, in the literal sense of the phrase, is still a very pleasant place in which to pass the cold season, whether one be an invalid or a herculean specimen of the "field tramp" family. The county has an area of 1,300 square miles, the most of which is covered with forests of pine and cypress, with an occasional coppice of deciduous trees. It contains several lakes, or, rather, chains of them, which vary from a few acres to three miles in circumference, and four important rivers, namely, the Hillsborough, Anclote, Alafia, and Manatee, all of which are stocked with both fresh and marine fish. The latter run up only as far as the tide goes, and above that the fresh-water species appear, so

that a man can enjoy any style of fishing he pleases on the same stream. Among the salt-water species are the mullet, sheepshead, sea trout or weakfish, redfish, tarpon, jewfish, drum, sawfish, shark and some others. These are generally caught with a hand line, but the largest species, such as the jewfish, tarpon, sawfish and shark, are nearly always harpooned with the grains from a boat and then allowed to course about the water until they stop from exhaustion, when they are killed and hauled aboard. The fish indigenous to the fresh-water lakes and streams are the bass, or black trout, sawfish, bream, and several varieties of perch. A good bass rod will capture all these without much trouble, provided, of course, the lines and hooks are of the regulation style and properly baited. Some of the marine species seem as partial to the fly as their fresh-water congeners, so that an angler who looks upon all other forms of fishing, except that with the fly, as worthy only of savages, can find in the streams of Florida every opportunity of testing his favorite lure and indulging in his doted amusement. Anglers can purchase the hooks and lines used by fishermen in this neighborhood at nearly every country store, but spinners and all superior kinds of goods must be bought at the North, as there is no sale for such things in this region.

Ormond, Florida.

"Index" is informed that the fishing waters near Ormond, Fla., are the Tomoka river, three miles distant, the Halifax river, one-fourth of a mile, and the Atlantic Ocean, one and one-half miles. There are great numbers of black bass in the Tomoka: sheepshead, cavalli, sea trout, channel bass, grouper and mullet in the Halifax; and channel bass, drum and sharks (numerous) can be taken from the sea beach. The best time for fishing is from November to March. The salt-water fishing is better at the mouth of the Halifax—Musquito or Smyrna Inlet—sixteen to eighteen miles south to Ormond, and easy to reach by rail or small river steamers. The Tomoka can be reached by team or by a delightful sail from Ormond up the Halifax to its mouth. It is one of the prettiest streams in Florida.

Collecting Fish for the New York Aquarium

In the interest of the Battery Park Aquarium I have lately visited some of the fish hatcheries in the State of Maine, where I found the gen-

tlemen connected with both the United States and State of Maine stations ready to render every courtesy in their power, particularly State Commissioner Stanley, at Auburn, and Superintendent Race, at the United States station at Green Lake, Mr. Race having received instructions from U. S. Commissioner Bowers to furnish to the Aquarium such specimens as I might select.

Green Lake, situated in Hancock County, is one of the four lakes of Maine where the so-called land-locked or fresh-water salmon (*Salmo salar*; var. *Sebago*) was found naturally, the other three being Grand Lake, Sebec Lake, and Sebago Lake, from which this variety takes its name.

On one of the tributaries of Green Lake they were taking eggs from the wild fish, and I had an excellent opportunity of viewing several superb specimens, some weighing twelve pounds or more, with others weighing not more than three pounds. Such extreme difference in size seems to exist in this variety as in the sea salmon. Mr. Stanley reports one taken in Sebago Lake in the fall of 1872 that weighed 27¾ lbs. From Lake St. John, Province of Quebec, I have taken mature ouananiche only nine ounces in weight; these, however, are a much smaller race of salmon, and differ in color, form and structure from the Sebago salmon.

At Lake Auburn, where I was the guest of Commissioner Stanley for several days, I witnessed the most remarkable and interesting feature of my trip. I saw what was apparently an acre of salmon in one school. Out of this school were taken, at one sweep of the seine 100 feet long, 140 salmon, several of fifteen and sixteen pounds weight, and yielding from 6,000 to 7,000 eggs each. A male of twelve pounds was presented to the Aquarium, and is now in one of the exhibition tanks.

Lake Auburn, a beautiful sheet of water covering about 4,000 acres, is situated in Androscoggin County, and did not contain a single salmon eight years ago, at which time a small hatchery was built. Both salmon and brook-trout eggs were hatched here, and each year a portion of the young fish have been placed in the lake, and for the last four or five years fingerling, or semi-yearling, have been planted instead of young fry. Commissioner Stanley at the beginning stocked the lake well with the fresh-water smelt, which he considers the natural food of salmon from the time they com-

mence to feed. Smelt is undoubtedly the food preferred by salmon whether in the lakes or in the ocean.

I consider the stocking of Auburn Lake with salmon and trout (brook trout have lately become very plentiful) a most successful accomplishment in practical fish culture, and does Mr. Stanley great credit.

Other specimens presented to the Aquarium were some very fine brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) weighing from one to seven pounds each, and three golden trout, or American saibling (*Salvelinus alpinus aureolus*), from Flood's Pond, about six miles across country from the United States hatching station at Green Lake. This variety is believed to have been found naturally in only two other lakes in the United States, viz., Dan Hole Pond and Sunapee Lake, N. H., but it can be found in many of the lakes in eastern Canada, and it closely resembles the saibling of the Alps. An excellent description of this beautiful fish is given by Dr. John Duncan Quackenbos, of Columbia University, in the Fisheries, Game and Forest New York Commissioners' Report of 1896.

R. E. FOLLETT.

The Sportsman's Bureau of Information.

This Bureau has been established to furnish detailed information, without charge, to sportsmen, as to the fishing and shooting localities in North America, including cost of transportation, hotel rates, names of guides and their charges, and if field dogs are furnished by them; cost of boats, livery and bait; where shooting and fishing are free or restricted; in fact, everything that is needed to make an outing successful and economical.

Descriptive books, folders, time tables, in fact, every kind of literature issued by transportation companies, can be had on application, free of charge.

Tickets over all transportation lines can be furnished by the Bureau; baggage will be checked from residence and sleeping berths secured.

The Bureau has now a number of the principal trunk lines of the country in full sympathy with and giving substantial aid in the conduct of its business, which is to serve primarily the interests of American sportsmen. We shall be pleased to see or hear from you. Address or call at 239 Fifth avenue, New York.

Instructive Literature Gratis.

Application by mail or a personal call at the office of the "Bureau of Information for Sportsmen," 239 Fifth avenue, New York, will secure, free of charge to sportsmen, a copy of any of the publications named below. They give valuable information to the sportsman tourist. Send stamps, if wished by mail; a two-cent stamp for each pamphlet.

Fishing on the Picturesque Erie, issued by the Erie Railroad.

Rural Summer Homes, issued by the Erie Railroad.

Fishing and Shooting; Lake of the Woods; Dawson; The New Highway to the Orient, Fishing and Shooting, Sportsman's Map of Canada, Guides to the Principal Cities of Japan and China by the Western and Eastern Routes; Time-tables with Notes, Climates of Canada, Quebec—Summer and Winter, Montreal, Banff; also Numerous Pamphlets descriptive of Manitoba, the Canadian Northwest Territories and British Columbia; issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Summer Homes, issued by the N. Y., Ont. and W. Railway.

California for Health, Pleasure and Profit; The Sportsman at Del Monte; Indio; Battle of Castle Crags; Vamos a Mexico, issued by the Southern Pacific Railway.

Evangeline's Land, issued by the Dominion Atlantic Railway.

A Highland Holiday, issued by the Grand Trunk Railway.

Wonderland, issued by the Northern Pacific Railway.

Hunting and Fishing in the South, issued by the Southern Railway Co.

Hunting and Fishing, issued by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway.

Gold Fields of Colorado, issued by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway.

Rhymes and Rockies, issued by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway.

Quebec and Lake St. John, issued by the Quebec and St. John Railway.

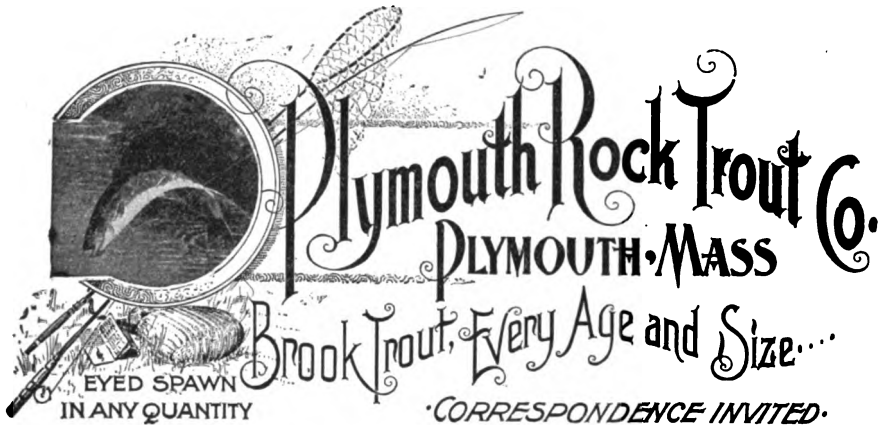
Conneaut Lake, issued by the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad.

A Colorado Summer, issued by the Santa Fé Route.

Outings on the D., L. & W., by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railway.

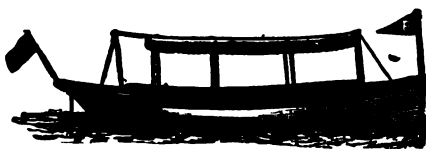
"Wayside Notes," issued by the Southern Pacific Railway.

"California South of Tehachapi," issued by the Southern Pacific Railway.



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A Combination Fish Basket. Illustrated. April 23, 1887.
The Proper Weight and Length of Rods. Illustrated. February 19, 26, 1887.
The Sunfish Fly. Illustrated. March 19, 1887.
The Water Glass. Illustrated. February 5, 1887.
Hooks for Trolling Gangs. February 14, 1885.
Sandals for Rubber Wading Boots. Illustrated. September 20, 1884.
Improved Lip-Hook Fastening. Ill. Oct. 24, 1885.
Practical Hints on Knots and Ties. Illustrated. May 3, 1883; August 18, October 10, 1885.
Practical Receipts for Anglers. November 28, 1885.
How to Make an Effective Artificial Bait. Oct. 17, '85.
How to Tie Bass and Other Flies. Illustrated. September 12, 19, 26, October 3, 1885.
The Use of "Leaders." July 25, 1885.
Rod Joints. Illustrated. Oct. 20, Nov. 10, 1883.
Dressings for Flies. September 29, 1884.
The Henshall Rod: Dimensions, etc., given by Dr. James A. Henshall. July 21, 1883.
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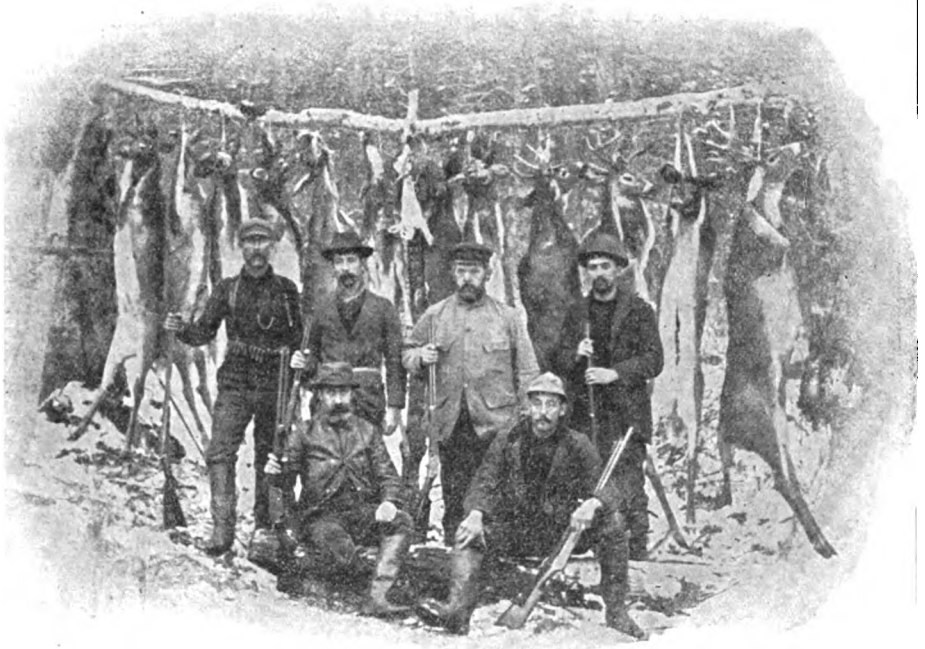
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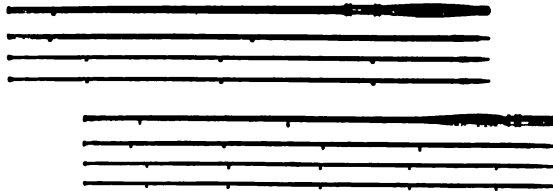
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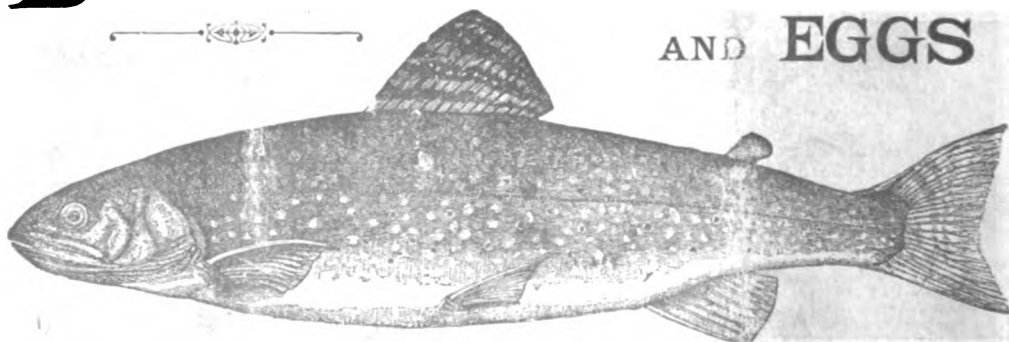
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